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MISCELLANIES.

THE
THIRD VOLUME.

BY

Dr. ARBUTHNOT, Mr. POPE,
And Mr. GAY.

LONDON,
Printed for CHARLES BATHURST,
And sold by T. WOODWARD, C. DAVIS,
C. HITCH, R. DODSLEY, and W. BOWYER.
MDCCLI.

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The Art of Political Lying.
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OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

JOHN BULL.

Publiſh'd from

A MANUSCRIPT found in the Cabinet of the famous Sir *H. Poleſworth*, in the Year 1712.

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THE PREFACE.

WHEN I was first called to the Office of Historiographer to John Bull, *he expressed himself to this Purpose:* Sir * *Humphry Polesworth*, I know you are a Plain dealer; it is for that Reason I have chosen you for this important Trust; speak the Truth, and spare not. *That I might fulfil those his honourable Intentions, I obtained leave to repair to, and attend him in his most secret Retirements; and I put the Journals of all Transactions into a strong Box, to be open'd at a fitting occasion, after the manner of the Historiographers of some* Eastern *Monarchs: This I thought was the safest way; tho' I declare I was never afraid to be* † chop'd *by my Master for telling of Truth. It is from those Journals that my Memoirs are compiled: Therefore let not Posterity a Thousand Years hence look for Truth in the voluminous Annals*

* A Member of Parliament, eminent for a certain Cant in his Conversation; of which there is a good deal in this Book.

† A Cant Word of Sir *Humphry*'s.

of Pedants, who are entirely ignorant of the ſecret Springs of great Actions; if they do, let me tell them they will be *Nebus'd.

With *incredible Pains have I endeavoured to copy the ſeveral Beauties of the ancient and modern Hiſtorians; the impartial Temper of* Herodotus; *the Gravity, Auſterity, and ſtrict Morals of* Thucydides, *the extenſive Knowledge of* Xenophon, *the Sublimity and Grandeur of* Titus Livius; *and to avoid the careleſs Style of* Polybius, *I have borrowed conſiderable Ornaments from* Dionyſius Halicarnaſſeus *and* Diodorus Siculus. *The* ſpecious Gilding *of* Tacitus *I have endeavoured to ſhun.* Mariana, Davila, *and* Fra. Paulo, *are thoſe amongſt the Moderns whom I thought moſt worthy of Imitation; but I cannot be ſo diſingenuous, as not to own the infinite Obligations I have to the* Pilgrims Progreſs *of* John Bunyan, *and the* Tenter Belly *of the Reverend* Joſeph Hall.

From *ſuch Encouragement and Helps, it is eaſy to gueſs to what a Degree of Perfection I might have brought this great Work, had it not been nipt in the Bud by ſome illiterate People in both* Houſes of Parliament, *who envying the great Figure I was to make in future Ages, under Preſence of raiſing Money for the War,* † *have pallock'd all thoſe very Pens that were to celebrate the Actions of their Heroes, by ſilencing at once the whole Univerſity of* Grub-ſtreet. *I am perſuaded that nothing but the Proſpect of an approaching* Peace *could have encouraged them to make ſo bold a Step. But ſuffer me, in the Name of the reſt of the Matriculates of that*

* Another Cant Word, ſignifying *deceiv'd.*

† Act reſtraining the Liberty of the Preſs, *&c.*

famous

famous Univerſity, to aſk them ſome plain Queſtions: Do they think that Peace will bring along with it the Golden Age? Will there be never a dying Speech of a Traitor? Are Cethegus *and* Cataline *turn'd ſo tame, that there will be no opportunity to cry about the Streets,* A Dangerous Plot? *Will Peace bring ſuch Plenty that no Gentleman will have Occaſion to go upon the Highway, or break into a Houſe? I am ſorry that the World ſhould be ſo much impoſed upon by the Dreams of a* Falſe Prophet, *as to imagine the* Millennium *is at hand.* O Grubſtreet! *thou fruitful Nurſery of tow'ring Genius's! How do I lament thy downfal? Thy Ruin could never be meditated by any who meant well to* Engliſh Liberty: *No modern* Lyceum *will ever equal thy Glory: whether in ſoft Paſtorals thou didſt ſing the Flames of pamper'd Apprentices and coy Cook-Maids; or mournful Ditties of departing Lovers; or if to* Mæonian *Strains thou raiſedſt thy Voice, to record the Stratagems, the arduous Exploits, and the nocturnal Scalade of needy Heroes, the Terror of your peaceful Citizens, deſcribing the powerful* Betty *or the artful* Picklock, *or the ſecret Caverns and Grotto's of* Vulcan *ſweating at his Forge, and ſtamping the Queen's Image on viler Metals, which he retails for Beef, and Pots of Ale: or if thou wert content in ſimple Narrative, to relate the cruel Acts of implacable Revenge, or the Complaints of raviſh'd Virgins bluſhing to tell their Adventures before the liſtening Crowd of City Damſels; whilſt in thy faithful Hiſtory thou intermingleſt the graveſt Counſels and the pureſt Morals. Nor leſs acute and piercing wert thou in thy Search and pompous Deſcription of the Works of Nature; whether in proper and emphatick Terms thou didſt paint the blazing Comet's fiery Tail, the ſtupendous Force of dreadful Thunder*

and Earthquakes, and the unrelenting Inundations. Sometimes, with Machiavelian *Sagacity, thou unravelledſt Intrigues of State, and the traiterous Conſpiracies of Rebels, giving wiſe Counſel to Monarchs. How didſt thou move our Terror and our Pity with thy paſſionate Scenes between* Jack-Catch *and the Heroes of the* Old-Bailey! *How didſt thou deſcribe their intrepid March up* Holbourn-Hill! *Nor didſt thou ſhine leſs in thy Theological Capacity, when thou gaveſt ghoſtly Counſel to dying Felons, and didſt record the guilty pangs of Sabbath-breakers. How will the noble Arts of* * John Overton's *Painting and Sculpture now languiſh! where rich Invention, proper Expreſſion, correct Deſign, divine Attitudes, and artful Contraſt, heighten'd with the Beauties of* Clar. Obſcur. *embelliſh'd thy celebrated Pieces, to the Delight and Aſtoniſhment of the judicious Multitude! Adieu, perſuaſive Eloquence! the quaint Metaphor, the poignant Irony, the proper Epithet, and the lively Simile, are fled for ever! Inſtead of theſe, we ſhall have,* I know not what!——† The illiterate will tell the reſt with Pleaſure.

I hope, *the Reader will excuſe this Digreſſion, due by way of Condolance to my worthy Brethren of* Grub-ſtreet, *for the approaching Barbarity that is likely to overſpread all its Regions, by this oppreſſive and exorbitant Tax. It has been my good Fortune to receive my Education there; and ſo long as I preſerv'd ſome Figure and Rank amongſt the Learned of that Society, I ſcorn'd to take my Degree either at* Utretcht *or* Ley-

---

* The Engraver of the Cutts before the *Grub-ſtreet* Papers.

† *Vide* Biſhop of St. *Aſaph*'s Preface.

den, *tho' I was offer'd it* gratis *by the profeſſors in thoſe Univerſities.*

And *now, that Poſterity may not be ignorant in what Age ſo excellent a Hiſtory was written (which would otherwiſe, no doubt, be the Subject of its Enquiries) I think it proper to inform the Learned of future Times, that it was compiled when* Lewis *the* XIVth *was King of* France, *and* Philip *his Grandſon, of* Spain; *when* England *and* Holland, *in conjunction with the* Emperor *and the* Allies, *enter'd into a War againſt theſe two Princes, which laſted Ten Years, under the* Management *of the Duke of* Marlborough, *and was put to a Concluſion by the Treaty of* Utretcht, *under the Miniſtry of the Earl of* Oxford; *in the Year* 1713.

Many *at that time did imagine the Hiſtory of* John Bull, *and the Perſonages mentioned in it, to be* Allegorical, *which the Author would never own. Notwithſtanding, to indulge the Reader's Fancy, and Curioſity, I have printed at the bottom of the Page the* ſuppos'd *Alluſions of the moſt obſcure Parts of the Story.*

THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

CHAP. I.

The Occasion of the Law-Suit.

I Need not tell you of the great quarrels that have happen'd in our Neighbourhood, since the death of the late Lord * *Strutt*, how the † Parson, and a cunning Attorney, got him to settle his Estate upon his Cousin, *Philip Baboon*, to the great disappointment of his Cousin Esquire *South*. Some stick not to say, that the Parson and the Attorney forged a Will, for which they were well paid by the Family of the *Baboons*: Let that be as it will,

* Late E. of S. † Card. *Portocarero*.

will, it is matter of fact, that the Honour and Estate have continued ever since in the Person of *Philip Baboon*.

You know that the Lord *Strutts* have for many years been possess'd of a very great Landed Estate, well-condition'd, wooded, watered, with Coal, Salt, Tin, Coppet, Iron, *&c.* all within themselves; that it has been the misfortune of that Family to be the Property of their Stewards, Tradesmen, and inferior Servants; which has brought great Incumbrances upon them; at the same time, their not abating of their expensive way of living, has forc'd them to mortgage their best Manors: It is credibly reported, that the Butchers and Bakers Bill of a Lord *Strutt* that lived two hundred years ago, are not yet paid.

When *Philip Baboon* came first to the possession of the Lord *Strutt*'s Estate, his Tradesmen, as is usual upon such occasions, waited upon him to wish him Joy, and bespeak his Custom; The two chief were, † *John Bull* the Clothier, and ‡ *Nic. Frog* the Linen-draper: They told him, That the *Bulls* and *Frogs* had served the Lord *Strutts* with Drapery-ware for many years; that they were honest and fair dealers; that their Bills had never been question'd; that the Lord *Strutts* liv'd generously, and never us'd to dirty their fingers with Pen, Ink, and Counters; that his Lordship might depend upon

* The first Letters of Congratulation from K. *W*—— and the States of *H*—*d*, upon K. *P*—'s Accession to the Crown of *St*——.

† The *English*. ‡ The *Dutch*.

their

their Honesty, that they would use him as kindly as they had done his Predecessors. The young Lord seem'd to take all in good part, and dismiss'd them with a deal of seeming Content, assuring them he did not intend to change any of the honourable Maxims of his Predecessors.

CHAP. II.

How Bull *and* Frog *grew jealous that the Lord* Strutt *intended to give all his Custom to his Grandfather* Lewis Baboon.

IT happen'd unfortunately for the peace of our neighbourhood, that this young Lord had an old cunning Rogue, or (as the *Scots* call it) a *false Loon*, of a Grandfather, that one might justly call a *Jack of all Trades*; sometimes you would see him behind his * Counter selling Broad-cloath, sometimes measuring Linnen; next day he would be dealing in Mercery-ware; high Heads, Ribbons, Gloves, Fans, and Lace, he understood to a nicety; *Charles Mather* could not bubble a young Beau better with a Toy; nay, he would descend ev'n to the selling of Tape, Garters, and Shoe-Buckles: When shop was shut up, he would go about the Neighbourhood, and earn half a Crown by teaching the young Men and Maids to dance. By these Methods he acquired immense Riches, which he

* The Character and Trade of the *French* Nation.

used

uſed to ſquander * away at Back-ſword, Quarter-ſtaff, and Cudgel-play, in which he took great pleaſure, and challeng'd all the Country. You will ſay it is no wonder if *Bull* and *Frog* ſhould be jealous of this fellow. "It is not impoſſible (ſays "*Frog* to *Bull*) but this old Rogue will take the "Management of the young Lord's Buſineſs into "his hands; beſides the raſcal has good ware, and "will ſerve him as cheap as any body. In that "caſe, I leave you to judge what muſt become of "us and our families; we muſt ſtarve, or turn "journeyman to old *Lewis Baboon*; therefore, "neighbour, I hold it adviſeable, that we write "to young Lord *Strutt*, to know the bottom of "this Matter.

CHAP. III.

A Copy of Bull *and* Frog's *Letter to Lord* Strutt.

My LORD,

I *Suppoſe your Lordſhip knows that the* Bulls *and the* Frogs *have ſerved the Lord* Strutts *with all ſorts of Drapery-ware, Time out of Mind: And whereas we are jealous, not without reaſon, that your Lordſhip intends henceforth to buy of your Grandſire old* Lewis Baboon; *This is to inform your Lordſhip, that this proceeding does not ſuit with the Circum-*

* The King's Diſpoſition to War.

ſtances

ſtances of our Families, who have lived and made a good Figure in the world by the Generoſity of the Lord Strutts. Therefore we think fit to acquaint your Lordſhip, that you muſt find ſufficient Security to us, our Heirs and Aſſigns, that you will not employ Lewis Baboon; *or elſe we will take our Remedy at* Law, *clap an Action upon you of* 200000 l. *for old Debts, ſeize and diſtrain your Goods and Chattels, which, conſidering your Lordſhip's Circumſtances, will plunge you into Difficulties, from which it will not be eaſy to extricate yourſelf; therefore we hope, when your Lordſhip has better conſidered on it, you will comply with the deſire of,*

Your loving Friends,

John Bull,
Nic. Frog.

Some of *Bull*'s Friends adviſed him to take gentler Methods with the young Lord; but *John* naturally lov'd rough play. It is impoſſible to expreſs the Surprize of the Lord *Strutt* upon the Receipt of this Letter; he was not ſtum in *Ready*, either to go to Law, or clear old Debts, neither could he find good Bail: He offered to bring Matters to a friendly Accommodation; and promis'd upon his word of honour, that he would not change his Drapers; but all to no purpoſe, for *Bull* and *Frog* ſaw clearly, that old *Lewis* would have the cheating of him.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

How Bull *and* Frog *went to Law with Lord* Strutt *about the Premiſes, and were joyn'd by the reſt of the Tradeſmen.*

ALL endeavours of Accommodation between Lord *Strutt* and his Drapers prov'd vain, Jealouſies increas'd, and indeed it was rumour'd abroad that Lord *Strutt* had beſpoke his new Liveries of old *Lewis Baboon*. This coming to Mrs. *Bull*'s ears, when *John Bull* came home, he found all his family in an uproar. Mrs. *Bull*, you muſt know, was very apt to be cholerick. * *You Sot*, ſays ſhe, *you loiter about Alehouſes and Taverns, ſpend your Time at Billiards, Ninepins, or Puppet-ſhows, or flaunt about the Streets in your new guilt Chariot, never minding me nor your numerous Family. Don't you hear how Lord* Strutt *has beſpoke his Liveries at* Lewis Baboon's *Shop? Don't you ſee how that old Fox ſteals away your Cuſtomers, and turns you out of your Buſineſs every day, and you ſit like an idle Drone with your hands in your pockets? Fie upon't; up Man, rouze thyſelf; I'll ſell to my Shift before I'll be ſo uſed by that Knave.* You muſt think Mrs. *Bull* had been pretty well tun'd up by *Frog*, who chim'd in with her learned harangue. No further delay now, but to Council learned in the

* The Sentiments and Addreſſes of the P——t at that Time.

Law

Law they go, who unanimouſly aſſur'd 'em both of Juſtice and infallible Succeſs of their Law-Suit.

I told you before, that old *Lewis Baboon* was a ſort of a *Jack of all Trades*, which made the reſt of the Tradeſmen jealous, as well as *Bull* and *Frog*; they hearing of the Quarrel, were glad of an opportunity of joining againſt old *Lewis Baboon*, provided that *Bull* and *Frog* would bear the Charges of the Suit; even lying *Ned*, the Chimney-ſweeper of *Savoy*, and *Tom* the *Portugal* Duſtman, put in their Claims, and the Cauſe was put into the hands of *Humphry Hocus* the Attorney.

A Declaration was drawn up, to ſhew "That "*Bull* and *Frog* had undoubted right by Preſcrip- "tion to be Drapers to the Lord *Strutts*; that "there were ſeveral old Contracts to that pur- "poſe; that *Lewis Baboon* had taken up the Trade "of Clothier and Draper, without ſerving his "Time or purchaſing his Freedom; that he ſold "Goods that were not marketable, without the "Stamp; that he himſelf was more fit for a Bully "than a Tradeſman, and went about through all "the Country Fairs, challenging people to fight "Prizes, Wreſtling and Cudgel-play; and abun- "dance more to this purpoſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

The true Characters of John Bull, Nic. Frog, *and* Hocus *.

FOR the better understanding the following History, the Reader ought to know, that *Bull*, in the main, was an honest plain-dealing fellow, cholerick, bold, and of a very unconstant Temper; he dreaded not old *Lewis*, either at Back-sword, single Faulchion, or Cudgel-play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best Friends, especially if they pretended to govern him: If you flatter'd him, you might lead him like a child. *John*'s Temper depended very much upon the Air; his Spirits rose and fell with the Weather-glass. *John* was quick, and understood his Business very well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his Accounts, or more cheated by Partners, Apprentices, and Servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon Companion, loving his Bottle and his Diversion; for, to say truth, no man kept a better House than *John*, nor spent his Money more generously. By plain and fair dealing, *John* had acquir'd some Plumbs, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy Law-Suit.

NIC. FROG was a cunning sly whoreson, quite the reverse of *John* in many particulars; co-

* Characters of the *E——ſh* and *D——h*, and the *G---l* D. of *M.*

vetous,

ous, frugal; minded domestic Affairs; would pinch his Belly to save his Pocket; never lost a farthing by careless Servants, or bad Debtors. He did not care much for any sort of Diversions, except Tricks of *High German* Artists, and *Leger de Main*: No man exceeded *Nic.* in these; yet it must be owned, that *Nic.* was a fair Dealer, and in that way acquired immense Riches.

HOCUS was an old cunning Attorney; and tho' this was the first considerable Suit that ever he was engaged in, he shew'd himself superior in Address to most of his Profession: He kept always good Clerks, he lov'd Money, was smooth-tongu'd, gave good words, and seldom lost his Temper: He was not worse than an Infidel, for he provided plentifully for his Family, but he lov'd himself better than them all. The Neighbours reported that he was Hen-pecked, which was impossible, by such a mild-spirited Woman as his Wife was.

CHAP. VI.

Of the various Success of the * *Law-Suit.*

LAW is a bottomless Pit, it is a Cormorant, a Harpy, that devours every thing. John Bull was flatter'd by the Lawyers that his Suit would not last above a year or two at most; that before that time he would be in quiet possession of his Business;

* The Success of the War.

Yet ten long years did *Hocus* steer his Cause through all the *Meanders* of the Law, and all the Courts. No Skill, no Address was wanting; and, to say truth, *John* did not starve the Cause; there wanted not *Yellow-Boys* to Fee Council, hire Witnesses, and bribe Juries: Lord *Strutt* was generally cast, never had one Verdict in his Favour; and *John* was promis'd that the next, and the next, would be the final Determination; but alas! that final Determination and happy Conclusion was like an inchanted Island, the nearer *John* came to it, the further it went from him: New Trials upon new Points still arose; new Doubts, new Matters to be clear'd; in short, Lawyers seldom part with so good a Cause till they have got the Oyster, and their Clients the Shell. *John*'s ready Money, Book-Debts, Bonds, Mortgages, all went into the Lawyers Pockets: Then *John* began to borrow Money upon *Bank-Stock* and *East-India* Bonds; now and then a Farm went to pot: At last it was thought a good Expedient to set up Esquire *South*'s Title to prove the Will forg'd, and dispossess *Philip* Lord *Strutt* at once. Here again was a new Field for the Lawyers, and the Cause grew more intricate than ever. *John* grew madder and madder; where-ever he met any of Lord *Strutt*'s Servants, he tore off their Cloaths: Now and then you would see them come home naked, without Shoes, Stockings, and Linen. As for old *Lewis Baboon*, he was reduced to his last Shift, tho' he had as many as any other: His Children were reduced from rich Silks to *Doily* Stuffs, his Servants in Rags, and bare-footed; instead of good Victuals, they now lived upon Neck-Beef, and Bullock's Liver: In short, no-body got much by the Matter, but the Men of Law.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

How John Bull *was ſo mightily pleaſed with his Succeſs, that he was going to leave off his Trade, and turn Lawyer.*

IT is wiſely obſerved by a great Philoſopher, that Habit is a ſecond Nature: This was verified in the Caſe of *John Bull*, who from an honeſt and plain Tradeſman, had got ſuch an haunt about the Courts of Juſtice, and ſuch a Jargon of Law-words, that he concluded himſelf as able a Lawyer as any that pleaded at the Bar, or ſat on the Bench: He was over-heard one day talking to himſelf after this manner. "* How capriciouſly does Fate or "Chance diſpoſe of Mankind? How ſeldom is "that Buſineſs allotted to a man for which he is "fitted by Nature? It is plain, I was intended "for a Man of Law: How did my Guardians "miſtake my Genius in placing me like a mean "Slave behind a Counter? Bleſs me! what im-"menſe Eſtates theſe fellows raiſe by the Law? "Beſides, it is the Profeſſion of a Gentleman: "What a pleaſure is it to be victorious in a Cauſe? "to ſwagger at the Bar? What a Fool am I to "drudge any more in this Woollen Trade? for "a Lawyer I was born, and a Lawyer I will be; "one is never too old to learn." All this while

* The Manners and Sentiments of the Nation at that Time.

John had conn'd over such a catalogue of hard words, as were enough to conjure up the Devil; these he used to babble indifferently in all Companies, especially at Coffee Houses; so that his neighbour Tradesmen began to shun his Company as a man that was crack'd. Instead of the Affairs of *Black-Hall*, and Price of Broad-Cloth, Wool and Bayses, he talks of nothing but *Actions upon the Case, Returns, Capias, Alias capias, Demurrers, Venire facias, Replevins, Supersedeas's, Certiorai's, Writs of Error, Actions of Trover and Conversion, Trespasses, Precipes & Dedimus*. This was matter of Jest to the Learned in Law; however, *Hocus*, and the rest of the Tribe, encourag'd *John* in his Fancy, assuring him, that he had a great Genius for Law; that they question'd not but in time, he might raise Money enough by it to reimburse him of all his Charges; that if he studied, he would undoubtedly arrive to the Dignity of a Lord Chief Justice: As for the Advice of honest Friends and Neighbours, *John* despised it, he look'd upon them as fellows of a low Genius, poor groveling Mechanicks; *John* reckon'd it more Honour to have got one favourable Verdict, than to have sold a Bale of Broad-cloth. As for *Nic. Frog*, to say the Truth, he was more prudent; for tho' he followed his Law-Suit closely, he neglected not his ordinary Business, but was both in Court and in his Shop at the proper hours.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

How John *discover'd that* Hocus *had an Intrigue with his Wife* *; *and what follow'd thereupon.*

JOHN had not run on a madding so long had it not been for an extravagant bitch of a wife, whom *Hocus* perceiving *John* to be fond of, was resolved to win over to his side. It is a true saying, *That the last Man of the Parish that knows of his Cuckoldom, is himself.* It was observed by all the Neighbourhood, that *Hocus* had dealings with *John's* Wife, that were not so much for his honour; but this was perceiv'd by *John* a little too late: She was a luxurious jade, lov'd splendid Equipages, Plays, Treats and Balls, differing very much from the sober Manners of her Ancestors, and by no means fit for a Tradesman's Wife. *Hocus* fed her Extravagancy (what was still more shameful) with *John's* own Money. Every body said that *Hocus* had a Month's mind to her Body; be that as it will, it is Matter of Fact, that upon all Occasions she run out extravagantly on the praise of *Hocus*. When *John* us'd to be finding fault with his Bills, she us'd to reproach him as ungrateful to his greatest Benefactor; one that had taken so much Pains in

* The Opinion at that Time of the G—l's tampering with the P——t.

his Law-Suit, and retrieved his Family from the Oppreſſion of old *Lewis Baboon*. A good ſwinging Sum of *John*'s readieſt Caſh, went towards building of *Hocus*'s *Country-Houſe*. This Affair between *Hocus* and Mrs. *Bull*, was now ſo open, that all the world were ſcandaliz'd at it; *John* was not ſo clod-pated, but at laſt he took the Hint. * The Parſon of the Pariſh preaching one day with more Zeal than Senſe againſt Adultery, Mrs. *Bull* told her Huſband, that he was a very uncivil fellow to uſe ſuch coarſe language before people of condition; That *Hocus* was of the ſame mind, and that they would join to have him turn'd out of his Living for uſing Perſonal Reflections? How do you mean, ſays *John*, by Perſonal Reflections? I hope in God, Wife, he did not reflect upon you? "No, thank "God, my Reputation is too well eſtabliſhed in "the world to receive any hurt from ſuch a foul-"mouth'd Scoundrel as he; his Doctrine tends "only to make Huſbands Tyrants, and Wives "Slaves; muſt we be ſhut up, and Huſbands left "to their Liberty? Very pretty indeed! a Wife "muſt never go abroad with a Platonick to ſee a "Play or a Ball; ſhe muſt never ſtir without her "Huſband; nor walk in *Spring-Garden* with a "Couſin. I do ſay, Huſband, and I will ſtand by "it, that without the innocent Freedoms of Life, "Matrimony would be a moſt intolerable State; "and that a Wife's Virtue ought to be the Reſult "of her own Reaſon, and not of her Huſband's "Government; for my part, I would ſcorn a

* The Story of Dr. *Sacheverel*, and the Reſentment of the H——— of C———s.

"Husband that would be jealous, if he saw a "fellow a-bed with me." All this while *John*'s Blood boiled in his Veins: He was now confirmed in all his Suspicions; Jade, Bitch and Whore were the best words that *John* gave her. Things went from better to worse, till Mrs. *Bull* aimed a Knife at *John*, though *John* threw a Bottle at her head very brutally indeed: And after this, there was nothing but confusion: Bottles, Glasses, Spoons, Plates, Knives, Forks, and Dishes flew about like Dust; the Result of which was, * That Mrs. *Bull* received a Bruise in her right side (of which she died half a year after.) The Bruise imposthumated, and afterwards turned to a stinking Ulcer, which made every body shy to come near her, yet she wanted not the help of many able Physicians, who attended very diligently, and did what Men of Skill could do: but all to no purpose, for her Condition was now quite desperate, all regular Physicians, and her nearest Relations, having given her over.

* The Opinion of the Tories about that House of C——s.

CHAP. IX.

How some Quacks undertook to cure Mrs. Bull *of her Ulcer.* *

THERE is nothing so impossible in Nature, but Mountebanks will undertake; nothing so incredible, but they will affirm: Mrs *Bull*'s Condition was looked upon as desperate by all the Men of Art; but there were those that bragg'd they had an infallible Ointment and Plaister, which being applied to the Sore, would cure it in a few days; at the same time they would give her a Pill that would purge off all her bad Humours, sweeten her Blood, and rectify her disturb'd Imagination. In spite of all Applications, the Patient grew worse every day; she sunk so, no body durst come within a Stone's Throw of her, except those Quacks who attended her close, and apprehended no danger. If one asked them how Mrs. *Bull* did? Better and better, said they; the Parts heal, and her Constitution mends; if she submits to our Government, she will be abroad in a little time. Nay, it is reported, that they wrote to her Friends in the Country, that she should dance a Jigg next *October* in *Westminster-Hall*, and that her Illness had been chiefly owing to bad Physicians. At last, one of

* Endeavours and Hopes of some People to hinder the Dissolution of that P——t.

them

them was sent for in great haste, his Patient grew worse and wore: When he came, he affirmed that it was a gross Mistake, and that she was never in a fairer way: Bring hither the Slave, says he, and give her a plentiful draught of my Cordial. As he was applying his Ointments, and administring the Cordial, the Patient gave up the Ghost, to the great Confusion of the Quack, and the great Joy of *Bull* and his Friends. The Quack flung away out of the House, in great disorder, and swore there was foul play, for he was sure his Medicines were infallible. Mrs. *Bull* having died without any Signs of Repentance or Devotion, the Clergy would hardly allow her a Christian Burial. The Relations had once resolved to sue *John* for the Murder, but considering better of it, and that such a Trial would rip up old Sores, and discover Things not so much to the Reputation of the deceased, they dropt their design. She left no Will, only there was found in her strong Box the following Words wrote on a Scrip of Paper, *My Curse on* John Bull, *and all my Posterity, if ever they come to any Composition with the Lord* Strutt.

She left him three Daughters, whose * Names were *Polemia*, *Discordia*, and *Usuria*.

* War, Faction, and Usury.

CHAP. X.

Of John Bull's *ſecond Wife, and the good Advice that ſhe gave him.* *

JOHN quickly got the better of his grief, and ſeeing that neither his Conſtitution, or the affairs of his Family could permit him to live in an unmarried State, he reſolved to get him another Wife; a Couſin of his laſt Wife's was propoſed, but *John* would have no more of the breed: In ſhort, he wedded a ſober Country Gentlewoman, of a good Family, and a plentiful fortune, the Reverſe of the other in her Temper; not but that ſhe loved money, for ſhe was ſaving, and apply'd her fortune to pay *John*'s clamorous Debts, that the unfrugal methods of his laſt Wife, and this ruinous Law-Suit, had brought him into. One day, as ſhe had got her Huſband in a good humour, ſhe talked to him after the following manner. "My dear, ſince "I have been your Wife, I have obſerved great "abuſes and diſorders in your Family; your Ser-"vants are mutinous and quarrelſome, and cheat "you moſt abominably; your Cook-Maid is in a "Combination with your Butcher, Poulterer, and "Fiſhmonger: your Butler purloins your Liquor, "and the Brewer ſells your Hogwaſh; your Baker "cheats both in Weight and in Tale; even your "Milkwoman and your Nurſery-Maid have a fel-"low-feeling; your Taylor, inſtead of ſhreds,

* A new P——t; the Averſion of a Tory H—— of C——s to War.

cabages

" cabages whole yards of Cloth; beſides, leaving
" ſuch long ſcores, and not going to Market with
" ready Money, forces us to take bad Ware of the
" Tradeſmen, at their own Price. You have not
" poſted your Books theſe Ten years; how is it
" poſſible for a man of Buſineſs to keep his Affairs
" even in the World at this rate? Pray God this
" *Hocus* be honeſt; would to God you would look
" over his Bills, and ſee how matters ſtand between
" *Frog* and you; prodigious Sums are ſpent in this
" Law-Suit, and more muſt be borrowed of Scri-
" veners and Uſurers at heavy intereſt. Beſides, my
" dear, let me beg of you to lay aſide that wild
" Project of leaving your Buſineſs to turn Lawyer,
" for which, let me tell you, Nature never deſign'd
" you. Believe me, theſe Rogues do but flatter, that
" they may pick your Pocket; obſerve what a par-
" cel of hungry ragged Fellows live by your Cauſe;
" to be ſure they will never make an end on't; I
" foreſee this Haunt you have got about the Courts,
" will one day or another, bring your Family to
" beggary. Conſider my dear, how indecent it is
" to abandon your Shop, and follow Pettifoggers;
" the Habit is ſo ſtrong upon you, that there is
" hardly a Plea between two Country Eſquires
" about a barren Acre upon a Common, but you
" draw your ſelf in as Bail, Surety or Sollicitor."
John heard her all this while with Patience, till ſhe prick'd his Maggot, and touched him in the tender Point; then he broke out into a violent Paſſion, " What I not fit for a Lawyer! let me tell
" you, my Clodpated Relations ſpoil'd the great-
" eſt Genius in the World, when they bred me a
" Mechanick. Lord *Strutt*, and his old Rogue
" of a Grandſire, have found to their Coſt, that I

" can

" can manage a Law-Suit as well as another." "I " don't deny what you say, reply'd Mrs. *Bull*, nor " do I call in Question your Parts; but, I say, it " does not suit with your Circumstances: you and " your Predeceſſors have lived in good Reputation " among your Neighbours by this ſame Cloathing-" Trade, and it were madneſs to leave it off. Be-" ſides, there are few that know all the Tricks and " Cheats of theſe Lawyers; does not your own " Experience teach you, how they have drawn you " on from one Term to another, and how you " have danc'd the Round of all the Courts, ſtill " flattering you with a final iſſue, and, for ought " I can ſee, your Cauſe is not a bit clearer than it " was Seven Years ago." "I will be damn'd, ſays " *John*, if I accept of any Compoſition from *Strutt* " or his Grandfather; I'll rather wheel about the " Streets an Engine to grind Knives and Sciſſars; " however, I'll take your Advice, and look over " my Accompts."

CHAP. XI.

How John *look'd over his Attorney's Bill.* *

WHEN *John* firſt brought out the Bills, the Surprize of all the Family was unexpreſſible, at the prodigious dimenſions of them, they would have meaſured with the beſt Bale of Cloth in *John*'s

* Looking over the Accounts.

Shop.

Shop. Fees to Judges, puny Judges, Clerks, Prothonotaries, Philizers, Chirographers, Under-clerks, Proclamators, Council, Witneſſes, Jury-men, Marſhals, Tipſtaffs, Cryers, Porters; for Enrollings, Exemplifications, Bails, Vouchers, Returns, Caveats, Examinations, Filings of Words, Entries, Declarations, Replications, Recordats, *Nolle Proſequi's*, *Certiorari's*, *Mittimus's*, Demurrers, Special Verdicts, Informations, *Scire Facias*, *Superſedeas*, *Habeas Corpus*, Coach-hire, Treating of Witneſſes, &c. *Verily*, ſays John, *there are a prodigious Number of learned Words in this Law, what a pretty Science it is! Ay, but Huſband, you have paid for every Syllable and Letter of theſe fine Words; bleſs me, what immenſe Sums are at the bottom of the Accompt!* John ſpent ſeveral weeks in looking over his Bills, and by comparing and ſtating his Accompts, he diſcovered, that, beſides the Extravagance of every Article, he had been egregiouſly cheated; that he had paid for Council that were never fee'd, for Writs that were never drawn, for dinners that were never dreſs'd, and Journeys that were never made: In ſhort, that the Tradeſmen, Lawyers and *Frog*, had agreed to throw the Burden of the Law-Suit upon his Shoulders.

CHAP. XII.

How John *grew angry, and resolved to accept a Composition;* * *and what Methods were practis'd by the Lawyers for keeping him from it.*

WELL might the learned *Daniel Burgess* say, *That a Law-Suit is a Suit for Life.* He that sows his Grain upon Marble, will have many a hungry belly before harvest. This *John* felt by woeful Experience. *John*'s Cause was a good milch Cow, and many a man subsisted his Family out of it. However *John* began to think it high time to look about him. He had a Cousin in the Country, one Sir *Roger Bold*, whose Predecessors had been bred up to the Law, and knew as much of it as any body; but having left off the Profession for some time, they took great Pleasure in Compounding Law-Suits among their Neighbours, for which they were the Aversion of the Gentlemen of the Long Robe, and at perpetual War with all the Country Attorneys. *John* put his Cause in Sir *Roger*'s Hands, desiring him to make the best of it; the News had no sooner reach'd the Ears of the Lawyers, but they were all in an uproar. † They

* Talk of Peace; and the struggle of the Party against it.

† The Endeavours made use of to stop the Treaty of Peace.

brought

brought all the reſt of the Tradeſmen upon *John*: 'Squire *South* ſwore he was betray'd, that he would ſtarve before he compounded; *Frog* ſaid he was highly wrong'd; even lying *Ned* the Chimney-ſweeper, and *Tom* the Duſtman complain'd, that their Intereſt was ſacrific'd; the Lawyers, Sollicitors, *Hocus* and his Clerks, were all up in Arms, at the News of the Compoſition; * they abus'd him and his Wife moſt ſhamefully, "You ſilly, aukward, ill-"bred, Country-Sow, (quoth one) have you no "more manners than to rail at *Hocus*, that has ſav'd "that Clod-pated Numſkull'd Ninny-hammer of "yours from Ruin, and all his Family? It is well "known how he has roſe early and ſat up late to "make him eaſy, when he was ſotting at every "Ale-houſe in Town. I knew his laſt Wife, ſhe "was a Woman of Breeding, good Humour, and "Complaiſance, knew how to live in the World: "As for you, you look like a Puppet mov'd by "Clock-work; your Cloaths hang upon you, as "they were upon Tenter-hooks, and you come in-"to a Room as you were going to ſteal away a "Piſpot: get you gone in the country to look af-"ter your mother's Poultry, to milk the Cows, "churn the Butter, and dreſs up Noſegays for a "Holy-day, and not meddle with matters which "you know no more of, than the Sign-Poſt before "your Door: It is well known that *Hocus* has an "eſtabliſh'd Reputation, he never ſwore an Oath, "nor told a Lie in all his Life; He is grateful to "his Benefactors, faithful to his Friends, liberal to

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* Reflections upon the H——— of C———s, as ignorant, who knew nothing of Buſineſs.

"his

" his Dependants, and dutiful to his Superiors; " he values not your money more than the Duſt " under his Feet, but he hates to be abus'd: Once " for all, Mrs. *Mynx*, leave off talking of *Hocus*, " or I will pull out theſe Saucer Eyes of yours, and " make that readſtreak Country Face look as raw " as an Ox-cheek upon a Butcher's Stall; remem- " ber, I ſay, that there are Pillories and Ducking- " Stools." With this away they flung, leaving Mrs. *Bull* no time to reply: No ſtone was left unturn'd to fright *John* from his Compoſition. Sometimes they ſpread Reports at Coffee-houſes, That *John* and his Wife were run mad; that they intended to give up Houſe, and make over all their Eſtate to *Lewis Baboon*; That *John* had been often heard talking to himſelf, and ſeen in the ſtreets without ſhoes or ſtockings; That he did nothing from morning till night but beat his Servants, after having been the beſt maſter alive: As for his Wife, ſhe was a meer Natural. Sometimes *John*'s Houſe was beſet with a whole Regiment of Attorney's Clerks, Bailiffs and Bailiffs Followers, and other ſmall Retainers of the Law, who threw ſtones at his windows, and dirt at himſelf, as he went along the ſtreet. When *John* complain'd of want of ready money to carry on his Suit, they adviſ'd him to pawn his Plate and Jewels, and that Mrs. *Bull* ſhould ſell her Linnen and wearing cloaths.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Mrs. Bull's *Vindication of the* indiſpenſable Duty of Cuckoldom, *incumbent upon Wives, in caſe of the Tyranny, Infidelity, or Inſufficiency of Huſbands: Being a full Anſwer to the* Doctor's *Sermon againſt* Adultery.*

JOHN found daily freſh Proofs of the infidelity and bad deſigns of his deceas'd Wife; amongſt other Things, one day looking over his Cabinet, he found the following Paper.

IT is evident that Matrimony is founded upon an *original Contract*, whereby the Wife makes over the Right ſhe has by the Law of Nature to the *Concubitus vagus*, in favour of the huſband; by which he acquires the property of all her Poſterity. But then the obligation is mutual: And where the contract is broken on one ſide, it ceaſes to bind on the other. Where there is a Right, there muſt be a Power to maintain it, and to puniſh the offending Party. This Power I affirm to be that Original Right, or rather that indiſpenſable duty of Cuckoldom, lodg'd in all Wives, in the caſes abovementioned. No Wife is bound by any Law to which her-ſelf has not conſented: All Oeconomi-

* The Tories Repreſentation of the Speeches at *Sacheverel*'s Trial.

cal Government is lodg'd originally in the Huſband and Wife, the executive part being in the Huſband; both have their Privileges ſecur'd to them by law and reaſon; but will any man infer from the huſband's being inveſted with the executive Power, that the Wife is depriv'd of her ſhare, and that which is the Principal branch of it, the original Right of Cuckoldom? And that ſhe has no Remedy left but *Preces & Lacrymæ*, or an Appeal to a ſupreme Court of Judicature? No leſs frivolous are the Arguments that are drawn from the general Appellations and Terms of Huſband and Wife: A Huſband denotes ſeveral different Sorts of Magiſtracy, according to the uſages and cuſtoms of different climates and countries. In ſome Eaſtern Nations it ſignifies a Tyrant, with the abſolute Power of life and death: In *Turkey* it denotes an arbitrary Governor, with power of perpetual impriſonment: In *Italy* it gives the huſband the power of poiſon and padlocks: In the countries of *England*, *France*, and *Holland*, it has a quite different meaning, implying a free and equal Government, ſecuring to the Wife in certain caſes the liberty of cuckoldom, and the property of pin-money, and ſeparate maintenance. So that the arguments drawn from the terms of huſband and wife are fallacious, and by no means fit to ſupport a tyrannical doctrine, as that of abſolute unlimited Chaſtity, and conjugal Fidelity.

The general exhortations to chaſtity in wives are meant only for rules in ordinary caſes, but they naturally ſuppoſe three conditions of Ability, Juſtice, and Fidelity in the huſband; ſuch an unlimited, uncondition'd fidelity in the wife could never be ſuppos'd by reaſonable men; it ſeems a reflec-

tion

tion upon the Ch--ch, to charge her with doctrines that countenance oppreſſion.

This doctrine of the original right of cuckoldom is congruous to the law of nature, which is ſuperior to all human laws, and for that I dare appeal to all wives. It is much to the honour of our *Engliſh* wives, that they have never given up that *fundamental Point*; and that tho' in former ages they were muffled up in darkneſs and ſuperſtition, yet that notion ſeem'd engraven on their minds, and the impreſſion ſo ſtrong, that nothing could impair it.

To aſſert the illegality of cuckoldom, upon any pretence whatſoever, were to caſt odious colours upon the married ſtate, to blacken the neceſſary means of perpetuating families: ſuch laws can never be ſuppos'd to have been deſign'd to defeat the very end of matrimony, the propagation of mankind. I call them neceſſary means, for in many caſes what other means are left? Such a doctrine wounds the honour of families, unſettles the titles to kingdoms, honours and eſtates; for if the actions from which ſuch ſettlements ſpring were illegal, all that is built upon them muſt be ſo too: but the laſt is abſurd, therefore the firſt muſt be ſo likewiſe. What is the cauſe that *Europe* groans, at preſent, under the heavy load of a cruel and expenſive war, but the tyrannical cuſtom of a certain nation, and the ſcrupulous nicety of a ſilly Queen, in not exerciſing this indiſpenſable duty of cuckoldom, whereby the Kingdom might have had an Heir, and a controverted Succeſſion might have been avoided? Theſe are the effects of the narrow maxims of your Clergy, *That one muſt not do Evil, that Good may come of it.*

The aſſertors of this indefeaſible right, and *Jus Divinum* of matrimony, do all in their hearts favour

Gallants, and the pretenders to married women; for if the true legal foundation of the married State be once ſapp'd, and inſtead thereof tyrannical maxims introduc'd, what muſt follow but Elopements inſtead of ſecret and peaceable Cuckoldom?

From all that has been ſaid, one may clearly perceive the abſurdity of the doctrine of this ſeditious, diſcontented, hot-headed, ungifted, unedifying Preacher, aſſerting, *That the Grand Security of the matrimonial State, and the Pillar upon which it ſtands, is founded upon the Wife's Belief of an abſolute unconditional Fidelity to the Huſband's bed*: By which bold aſſertion he ſtrikes at the root, digs the foundation, and removes the baſis upon which the happineſs of a married ſtate is built. As for his perſonal reflections, I would gladly know who are thoſe *Wanton Wives* he ſpeaks of? who are thoſe ladies of high ſtations, that he ſo boldly traduces in his ſermon? It is pretty plain who theſe aſperſions are aim'd at, for which he deſerves the Pillory or ſomething worſe.

In confirmation of this doctrine of the indiſpenſable duty of cuckoldom, I could bring the example of the wiſeſt Wives in all ages, who by theſe means have preſerv'd their huſband's Families from Ruin and Oblivion, by want of Poſterity: but what has been ſaid, is a ſufficient ground for puniſhing this pragmatical Parſon.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

The two great Parties of Wives, the * Devoto's *and the* Hitts.

THE Doctrine of unlimited Chaſtity and Fidelity in Wives, was univerſally cryed up by all Huſbands; who went about the country, and made the Wives ſign Papers, ſignifying their utter Deteſtation and Abhorrence of Mrs. *Bull*'s wicked Doctrine of the indiſpenſable Duty of Cuckoldom. Some yielded, others refuſed to part with their native Liberty; which gave riſe to two great Parties amongſt the Wives, the *Devoto's* and the *Hitts*. Tho' it muſt be own'd, the Diſtinction was more nominal than real; for the *Devoto's* would abuſe Freedoms ſometimes; and thoſe who were diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Hitts*, were often very honeſt. At the ſame time there was an ingenious Treatiſe came out, with the Title of *Good Advice to Huſbands*; in which they were counſel'd not to truſt too much to their Wives owning the Doctrine of unlimited conjugal Fidelity, and ſo to neglect Family Duty, and a due Watchfulneſs over the Manners of their Wives; that the greateſt Security to Huſbands was a vigorous Conſtitution, good uſage of their Wives, and keeping them from Temptation; many Huſbands having been Suffer-

* Thoſe who were for and againſt the Doctrine of *Non-reſiſtance*.

ers by their trusting too much to general Professions, as was exemplified in the case of a foolish and negligent Husband, who trusting to the Efficacy of this Principle, was undone by his Wife's Elopement from him.

CHAP. XV.

An Account of the Conference between Mrs. Bull *and* * Don Diego.

THE Lawyers, as their last Effort to put off the Composition, sent *Don Diego* to *John*. *Don Diego* was a very worthy Gentleman, a Friend to *John*, his Mother, and present Wife; and therefore suppos'd to have some Influence over her: He had been ill us'd himself, by *John*'s Lawyers, but because of some Animosity to Sir *Roger*, was against the Composition: The Conference between him and Mrs. *Bull* was word for word as follows.

Don Diego. Is it possible, Cousin *Bull*, that you can forget the honourable Maxims of the Family you are come of, and break your Word with three of the honestest best-meaning persons in the world, Esquire *South*, *Frog*, and *Hocus*, that have sacrificed their Interests to yours? It is base to take Advantage of their Simplicity and Credulity, and leave them in the Lurch at last.

* A Tory Nobleman, who by his Influence upon the H--- of C——s endeavour'd to stop the Treaty.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Bull.* I am ſure they have left my Family in a bad condition, we have hardly Money to go to Market; and no-body will take our Words for ſixpence. A very fine ſpark this Eſquire *South!* My Huſband took him in, a dirty, ſnotty-nos'd boy, it was the buſineſs of half the Servants to attend him, * the Rogue did bawl and make ſuch a noiſe: ſometimes he fell in the Fire and burnt his Face, ſometimes broke his Shins clambering over the Benches, often piſs'd a-bed, and always came in ſo dirty, as if he had been dragg'd through the kennel at a Boarding-School. He loſt his Money at Chuck-Farthing, Shuffle-Cap, and all Fours; ſold his Books, pawn'd his Linnen, which we were always forc'd to redeem. Then the whole Generation of him are ſo in love with Bagpipes and Puppet ſhews! I wiſh you knew what my Huſband has paid at the Paſtry-cook's and Confectioner's for *Naples* Biſcuit, Tarts, Cuſtards, and Sweet-Meats. All this while my Huſband conſidered him as a Gentleman of a good Family that had fallen into decay, gave him good Education, and has ſettled him in a good credible way of living, having procur'd him by his Intereſt, one of the beſt places of the Country: And what Return, think you, does this fine Gentleman make us? he will hardly give me or my Huſband a good Word, or a civil Expreſſion: † Inſtead of *Sir* and *Madam*

* Something relating to the Manners of a great Prince, Superſtition, love of Operas, Shows, *&c.*

† Something relating to Forms and Titles.

(which, tho' I say it, is our due) he calls us *Goody* and *Gaffer* such-a-one: says, he did us a great deal of honour to board with us; huffs and dings at such a rate, because we will not spend the little we have left to get him the Title and Estate of Lord *Strutt*; and then forsooth, we shall have the honour to be his Woollen-drapers. Besides, Esquire *South* will be Esquire *South* still; fickle, proud, and ungrateful. If he behaves himself so when he depends on us for his daily bread, can any man say what he will do when he is got above the World?

D. Diego. And would you lose the honour of so noble and generous an Undertaking? Would you rather accept this scandalous Composition, and trust that old Rogue, *Lewis Baboon*?

Mrs. *Bull.* Look you, Friend *Diego*, if we Law it on till *Lewis* turns honest, I am afraid our Credit will run low at *Blackwell-Hall*. I wish every Man had his own; but I still say, that Lord *Strutt*'s Money shines as bright, and chinks as well as Esquire *South*'s. I don't know any other hold that we Tradesmen have of these great folks, but their Interest; buy dear and sell cheap, and I'll warrant ye you will keep your Customer. The worst is, that Lord *Strutt*'s Servants have got such a haunt about that old Rogue's Shop, that it will cost us many a Firkin of strong Beer to bring them back again; and the longer they are in a bad Road, the harder it will be to get them out of it.

D. Diego. But poor *Frog*, what has he done! On my conscience, if there be an honest, sincere Man in the World, it is that *Frog*.

Mrs. *Bull.* I think I need not tell you how much *Frog* has been obliged to our * Family from his childhood; he carries his head high now, but he had never been the Man he is, without our help. Ever since the Commencement of this Law-Suit it has been the business of *Hocus*, in sharing our Expences, to plead for *Frog*. *Poor* Frog (says he) *is in hard Circumstances, he has a numerous Family, and lives from Hand to Mouth; his Children don't eat a bit of good Victuals from one Year's end to the other, but live upon salt Herring, sowre Crud, and Borecole; he does his utmost, poor Fellow, to keep Things even in the World, and has exerted himself beyond his Ability in this Law-Suit; but he really has not wherewithal to go on. What signifies this hundred Pounds? place it upon your side of the Account; it is a great deal to poor* Frog, *and a Trifle to you.* This has been *Hocus*'s constant Language, and I am sure he has had Obligations enough to us to have acted another Part.

D. Diego. No doubt *Hocus* meant all this for the best, but he is a tender-hearted, charitable Man; *Frog* is indeed in hard Circumstances.

Mrs. *Bull.* Hard Circumstances! I swear this is provoking to the last degree. † All the time of the Law-Suit, as fast as I have mortgaged, *Frog* has purchas'd: From a plain Tradesman, with a Shop, Warehouse, and a Country Hutt, with a dirty Fish-pond at the end of it, he is now grown a very rich Country Gentleman, with a noble landed Estate, noble Palaces, Manors, Parks, Gardens, and

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* Complaints of the H—— of C——s of the unequal Burden of the War.

† The *D——h* Acquisitions in *Flanders*.

Farms,

Farms, finer than any we were ever maſter of. Is it not ſtrange, when my Huſband diſburs'd great Sums every Term, *Frog* ſhould be purchaſing ſome new Farm or Manor? So that if this Law-Suit laſts, he will be far the richeſt Man in his Country. What is worſe than all this, he ſteals away my Cuſtomers every day; twelve of the richeſt and the beſt have left my Shop by his Perſuaſion, and whom, to my certain knowledge, he has under Bonds never to return again: Judge you if this be neighbourly dealing.

D. Diego. Frog is indeed pretty cloſe in his dealings, but very honeſt: You are ſo touchy, and take things ſo hotly, I am ſure there muſt be ſome Miſtake in this.

Mrs. *Bull.* A plaguy one indeed! You know, and have often told me of it, how *Hocus*, and thoſe Rogues kept my Huſband *John Bull* drunk for five years together, with Punch and Strong Waters; I am ſure he never went one Night ſober to bed, till they got him to ſign the ſtrangeſt Deed that ever you ſaw in your life. The methods they took to manage him I'll tell you another Time; at preſent I'll read only the Writing.

† *Articles of Agreement betwixt* JOHN BULL, Clothier, *and* NICHOLAS FROG, Linen-draper.

I. *That for maintaining the ancient good Correſpondence and Friendſhip between the ſaid Parties, I*

† The Sentiments of the H—- of C———s, and their Repreſentation of the B———r Tr—y.

Nicho-

Nicholas Frog *do ſolemnly engage and promiſe to keep Peace in* John Bull's *Family; that neither his Wife, Children, nor Servants give him any Trouble, Diſturbance, or Moleſtation whatſoever, but to oblige them all to do their Duty quietly in their reſpective Stations: And whereas the ſaid* John Bull, *from the aſſured Confidence that he has in my Friendſhip, has appointed me Executor of his laſt Will and Teſtament, and Guardian to his Children, I do undertake for me, my Heirs and Aſſigns, to ſee the ſame duly executed and performed, and that it ſhall be unalterable in all its Parts by* John Bull, *or any body elſe: For that purpoſe it ſhall be lawful and allowable for me to enter his Houſe at any Hour of the Day or Night, to break open Bars, Bolts, and Doors, Cheſts of Drawers, and ſtrong Boxes, in order to ſecure the Peace of my Friend* John Bull's *Family, and to ſee his Will duly executed.*

II. *In Conſideration of which kind neighbourly Office of* Nicholas Frog, *in that he has been pleas'd to accept of the aforeſaid Truſt, I* John Bull *having duly conſidered that my Friend* Nicholas Frog *at this Time lives in a marſhy Soil and unwholeſome Air, infeſted with Fogs and Damps, deſtructive of the Health of himſelf, Wife, and Children; do bind and oblige me, my Heirs and Aſſigns, to purchaſe for the ſaid* Nicholas Frog, *with the beſt and readieſt of my Caſh, Bonds, Mortgages, Goods and Chattels, a landed Eſtate, with Parks, Gardens, Palaces, Rivers, Fields, and Outlets, conſiſting of as large Extent as the ſaid* Nicholas Frog *ſhall think fit. And whereas the ſaid* Nicholas Frog *is at preſent hem'd in too cloſe by the Grounds of* Lewis Baboon, Maſter of the Science of Defence, *I the ſaid* John Bull *do oblige myſelf, with the readieſt of my Caſh, to purchaſe*

chaſe and encloſe the ſaid Grounds, for as many Fields and Acres as the ſaid Nicholas *ſhall think fit; to the intent that the ſaid* Nicholas *may have free Egreſs and Regreſs, without Let or Moleſtation, ſuitable to the Demands of himſelf and Family.*

III. *Furthermore, the ſaid* John Bull *obliges himſelf to make the Country Neighbours of* Nicholas Frog *allot a certain Part of yearly Rents, to pay for the Repairs of the ſaid landed Eſtate, to the Intent that his good Friend* Nicholas Frog *may be eaſed of all charges.*

IV. *And whereas the ſaid* Nicholas Frog *did contract with the deceas'd Lord* Strutt *about certain Liberties, Privileges, and Immunities, formerly in the Poſſeſſion of the ſaid* John Bull; *I the ſaid* John Bull *do freely, by theſe Preſents, renounce, quit, and make over to the ſaid* Nicholas, *the Liberties, Privileges, and Immunities contracted for, in as full a manner, as if they never had belonged to me.*

V. *The ſaid* John Bull *obliges himſelf, his Heirs and Aſſigns, not to ſell one Rag of broad or coarſe Cloth to any Gentlemen within the Neighbourhood of the ſaid* Nicholas, *except in ſuch Quantities and ſuch Rates, as the ſaid* Nicholas *ſhall think fit.*

Sign'd and Seal'd,

JOHN BULL,
NIC. FROG.

The Reading of this Paper put Mrs. *Bull* in ſuch a Paſſion, that ſhe fell downright into a Fit, and they were forced to give her a good quantity of the Spirit of Hartſhorn before ſhe recovered.

D. Diego.

D. Diego. Why in ſuch a Paſſion, couſin? conſidering your circumſtances at that time, I don't think this ſuch an unreaſonable Contract. You ſee *Frog*, for all this, is religiouſly true to his Bargain; he ſcorns to hearken to any Compoſition without your Privacy.

Mrs. *Bull.* You know the † contrary. Read that Letter.

[*Reads the Superſcription*] For *Lewis Baboon*, Maſter of the Noble Science of Defence.

SIR,

I Underſtand that you are at this Time treating with my Friend John Bull, *about reſtoring the Lord* Strutt's *Cuſtom, and beſides allowing him certain Privileges of Parks and Fiſh-ponds; I wonder how you that are a Man that knows the World, can talk with that ſimple Fellow. He has been my Bubble theſe twenty Years, and to my certain Knowledge, underſtands no more of his own Affairs, than a Child in Swadling Cloaths. I know he has got a ſort of a pragmatical ſilly Jade of a Wife, that pretends to take him out of my Hands: But you and ſhe both will find yourſelves miſtaken; I'll find thoſe that ſhall manage her; and for him, he dares as well be hanged as make one ſtep in his Affairs without my Conſent. If you will give me what you promiſed him, I will make all Things eaſy, and ſtop the Deeds of Ejectment againſt Lord* Strutt: *If you will not, take what follows: I*

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* Secret Negociations of the *D—h* at that Time.

ſhall

ſhall have a good Action againſt you, for pretending to rob me of my Bubble. Take this Warning from

Your loving Friend,

NIC. FROG.

I am told, couſin *Diego*, you are one of thoſe that have undertaken to manage me, and that you have ſaid you will carry a green bag yourſelf, rather than we ſhall make an end of our Law-Suit: I'll teach them and you too to manage.

D. Diego. For God's ſake, Madam, why ſo cholerick? I ſay this Letter is ſome Forgery; it never entered into the head of that honeſt man, *Nic. Frog*, to do any ſuch Thing.

Mrs. *Bull.* I can't abide you: You have been railing theſe twenty years at 'Squire *South*, *Frog* and *Hocus*, calling them Rogues and Pick-pockets, and now they are turned the honeſteſt Fellows in the World. What is the meaning of all this?

D. Diego. Pray tell me how you came to employ this Sir *Roger* in your Affairs, and not think of your old Friend *Diego*?

Mrs. *Bull.* So, ſo, there it pinches. To tell you truth, I have employ'd Sir *Roger* in ſeveral weighty Affairs, and have found him truſty and honeſt, and the poor man always ſcorned to take a farthing of me. I have abundance that profeſs great Zeal, but they are damnable greedy of the Pence. My huſband and I are now in ſuch circumſtances, that we muſt be ſerved upon cheaper Terms than we have been.

D. Diego. Well, couſin, I find I can do no good with you; I am ſorry that you will ruin yourſelf by truſting this Sir *Roger*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

How the Guardians of the deceas'd Mrs. Bull's *three Daughters came to* John, *and what Advice they gave him; wherein is briefly treated, the Characters of the three Daughters: Alſo* John Bull's *Anſwer to the three Guardians.* ‡

I Told you in a former chapter, that Mrs. *Bull*, before ſhe departed this life, had bleſſed *John* with three Daughters. I need not here repeat their Names, neither would I willingly uſe any ſcandalous Reflections upon young Ladies, whoſe Reputations ought to be very tenderly handled; but the characters of theſe were ſo well known in the Neighbourhood, that it is doing them no Injury, to make a ſhort Deſcription of them.

* The eldeſt was a termagant, imperious, prodigal, lewd, profligate wench, as ever breath'd: ſhe uſed to rantipole about the houſe, pinch the children, kick the ſervants, and torture the cats and the dogs; ſhe would rob her father's ſtrong box, for

‡ Concerns of the Party, and Speeches for carrying on the War, *&c.* Sentiments of the Tories and H— of C——s, againſt continuing the War, for ſetting King *Ch—s* upon the Throne of *S——n.*

* *Polemia.*

money

money to give the young fellows that she was fond of: She had a noble Air, and something great in her mien, but such a noisome infectious breath, as threw all the servants that dress'd her into consumptions; if she smelt to the freshest Nose-gay, it would shrivel and wither as it had been blighted: She used to come home in her cups, and break the China, and the Looking-glasses; and was of such an irregular temper, and so entirely given up to her passion, that you might argue as well with the *North* wind, as with her ladyship: So expensive, that the income of three Dukedoms was not enough to supply her extravagance. *Hocus* loved her best, believing her to be his own, got upon the body of Mrs. *Bull*.

† The second daughter, born a year after her sister, was a peevish, froward, ill-condition'd creature as ever was, ugly as the Devil, lean, haggard, pale, with saucer Eyes, a sharp nose, and hunch'd back'd: but active, sprightly, and diligent about her affairs. Her ill complexion was occasioned by her bad diet, which was coffee, morning, noon and night: She never rested quietly a bed; but used to disturb the whole Family with shrieking out in her dreams, and plague them next day with interpreting them, for she took them all for Gospel: She would cry out murder, and disturb the whole Neighbourhood; and when *John* came running down stairs to enquire what the matter was, nothing forsooth, only her maid had stuck a pin wrong in her gown: She turned away one servant for putting too much oil in her sallad, and another for putting too little salt in her water gruel; but such as by flattery had procured

† *Discordia.*

her

her esteem, she would indulge in the greatest crime. Her father had two coachmen; when one was in the coach box, if the coach swung but the least to one side, she used to shriek so loud, that all the street concluded she was overturned; but tho' the other was eternally drunk, and had overturned the whole Family, she was very angry with her father for turning him away. Then she used to carry tales and stories from one to another, till she had set the whole Neighbourhood together by the Ears; and this was the only diversion she took pleasure in. She never went abroad, but she brought home such a bundle of monstrous lies, as would have amazed any mortal, but such as knew her: Of a Whale that had swallowed a Fleet of Ships; of the Lions being let out of the *Tower*, to destroy the Protestant Religion; of the Pope's being seen in a Brandy-shop at *Wapping*; and a prodigious strong man that was going to shove down the cupola of St. *Paul's*; of three millions of Five Pound Pieces that 'Squire *South* had found under an old wall; of blazing stars, flying dragons, and abundance of such stuff. All the servants in the Family made high court to her, for she domineer'd there, and turned out and in whom she pleased; only there was an old grudge between her and Sir *Roger*, whom she mortally hated, and used to hire fellows to squirt kennel water upon him as he passed along the streets; so that he was forced constantly to wear a surtout of oil'd cloth, by which means he came home pretty clean, except where the surtout was a little scanty.

* As for the third, she was a thief, and a common mercenary Prostitute, and that without any solici-

* *Usuria.*

tation from nature, for she owned she had no enjoyment. She had no respect of persons, a Prince or a Porter was all one, according as they paid; yea, she would leave the fineſt gentleman in the world, to go to an ugly pocky fellow for ſix-pence more. In the practice of her profeſſion, she had amaſs'd vaſt magazines of all ſorts of Things; she had above five hundred Suits of fine Cloaths, and yet went abroad like a Cynder-Wench: She robbed and ſtarved all the ſervants, ſo that Nobody could live near her.

So much for *John*'s three Daughters, which you will ſay were Rarities to be fond of: Yet Nature will ſhew itſelf; Nobody could blame their Relations for taking care of them: and therefore it was that *Hocus*, with two other of the Guardians, thought it their duty to take care of the intereſt of the three Girls, and give *John* their beſt advice before he compounded the Law-Suit.

Hocus. What makes you ſo ſhy of late, my good friend? There's no body loves you better than I, nor has taken more pains in your Affairs: As I hope to be ſaved, I would do any thing to ſerve you; I would crawl upon all Four to ſerve you; I have ſpent my Health and paternal Eſtate in your ſervice. I have, indeed, a ſmall Pittance left, with which I might retire, and with as good a Conſcience as any man; but the thoughts of this diſgraceful Compoſition ſo touches me to the Quick, that I cannot ſleep: After I had brought the cauſe to the laſt ſtroke, that one Verdict more had quite ruined old *Lewis*, and Lord *Strutt*, and put you in the quiet Poſſeſſion of every thing, then to compound! I cannot bear it. This cauſe was my favourite, I had ſet my Heart upon it; it is like an only child; I cannot endure it ſhould miſcarry: For God's ſake conſider only to what

what a dismal condition old *Lewis* is brought. He is at an end of all his cash; his Attorneys have hardly one Trick left; they are at an end of all their *Chicane*; besides, he has both his Law and his daily Bread now upon Trust. Hold out only one Term longer, and I'll warrant you before the next, we shall have him in the *Fleet*. I'll bring him to the Pillory, his Ears shall pay for his Perjuries. For the love of God don't compound: Let me be damn'd if you have a friend in the World that loves you better than I: There is no body can say I am covetous, or that I have any interest to pursue but yours.

2d Guardian. There is nothing so plain as that this *Lewis* has a design to ruin all his neighbouring Tradesmen; and at this time he has such a prodigious income by his trade of all kinds, that if there is not some stop put to his exorbitant riches, he will monopolize every thing: no body will be able to sell a yard of Drapery or Mercery Ware but himself. I then hold it adviseable that you continue the Law-Suit, and burst him at once. My concern for the three poor motherless children obliges me to give you this advice; for their ellates, poor girls! depend upon the success of this Cause.

3d Guardian. I own this Writ of Ejectment has cost dear; but then consider it is a Jewel well worth the purchasing at the price of all you have. None but Mr. *Bull*'s declar'd enemies can say, he has any other security for his Cloathing Trade, but the Ejectment of Lord *Strutt*. The only question then that remains to be decided, is, who shall stand the expences of the Suit? To which the answer is as plain, Who but he that is to have the advantage of the sentence? When Esquire *Struth* has got possession of his Title and Honour, is not *John Bull* to be his Clothier?

thier? Who then but *John* ought to put in Poſſeſſion? Aſk but any indifferent gentleman, who ought to bear his charges at Law? and he will readily anſwer, his Tradeſmen. I do therefore affirm, and I will go to death with it, that, being his Clothier you ought to put him in quiet Poſſeſſion of his eſtate, and with the ſame generous ſpirit you have begun it, compleat the good Work. If you perſiſt in the bad meaſures you are now in, what muſt become of the poor Orphans? My heart bleeds for the poor Girls.

John Bull. You are all very eloquent perſons, but give me leave to tell you, you expreſs a great deal more concern for the three Girls than for me; I think my intereſt ought to be conſidered in the firſt place. As for you, *Hocus*, I can't but ſay you have manag'd my Law-Suit with great addreſs, and much to my Honour; and tho' I ſay it, you have been well paid for it. Why muſt the burthen be taken off *Frog*'s back, and laid upon my ſhoulders? He can drive about his own Parks and Fields in his gilt Chariot, when I have been forc'd to mortgage my eſtate: His Note will go farther than my Bond. Is it not matter of fact, that from the richeſt Tradeſman in all the country, I am reduc'd to beg and borrow from Scriveners and Uſurers, that ſuck the Heart, Blood, and Guts out of me, and what is all this for? Did you like *Frog*'s countenance better than mine? Was not I your old friend and relation? Have I not preſented you nobly? Have I not clad your whole family? Have you not had a hundred yards at a time of the fineſt Cloth in my ſhop? Why muſt the reſt of the Tradeſmen be not only indemnify'd from charges, but forbid to go on with their own buſineſs, and what is more their concern

than mine? As to holding out this Term, I appeal to your own conſcience, has not that been your conſtant diſcourſe theſe ſix years, *One Term more, and old* Lewis *goes to pot.* If thou art ſo fond of my Cauſe, be generous for once, and lend me a brace of thouſands. Ah *Hocus! Hocus!* I know thee, not a Sous to ſave me from Goal, I trow. Look ye, Gentlemen, I have liv'd with credit in the world, and it grieves my heart, never to ſtir out of my doors, but to be pull'd by the ſleeve by ſome raſcally Dun or other? *Sir, Remember my bill: There's a ſmall concern of a Thouſand Pounds, I hope you think on't, Sir.* And to have theſe Uſurers tranſact my debts at Coffee-houſes, and Ale-houſes, as if I were going to break up ſhop. Lord! that ever the rich, the generous, *John Bull*, Clothier, the envy of all his Neighbours, ſhould be brought to compound his Debts for five ſhillings in the Pound; and to have his Name in an Advertiſement for a Statute of Bankrupt. The thought of it makes me mad. I have read ſomewhere in the *Apocrypha*, That one ſhould not *conſult with a Woman touching her of whom ſhe is jealous; nor with a Merchant concerning Exchange; nor with a Buyer of Selling; nor with an unmertiful Man of Kindneſs*, &c. I could have added one thing more, *Nor with an Attorney, about Compounding a Law-Suit.* The Ejectment of Lord *Strutt* will never do. The Evidence is crimp; the Witneſſes ſwear backwards and forwards, and contradict themſelves; and his Tenants ſtick by him. One tells me that I muſt carry on my Suit; becauſe *Lewis* is poor; another, becauſe he is ſtill too rich: whom ſhall I believe? I am ſure of one thing, that a penny

in the purſe is the beſt friend *John* can have at laſt, and who can ſay that this will be the laſt Suit I ſhall be engaged in? Beſides, if this Ejectment were practicable, it is reaſonable, that when Eſquire *South* is loſing his money to Sharpers and Pick-pockets, going about the country with Fidlers and Buffoons, and ſquandering his income with Hawks and Dogs, I ſhould lay out the Fruits of my honeſt induſtry in a Law-Suit for him, only upon the Hopes of being his Clothier? And when the Cauſe is over, I ſhall not have the Benefit of my Project for want of money to go to Market. Look ye, Gentlemen, *John Bull* is but a plain man; but *John Bull* knows when he is ill uſed. I know the infirmity of our Family; we are apt to play the Boon-Companion, and throw away our money in our Cups: But it was an unfair thing in you, Gentlemen, to take advantage of my weakneſs, to keep a Parcel of roaring Bullies about me Day and Night, with Huzza's and Hunting horns, and ringing the Changes on Butchers Cleavers, never let me cool, and make me ſet my hand to Papers, when I could hardly hold my Pen. There will come a Day of Reckoning for all that proceeding. In the mean time, Gentlemen, I beg you will let me into my affairs a little, and that you would not grudge me the ſmall Remainder of a very great Eſtate.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Eſquire South's *Meſſage and Letter to Mrs.* Bull, *

THE Arguments uſed by *Hocus* and the reſt of the Guardians, had hitherto prov'd inſufficient: *John* and his Wife could not be perſuaded to bear the Expence of Eſquire *South*'s Law-Suit. They thought it reaſonable, that ſince he was to have the Honour and Advantage, he ſhould bear the greateſt ſhare of the Charges; and retrench what he loſt to Sharpers, and ſpent upon Country-Dances, and Puppet-plays, to apply it to that uſe. This was not very grateful to the Eſquire; therefore, as the laſt Experiment, he was reſolv'd to ſend Signior *Benenato*, Maſter of his Fox-hounds, to Mrs. *Bull*, to try what good he could do with her. This Signior *Benenato* had all the Qualities of a fine Gentleman, that were ſet to charm a Lady's heart; and if any perſon in the world could have perſuaded her, it was he. But ſuch was her unſhaken Fidelity to her Huſband, and the conſtant Purpoſe of her mind to purſue his Intereſt, that the moſt refin'd Arts of Gallantry that

* Complaints of the Deficiencies of the Houſe of *Au——ria*, Prince *E*——'s Journey and Meſſage.

were practis'd, could not seduce her heart. The Necklaces, Diamond Crosses, and rich Bracelets that were offer'd, she rejected with the utmost Scorn and Disdain. The Musick and Serenades that were given her, sounded more ungratefully in her ears than the Noise of a Screech-owl; however, she receiv'd Esquire *South*'s Letter by the hands of Signior *Remnate*, with that Respect which became his Quality. The Copy of the Letter is as follows, in which you will observe he changes a little his usual style.

MADAM,

THE *Writ of Ejectment against* Philip Baboon, (*pretended Lord* Strutt) *is just ready to pass: There want but a few necessary Forms, and a Verdict or two more, to put me in the quiet Possession of my Honour and Estate: I question not, but that, according to your wonted Generosity and Goodness, you will give it the finishing Stroke; an Honour that I would grudge any body but yourself. In order to ease you of some part of the Charges, I promise to furnish Pen, Ink, and Paper, provided you pay for the Stamps. Besides, I have order'd my Stewards to pay out of the readiest and best of my Rents, Five Pounds Ten Shillings a Year, till my Suit is finished. I wish you Health and Happiness, being with due Respect,*

MADAM,

Your assured Friend,

SOUTH.

What

What Anſwer Mrs. *Bull* return'd to this Letter, you ſhall know in my ſecond Part, only they were at a pretty good diſtance in their Propoſals; for as Eſquire *South* only offered to be at the charges of Pen, Ink, and Paper, Mrs. *Bull* refus'd any more then to lend her Barge, * to carry his Council to *Weſtminſter-Hall*.

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* Sending the E—— Fl——to convoy the Forces to *B——c——a*.

Law is a Bottomleſs Pit.

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

JOHN BULL.

THE

SECOND PART.

M.DCC.XIII.

THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

PART II.

The PUBLISHER's PREFACE.

THE World is much indebted to the famous Sir *Humphry Polesworth*, for his ingenious and impartial Account of *John Bull*'s Law-Suit; yet there is just cause of complaint against him, in that he relates it only by Parcels, and won't give us the whole Work: This forces me who am only the Publisher, to bespeak the Assistance of his Friends and Acquaintance to engage him to lay aside that stingy Humour, and gratify the curiosity of the Publick at once. He pleads in excuse, that they are only private Memoirs, wrote for his own Use,

Uſe, in a looſe ſtyle, to ſerve as a help to his ordinary converſation. I repreſented to him the good Reception the firſt Part had met with; that tho' calculated only for the Meridian of *Grubſtreet*, it was yet taken Notice of by the better ſort; that the World was now ſufficiently acquainted with *John Bull*, and intereſted itſelf in his concerns. He anſwer'd with a ſmile, that he had indeed ſome trifling things to impart that concern'd *John Bull*'s Relations and Domeſtick Affairs; if theſe would ſatisfy me, he gave me free leave to make uſe of them, becauſe they would ſerve to make the Hiſtory of the Law-Suit more intelligible. When I had look'd over the Manuſcript, I found likewiſe ſome further Account of the Compoſition, which perhaps may not be unacceptable to ſuch as have read the former Part.

CHAP. I.

The Character of * John Bull's *Mother.*

JOHN had a Mother, whom he lov'd and honour'd extreamly, a diſcreet, grave, ſober, good-condition'd, cleanly old Gentlewoman as ever liv'd; ſhe was none of your croſs-grain'd, termagant, ſcolding Jades, that one had as good be hang'd as live in the houſe with, ſuch as are always cenſuring the conduct, and telling ſcandalous ſtories of their Neighbours, extolling their own good Qualities, and under-

* The C——h of *E*——*d.*

valuing

valuing thoſe of others. On the contrary, ſhe was of a meek Spirit, and as ſhe was ſtrictly virtuous herſelf, ſo ſhe always put the beſt conſtruction upon the Words and Actions of her Neighbours, except where they were irreconcileable to the Rules of Honeſty and Decency. She was neither one of your preciſe *Prudes*, nor one of your fantaſtical old *Belles*, that dreſs themſelves like Girls of Fifteen; as ſhe neither wore a Ruff, Forehead-cloth, nor High-crown'd Hat, ſo ſhe had laid aſide Feathers, Flowers, and crimpt Ribbons in her Head-dreſs, Furbelo-Scarfs, and Hoop'd-Petticoats. She ſcorn'd to patch and paint, yet ſhe lov'd to keep her hands and her face clean. Tho' ſhe wore no flaunting Lac'd Ruffles, ſhe would not keep herſelf in a conſtant Sweat with greaſy Flannel: Tho' her Hair was not ſtuck with Jewels, ſhe was not aſhamed of a Diamond Croſs; ſhe was not like ſome Ladies, hung about with Toys and Trinkets, Tweezer-caſes, Pocket-glaſſes and Eſſence-bottles; ſhe uſed only a Gold Watch and an Almanack, to mark the Hours and the Holy-days.

Her Furniture was neat and genteel, well-fancy'd with a *bon Gouſt*. As ſhe affected not the Grandeur of a State with a Canopy, ſhe thought there was no offence in an Elbow-chair; ſhe had laid aſide your Carving, Gilding and Japan Work, as being too apt to gather dirt? but ſhe never could be prevailed upon to part with plain Wainſcot and clean Hangings. There are ſome Ladies that affect to ſmell a ſtink in every thing; they are always highly perfum'd, and continually burning Frankincenſe in their Rooms; ſhe was above ſuch Affectation, yet ſhe never would lay aſide the uſe of Brooms and Scrubbing bruſhes, and ſcrupled not to lay her linen in freſh Lavender.

She

She was no less genteel in her Behaviour, well-bred, without Affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected curt'sying pieces of Formality, and your Romps that have no regard to the common Rules of Civility. There are some Ladies that affect a mighty regard for their Relations; *We must not eat to-day, for my Uncle* Tom *or my Cousin* Betty *dy'd this Time ten Years: Let's have a Ball to-night, it is my Neighbour such-a-one's Birth day*; she look'd upon all this as Grimace; yet she constantly observed her Husband's Birth-day, her Wedding-day, and some few more.

Tho' she was a truly good Woman, and had a sincere motherly love for her Son *John*, yet there wanted not those who endeavour'd to create a Misunderstanding between them, and they had so far prevail'd with him once, that he turn'd her out of Doors, to his great Sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his Affairs went on at sixes and sevens.

She was no less judicious in the Turn of her Conversation and Choice of her Studies, in which she far exceeded all her Sex; your Rakes that hate the company of all sober, grave Gentlewomen, would bear hers; and she would, by her handsome manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim than some that were more sowre and reserved; she was a zealous Preacher up of Chastity, and *Conjugal Fidelity* in Wives, and by no means a friend to the new-fangled Doctrine of the *Indispensable Duty of Cuckoldom*: Tho' she advanc'd her Opinions with a becoming Assurance, yet she never usher'd them in as some positive creatures will do, with dogmatical Assertions, *This is infallible; I cannot be mistaken; none but a Rogue can deny it.* It has been observed that such people are oftner in the wrong than any body.

Tho'

Tho' ſhe had a thouſand good Qualities, ſhe was not without her Faults, amongſt which one might, perhaps, reckon too great Lenity to her Servants, to whom ſhe always gave good Counſel, but often too gentle Correction. I thought I could not ſay leſs of *John Bull*'s Mother, becauſe ſhe bears a part in the following Tranſactions.

CHAP. II.

The Character of John Bull's *Siſter* * Peg, *with the Quarrels that happen'd between Maſter and Miſs in their Childhood.*

JOHN had a Siſter, a poor Girl that had been ſtarv'd at Nurſe; any body would have gueſs'd Miſs to have been bred up under the Influence of a cruel Step-dame, and *John* to be the Fondling of a tender Mother. *John* look'd ruddy and plump, with a pair of Cheeks like a Trumpeter; Miſs look'd pale and wan, as if ſhe had the Green-Sickneſs; and no wonder, for *John* was the Darling, he had all the good bits, was cramm'd with good Pullet, Chicken, Pig, Gooſe, and Capon, while Miſs had only a little Oatmeal and Water, or a dry Cruſt without Butter. *John* had his golden Pippins, Peaches, and Nectarines; poor Miſs a Crab-apple, Sloe, or a Blackberry. Maſter lay in the beſt Apartment, with his Bed-chamber towards the

* The Nation and Church of S———d.

South Sun. Miſs lodg'd in a Garret, expos'd to the North Wind, which ſhrivel'd her Countenance; however, this Uſage, tho' it ſtunted the Girl in her Growth, gave her a hardy Conſtitution; ſhe had life and ſpirit in abundance, and knew when ſhe was ill-uſed: Now and then ſhe would ſeize upon *John*'s Commons, ſnatch a leg of a Pullet, or a bit of good Beef, for which they were ſure to go to Fiſti-cuffs. Maſter was indeed too ſtrong for her, but Miſs would not yield in the leaſt point, but ev'n when Maſter had got her down, ſhe would ſcratch and bite like a Tyger; when he gave her a cuff on the Ear, ſhe would prick him with her Knitting-needle: *John* brought a great Chain one day to tye her to the Bed-poſt, for which Affront, Miſs aimed a Pen-knife at his Heart. In ſhort, theſe Quarrels grew up to rooted Averſions, they gave one another Nick-Names, ſhe called him *Gundy-Guts*, and he called her *Louſy Peg*; though the Girl was a tight clever Wench as any was, and through her pale looks, you might diſcern Spirit and Vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect Beauty, but ſomething that was agreeable. It was barbarous in Parents not to take notice of theſe early Quarrels, and make them live better together, ſuch Domeſtick Feuds proving afterwards the occaſion of Misfortunes to them both. * *Peg* had, indeed, ſome odd Humours and comical Antipathy, for which *John* would jeer her. "What "think you of my Siſter *Peg* (ſays he) that faints "at the ſound of an Organ, and yet will dance and "friſk at the noiſe of a Bag pipe? What's that "to you *Gundy-guts* (quoth *Peg*) every body's to

* Love of Preſbytery.

chuſe

chuſe their own Muſick." Then *Peg* had taken a fancy not to ſay her *Pater-noſter*, which made people imagine ſtrange things of her. Of the three Brothers that have made ſuch a clutter in the world, Lord *Peter*, *Martin*, and *Jack*, *Jack* had of late been her Inclinations: Lord *Peter* ſhe deteſted; nor did *Martin* ſtand much better in her good Graces, but *Jack* had found the way to her heart. I have often admired what Charms ſhe diſcovered in that aukward Booby, till I talked with a Perſon that was acquainted with the Intrigue, who gave me the following Account of it.

CHAP. III.

Jack's Charms, or the Method by which he gained Peg's Heart.

IN the firſt place, *Jack* was a very young fellow, by much the youngeſt of the three Brothers, and people, indeed, wonder'd how ſuch a young upſtart Jackanapes ſhould grow ſo pert and ſaucy, and take ſo much upon him.

Jack bragg'd of greater Abilities than other Men; he was *well-giſted*, as he pretended; I need not tell you what ſecret Influence that has upon the Ladies.

Jack had a moſt ſcandalous Tongue, and perſuaded *Peg* that all mankind, beſides himſelf, were pox'd by that Scarlet-fac'd Whore † *Signiora Bubinia*. "As for his Brother, Lord *Peter*, the To-

* Character of the Preſbyterians.

† The Whore of *Babylon*, or the *Pope*.

" kens were evident on him, Blotches, Scabs, and " the Corona: His Brother *Martin*, though he " was not quite ſo bad, had ſome nocturnal Pains, " which his Friends pretended were only ſcorbu- " tical; but he was ſure it proceeded from a worſe " cauſe." By ſuch malicious inſinuations, he had poſſeſſed the Lady, that he was the only man in the world, of a ſound, pure and untainted Conſtitution: Tho' there were ſome that ſtuck not to ſay, that *Signiora Bubonia* and *Jack* railed at one another, only the better to hide an Intrigue; and, that *Jack* had been found with *Signiora* under his Cloak, carrying her home in a dark ſtormy night.

Jack was a prodigious Ogler; he would ogle you the outſide of his Eye inward, and the white upward.

Jack gave himſelf out for a Man of a great Eſtate in the Fortunate Iſlands; of which the ſole Property was veſted in his Perſon: By this trick he cheated abundance of poor people of ſmall ſums, pretending to make over Plantations in the ſaid Iſlands; but when the poor Wretches came there with *Jack*'s Grant, they were beat, mock'd, and turned out of doors.

I told you that *Peg* was whimſical, and lov'd any thing that was particular: In that way, *Jack* was her Man, for he neither thought, ſpoke, dreſs'd, nor acted like other Mortals: He was for your *bold Strokes*; he railed at Fops, though he was himſelf the moſt affected in the world; inſtead of the common Faſhion, he would viſit his Miſtreſs in a Mourning-Cloak, Band, ſhort Cuffs, and a peaked Beard. He invented a way of coming into a Room backwards, which he ſaid, ſhew'd more Humility, and leſs Affectation: Where other people ſtood, he ſat; where

they

they ſat, he ſtood; when he went to court, he uſed to kick away the State, and ſit down by his Prince Cheek by Jole: *Confound theſe States* (ſays he) *they are a modern Invention:* When he ſpoke to his Prince, he always turn'd his Br——ch upon him: If he was adviſed to faſt for his Health, he would eat Roaſt-beef; if he was allowed a more plentiful Diet, then he would be ſure, that day, to live upon Water-gruel; he would cry at a Wedding, laugh and make Jeſts at a Funeral.

He was no leſs ſingular in his Opinions; you would have burſt your Sides to hear him talk of Politicks: "* All Government (ſays he) is founded "upon the right Diſtribution of *Puniſhments*; de- "cent Executions keep the world in Awe; for "that Reaſon, the majority of Mankind ought to "be hanged every year. For example, I ſuppoſe, "the Magiſtrate ought to paſs an irreverſible Sen- "tence upon all *blue-ey'd Children* from the Cradle; "but that there may be ſome ſhew of Juſtice in "this proceeding, theſe Children ought to be train- "ed up by Maſters appointed for that purpoſe, to "all ſorts of Villany; that they may deſerve their "Fate, and the Execution of them may ſerve as "an Object of Terror to the reſt of Mankind." As to the giving of *Pardons*, he had this ſingular Method, † That when theſe Wretches had the Rope about their Necks, it ſhould be enquired, who *believed* they ſhould be hanged, and who not? The firſt were to be pardoned, the laſt hanged out-

* Abſolute Predeſtination and Reprobation.

† Saving Faith; a Belief that one ſhall certainly be ſaved.

right. Such as were once pardoned, were never to be hang'd afterwards for any Crime whatsoever. He had such skill in Physiognomy, that he would pronounce peremptorily upon a Man's Face, *That Fellow* (says he) *do what he will, can't avoid hanging; he has a hanging Look.* By the same Art, he would prognosticate a Principality to a Scoundrel.

He was no less particular in the Choice of his Studies; they were generally bent towards exploded Chimæra's, * the *perpetuum Mobile*, the Circular Shot, Philosopher's Stone, Silent Gun-powder, making Chains for Fleas, Nets for Flies, and Instruments to unravel Cobwebs, and split Hairs.

Thus, I think, I have given a distinct Account of the Methods he practised upon *Peg*. Her Brother would now and then ask her, "What a Devil "do'st thou see in that pragmatical Coxcomb, to "make thee so in love with him? he is a fit match "for a Taylor or a Shoemaker's Daughter, but "not for you that are a Gentlewoman. Fancy is "free (quoth *Peg*) I'll take my own way; do you "take yours. I do not care for your flaunting "Beaus, that gang with their Breasts open, and "their Sarks over their Waistcoats, that accost me "with fat Speeches out of *Sidney*'s *Arcadia*, or the "*Academy of Compliments*. *Jack* is a sober, grave, "young man; though he has none of your study'd "Harangues, his Meaning is sincere: He has a great "Regard to his Father's Will; and he that shews "himself a good Son, will make a good Husband; "besides, I know he has the original Deed of Con-"veyance to the Fortunate Islands: the others are

* The Learning of the Presbyterians.

Counter-

"Counterfeits." There is nothing ſo obſtinate as a young Lady in her Amours; the more you croſs her, the worſe ſhe is.

CHAP. IV.

* *How the Relations reconcil'd* John *and his Siſter* Peg, *and what Return* Peg *made to* John's *Meſſage.*

JOHN BULL, otherwiſe a good natur'd man, was very hard-hearted to his Siſter *Peg*, chiefly from an averſion he had conceiv'd in his Infancy. While he flouriſh'd, kept a warm houſe, and drove a plentiful Trade, poor *Peg* was forc'd to go hawking and peddling about the Streets, ſelling Knives, Sciſſars, and Shoe-buckles; now and then carry'd a baſket of fiſh to the Market; ſew'd, ſpun, and knit for a Livelihood, till her fingers-ends were ſore, and when ſhe could not get bread for her Family, ſhe was forced to hire 'em out at Journey-work to her Neighbours. Yet in theſe her poor circumſtances, ſhe ſtill preſerv'd the Air and Mien of a Gentlewoman; a certain decent Pride, that extorted reſpect from the haughtieſt of her Neighbours; when ſhe came in to any full Aſſembly, ſhe would

* The Treaty of *Union*. Reaſon of it, the Succeſſion not being ſettled in *Sc—d*. Fears for the Preſbyterian Church-Government, and of being burthen'd with the *E—ſh* National Debts.

not yield the *Pas* to the beſt of them. If one aſk'd her, Are not you related to *John Bull?* "Yes (ſays ſhe) "he has the Honour to be my Bro-"ther." So *Peg*'s affairs went, till all the Relations cry'd out ſhame upon *John*, for his barbarous Uſage of his own fleſh and blood; that it was an eaſy matter for him to put her in a creditable way of living, not only without hurt, but with advantage to himſelf, being ſhe was an induſtrious Perſon, and might be ſerviceable to him in his way of Buſineſs. *Hang her, Jade,* (quoth *John*) *I can't endure her, as long as ſhe keeps that Raſcal* Jack's *Company.* They told him the way to reclaim her, was to take her into his houſe; that by converſation the childiſh humours of their younger days might be worn out. Theſe arguments were enforc'd by a certain incident. It happen'd that *John* was at that time about making his * *Will,* and *entailing his Eſtate,* the very ſame in which *Nic. Frog* is nam'd Executor. Now his Siſter *Peg*'s Name being in the entail, he could not make a thorough Settlement without her conſent. There was, indeed, a malicious ſtory went about, as if *John*'s laſt wife had fallen in love with *Jack* as he was † eating Cuſtard on horſeback; that ſhe perſuaded *John* to take his Siſter into the Houſe, the better to drive on the intrigue with *Jack,* concluding he would follow his Miſtreſs *Peg.* All I can infer from this ſtory, is, that when one has got a bad character in the World, people will report and believe any thing of them, true or falſe. But to return to my ſtory; when *Peg* receiv'd *John*'s meſſage, ſhe huff'd and

* The Act of Succeſſion.

† A Preſbyterian Lord Mayor.

ſtorm'd

ſtorm'd like the Devil: "My brother *John* (quoth "ſhe) is grown wondrous kind-hearted all of a ſud-"den, but I meikle doubt, whether it be not mair "for their own conveniency than for my good; he "draws up his Writs and his Deeds, forſooth, and "I muſt ſet my hand to them, unſight, unſeen. I "like the young man he has ſettled upon well e-"nough, but I think I ought to have a valuable con-"ſideration for my conſent. He wants my poor "little Farm, becauſe it makes a Nook in his Park-"wall: Ye may e'en tell him, he has mair than he "makes good uſe of; he gangs up and down drink-"ing, roaring and quarreling, through all the Coun-"try Markets, making fooliſh bargains in his Cups, "which he repents when he is ſober; like a thrift-"leſs wretch, ſpending the goods and gear that his "Forefathers won with the ſweat of their brows; "light come, light go, he cares not a farthing. But "why ſhould I ſtand ſurety for his contracts; the "little I have is free, and I can call it my awn; "Hame's hame, let it be never ſo hamely. I ken "him well enough, he could never abide me, and "when he has his ends he'll e'en uſe me as he did "before; I'm ſure I ſhall be treated like a poor "drudge; I ſhall be ſet to tend the Bairns, darn "the hoſe, and mend the linen. Then there's no "living with that old carline his mother; ſhe rails at "*Jack*, and *Jack*'s an honeſter man than any of her "kin: I ſhall be plagu'd with her ſpells and her "*Pater-noſters*, and ſilly old world ceremonies; I "mun never pair my nails on a *Friday*, nor begin "a journey on *Childermas-day*; and I mun ſtand "becking and binging, as I gang out and into the "Hall. Tell him he may e'en gang his get, I'll "have nothing to do with him, I'll ſtay like the

poor

"poor country mouſe, in my awn habitation." So *Peg* talk'd; but for all that, by the interpoſition of good friends, and by many a bonny thing that was ſent, and many more that were promis'd *Peg*, the matter was concluded, and *Peg* * *taken into the Houſe* upon certain Articles: One of which was, That ſhe might have the freedom of *Jack*'s converſation, and might take him for better and for worſe, if ſhe pleas'd; provided always, he did not come into the houſe at unſeaſonable hours, and diſturb the Reſt of the old woman, *John*'s mother.

CHAP. V.

† *Of ſome Quarrels that happen'd after* Peg *was taken into the Family.*

IT is an old obſervation, that the quarrels of Relations are harder to reconcile than any other; injuries from friends fret and gall more, and the memory of them is not ſo eaſily obliterated. This is cunningly repreſented by one of your old Sages, call'd *Æſop*, in the ſtory of the bird, that was griev'd extreamly at being wounded with an arrow feather'd with his own wing; as alſo of the Oak, that let many a heavy grown, when he was cleft with a wedge of his own timber.

* The Act of Toleration.

† Quarrels about ſome of the Articles of Union, particularly the Peerage.

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There was no man in the world leſs ſubject to Rancour than *John Bull*, conſidering how often his good nature has been abus'd; yet I don't know, but he was too apt to hearken to tattling people, that carry tales between him and his ſiſter *Peg*, on purpoſe to ſow Jealouſies, and ſet them together by the Ears. They ſay that there were ſome hardſhips put upon *Peg*, which had been better let alone; but it was the buſineſs of good people to reſtrain the injuries on one ſide, and moderate the reſentments on the other; a good friend acts both parts, the one without the other will not do.

* The purchaſe-money of *Peg*'s Farm was ill paid; then *Peg* lov'd a little good liquor, and the ſervants ſhut up the wine-cellar; but for that *Peg* found a trick, for ſhe made a † falſe Key. *Peg*'s ſervants complain'd that they were debarr'd from all manner of buſineſs, and never ſuffer'd to touch the leaſt thing within the houſe; if they offer'd to come into the warehouſe, then ſtrait went the yard flap over their noddle; if they ventur'd into the Counting-Room, a fellow would throw an ink-bottle at their head; if they came into the beſt apartment, to ſet any thing there in order, they were ſaluted with a broom; if they meddled with any thing in the kitchen, it was odds but the Cook laid them over the pate with a ladle; one that would have got into the ſtable, was met by two raſcals, who fell to work with him with a bruſh and a curry-comb; ſome climbing up into the Coach-box, were told, that one of their companions had been there

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* The Equivalent not paid. † Run Wine.

before,

before, that could not drive; then ſlap went the long whip about their ears.

On the other hand, it was complain'd, that *Peg*'s ſervants were always asking for * drink-money; that they had more than their ſhare of the *Chriſtmas-box*: To ſay the truth, *Peg*'s Lads buſtled pretty hard for that, for when they were endeavouring to lock it up, they got in their great fiſts, and pull'd out handfuls of half-crowns, ſhillings and ſixpences? Others in the ſcramble pick'd up guineas and broad-pieces. But there happen'd a worſe thing than all this; it was complain'd that *Peg*'s ſervants had great ſtomachs, and brought ſo many of their friends and acquaintance to the table, that *John*'s family was like to be eat out of houſe and home. Inſtead of regulating this matter as it ought to be, *Peg*'s young men were thruſt away from the table; then there was the devil and all to do: Spoons, Plates and Diſhes flew about the room like mad: and Sir *Roger*, who was now *Major Domo*, had enough to do to quiet them. *Peg* ſaid this was contrary to agreement, whereby ſhe was in all things to be treated like a child of the family; then ſhe called upon thoſe that had made her ſuch fair promiſes, and undertook for her brother *John*'s good behaviour; but, alas! to her coſt ſhe found, that they were the firſt, and readieſt to do her the injury. *John* at laſt agreed to this regulation; that *Peg*'s † Footmen might fit with his book-keeper, journey-men and appren-

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* Endeavour'd to get their Share of Places.

† Articles of Union, whereby they could make a *Scots* Commoner, but not a Lord, a Peer.

tices;

tices; and *Peg*'s better ſort of ſervants might ſit with his footmen, if they pleas'd.

Then they began to order Plum-porridge and Minc'd-pies for *Peg*'s dinner; *Peg* told them ſhe had an averſion to that ſort of food: that upon forcing down a Meſs of it ſome years ago, it threw her into a Pit, till ſhe brought it up again. Some alledg'd it was nothing but humour, that the ſame meſs ſhould be ſerv'd up again for ſupper, and breakfaſt next Morning; others would have made uſe of a horn; but the wiſer ſort bid let her alone, and ſhe might take to it of her own accord.

CHAP. VI.

* *The Converſation between* John Bull *and his Wife.*

Mrs. *Bull.* THO' our affairs, honey, are in a bad condition, I have a better opinion of them ſince you ſeem'd to be convinc'd of the ill courſe you have been in, and are reſolv'd to ſubmit to proper remedies. But when I conſider your immenſe debts, your fooliſh bargains, and the general diſorder of your buſineſs, I have a cu-

* The Hiſtory of the P—rt—t—n Treaty; Suſpicions at that Time that the *Fr.* K. intended to take the whole, and that he revealed the Secret to the Court of *Sp---n.*

nosity to know what Fate or chance has brought you into this Condition.

J. Bull. I wish you would talk of some other subject; the thoughts of it makes me mad; our family must have their run.

Mrs. *Bull.* But such a strange thing as this never happened to any of your family before: They have had Law-Suits, but tho' they spent the income, they never mortgag'd the Stock. Sure you must have some of the *Norman* or the *Norfolk* blood in you. Prithee give me some Account of these matters.

J. Bull. Who could help it? There lives not such a fellow by bread as that old *Lewis Baboon*: He is the most cheating contentious rogue upon the face of the earth. You must know, one day, as *Nic. Frog* and I were over a bottle making up an old quarrel, the old fellow would needs have us drink a bottle of his *Champagne*, and so one after another, till my friend *Nic.* and I, not being used to such heady stuff, got bloody drunk. *Lewis* all the while, either by the strength of his brain, or flinching his glass, kept himself sober as a Judge. "My worthy "friends (quoth *Lewis*) henceforth let us live "neighbourly, I am as peaceable and quiet as a "lamb, of my own temper, but it has been my "misfortune to live among quarrelsome neigh-"bours. There is but one thing can make us fall "out, and that is the *Inheritance of Lord* Strutt's "*Estate*; I am content, for peace sake, to wave "my right, and submit to any expedient to prevent "a Law-Suit; I think an * *equal Division* will be

* The P—rt—t—n Treaty.

" the faireſt way." *Well mov'd, Old* Lewis (quoth *Frog*) *and I hope my friend* John *here will not be Refractory.* At the ſame time he clapp'd me on the back, and ſlabber'd me all over from cheek to cheek, with his great tongue. *Do as you pleaſe, Gentlemen,* (quoth I) *'tis all one to* John Bull. We agreed to part that Night, and next Morning to meet at the corner of Lord *Strutt*'s Park Wall, with our ſurveying inſtruments, which accordingly we did. Old *Lewis* carry'd a Chain and a Semicircle; *Nic.* Papers, Rulers, and a Lead Pencil; and I follow'd at ſome diſtance with a long Pole. We began firſt with ſurveying the meadow grounds, afterwards we meaſur'd the Corn Fields Cloſe by Cloſe; then we proceeded to the wood Lands, the † Copper and Tin Mines. All this while *Nic.* laid down every thing exactly upon paper, calculated the Acres and Roods to a great nicety. When we had finiſh'd the Land, we were going to break into the houſe and gardens, to take an inventory of his plate, pictures, and other furniture.

Mr. *Bull.* What ſaid Lord *Strutt* to all this?

J. Bull. As we had almoſt finiſh'd our concern, we were accoſted by ſome of Lord *Strutt*'s ſervants: *Hey day! What's here? What a Devil's the Meaning of all theſe Trangrams and Gimcracks, Gentlemen? What in the Name of Wonder, are you going about, jumping over my Maſter's Hedges, and running your Lines croſs his Grounds? If you are at any Field Paſtime, you might have aſk'd Leave, my Maſter is a civil well-bred Perſon as any is.*

Mrs. *Bull.* What could you anſwer to this?

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† The *Weſt Indies.*

J. Bull.

J. Bull. Why truly my neighbour *Frog* and I were ſtill hot-headed; we told him his Maſter was an old doating puppy, that minded nothing of his own buſineſs; that we were ſurveying his eſtate, and ſettling it for him, ſince he would not do it himſelf. Upon this there happened a quarrel, but we being ſtronger than they, ſent them away with a flea in their ear. They went home and told their Maſter, *My Lord* (ſay they) *there are three odd Sort of Fellows going about your Grounds with the ſtrangeſt Machines that ever we beheld in our Life: I ſuppoſe they are going to rob your Orchard, fell your Trees, or drive away your Cattle: They told us ſtrange Things of ſettling your Eſtate: One is a luſty old Fellow, in a black Wig, with a black beard, without Teeth: There's another thick ſquat Fellow, in Trunk-Hoſe: The third is a little long nos'd thin Man.* (I was then lean, being juſt come out of a Fit of Sickneſs) *I ſuppoſe it is fit to ſend after them, leſt they carry ſomething away.*

Mrs. *Bull.* I fancy this put the old fellow in a rare Tweague.

J. Bull. Weak as he was, he call'd for his long *Toledo*, ſwore and bounc'd about the Room, *'Sdeath! what am I come to, to be affronted ſo by my Tradeſmen? I know the Raſcals: My Barber, Clothier, and Linen-draper diſpoſe of my Eſtate! bring hither my Blunderbuſs, I'll warrant ye you ſhall ſee Day-light through them. Scoundrels! Dogs! the Scum of the Earth!* Frog, *that was my Father's Kitchin-boy, he pretend to meddle with my Eſtate! with my Will! Ah poor* Strutt, *what art thou come to at laſt? Thou haſt liv'd too long in the World, to ſee thy Age and Infirmity ſo deſpis'd: How will the Ghoſts of my noble Anceſtors receive theſe Tidings? They cannot, they*

muſt

must not sleep quietly in their Graves. In short, the old Gentleman was carry'd off in a fainting Fit, and after bleeding in both Arms hardly recover'd.

Mrs. *Bull.* Really this was a very extraordinary Way of Proceeding: I long to hear the rest of it.

J. Bull. After we had come back to the Tavern, and taken t'other bottle of *Champagne*, we quarrel'd a little about the division of the Estate. *Lewis* hall'd and pull'd the map on one side, and *Frog* and I on t'other, till we had like to have tore the Parchment to pieces. At last *Lewis* pull'd out a pair of great Taylor's Sheers, and clipt a corner for himself, which he said was a Manor that lay convenient for him, and left *Frog* and me the rest to dispose of as we pleas'd. We were overjoy'd to think *Lewis* was contented with so little, not smelling what was at the bottom of the Plot. There happen'd indeed, an incident that gave us some disturbance: A cunning fellow, one of my servants, two days after peeping through the Key-hole, observ'd that old *Lewis* had stole away our part of the map, and saw him fiddling and turning the map from one corner to the other, trying to join the two pieces together again: He was muttering something to himself, which we did not well hear, only these words, *'Tis great pity, 'tis great pity!* My servant added, that he believed this had some ill-meaning. I told him he was a coxcomb, always pretending to be wiser than his companions: *Lewis* and I are good friends, he's an honest fellow, and I dare say will stand to his bargain. The sequel of the story prov'd this fellow's suspicion to be too well grounded; for *Lewis* reveal'd our whole secret to the deceased

Lord *Strutt*, who in reward to his treachery and revenge to *Frog* and me, settled his whole Estate upon the present *Philip Baboon*. Then we understood what he meant by piecing the map together.

Mrs. *Bull.* And was you surprized at this? Had not Lord *Strutt* reason to be angry? Would you have been contented to have been so used yourself.

J. Bull. Why truly, wife, it was not easily reconcil'd to the common methods, but then it was the fashion to do such things: I have read of your golden age, your silver age, *&c.* one might justly call this the age of the *Lawyers*. There was hardly a man of substance in all the Country, but had a * *Counterfeit, that pretended to his Estate.* As the philosophers say, that there is a duplicate of every terrestrial animal at sea, so it was in this age of the Lawyers, there was at least two of every thing; nay, o'my conscience, I think there were three † Esquire *Hocums* at one time. In short, it was usual for a parcel of fellows to meet, and dispose of the whole Estates in the Country; *This lies convenient for me, Tom; Thou wouldst do more good with that, Dick, than the old Fellow that has it.* So to Law they went with the true Owners; the Lawyers got well by it; every body else was undone. It was a common thing for an honest man, when he came home at night, to find another fellow domineering in his family, hectoring his servants, calling for supper, and pretending to go to bed to his Wife. In every house you might ob-

* Several Pretenders at that Time.

† Kings of *P——d*.

serve

ſerve two *Sofia*'s quarrelling who was maſter. For my own part, I am ſtill afraid of the ſame treatment, that I ſhould find ſome body behind my Counter ſelling my Broad Cloth.

Mrs. *Bull.* There are a ſort of fellows they call Banterers, and Bamboozlers, that play ſuch Tricks; but it ſeems, theſe fellows were in earneſt.

J. Bull. I begin to think that *Juſtice* is a better Rule than *Conveniency*, for all ſome people make ſo ſlight on it.

CHAP. VII.

† *Of the hard Shifts Mrs.* Bull *was put to, to preſerve the Manor of* Bullock's Hatch; *with Sir* Roger's *Method to keep off importunate Duns.*

AS *John Bull* and his Wife were talking together, they were ſurpriz'd with a ſudden knocking at the door: *Theſe wicked Scriveners and Lawyers no doubt* (quoth *John*;) and ſo it was: Some asking for the Money he owed, and others warning to prepare for the approaching Term, *What a curſed Life do I lead?* (quoth *John*) *Debt is like deadly Sin: For God's Sake, Sir* Roger, *get me rid of the Fellows. I'll warrant you* (quoth Sir *Roger*;) *leave them to me.* And indeed it was pleaſant enough to obſerve Sir *Roger*'s method with theſe importunate

† Some Attempts to deſtroy the publick Credit at that Time. Manners of the E. of *O.*

Duns; his ſincere Friendſhip for *John Bull*, made him ſubmit to many things for his Service, which he would have ſcorn'd to have done for himſelf. Sometimes he would ſtand at the Door with his long ſtaff to keep off the Duns, 'till *John* got out at the Back-door. When the Lawyers and Tradeſmen brought extravagant Bills, Sir *Roger* uſed to bargain before-hand for leave to cut off a quarter of a yard in any part of the Bill he pleas'd; he wore a pair of Sciſſars in his Pocket for this purpoſe, and would ſnip it off ſo nicely as you cannot imagine: Like a true Goldſmith, he kept all your Holidays; there was not one wanting in his Calendar; when ready Money was ſcarce, he would ſet them a telling a thouſand Pounds in Six-pences, Groats, and Three-penny pieces. It would have done your heart good to have ſeen him charge through an Army of Lawyers, Attorneys, Clerks and Tradeſmen; ſometimes with Sword in Hand, at other times nuzzling like an Eel in the Mud. When a fellow ſtuck like a Bur, that there was no ſhaking him off, he uſed to be mighty inquiſitive about the health of his Uncles and Aunts in the Country; he could call them all by their Names, for he knew every body, and could talk to them in their own way. The extremely impertinent he would ſend away to ſee ſome ſtrange Sight, as the Dragon of *Hockley the Hole*; or bid him call the 30th of next *February*. † Now and then you would ſee him in the kitchen, weighing the Beef and Butter, paying ready Money, that the Maids might not run a Tick at the Market, and the

† Some Regulations as to the Purveyance in the Q—'s Family.

Butchers

Butchers, by bribing of them, ſell damag'd and light Meat. Another time he would ſlip into the Cellar, and gauge the Casks. In his leiſure minutes he was poſting his Books, and gathering in his Debts. Such frugal Methods were neceſſary where Money was ſo ſcarce, and Duns ſo numerous. All this while *John* kept his Credit, could ſhew his Head both at *'Change* and *Weſtminſter-Hall*; no man proteſted his Bill, nor refuſed his Bond; only the Sharpers and the Scriveners, the Lawyers and other Clerks pelted Sir *Roger* as he went along. The Squirters were at it with their Kennel Water, for they were mad for the loſs of their Bubble, and that they could not get him to mortgage the Manor of *Bullock's Hatch*. Sir *Roger* ſhook his Ears, and nuzzled along, well ſatisfied within himſelf that he was doing a charitable Work, in reſcuing an honeſt man from the claws of *Harpies* and *Bloodſuckers*. Mrs. *Bull* did all that an affectionate Wife, and a good Houſewife, could do; yet the Boundaries of Virtues are indiviſible Lines, it is impoſſible to march up cloſe to the Frontiers of Frugality, without entering the Territories of Parſimony. Your good Houſewifes are apt to look into the minuteſt things; * therefore ſome blam'd Mrs. *Bull* for new heel-piecing of her Shoes, grudging a quarter of a pound of *Soap* and *Sand* to ſcowre the Rooms; but eſpecially, † that ſhe would not allow her Maids and Apprentices the benefit of *John Bunyan*, the *London Apprentices*, or the *Seven Champions*, in the Black-Letter.

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* Too great Savings in the H——of C——s.
† Reſtraining the Liberty of the Preſs by Act of P.

CHAP. VIII.

A Continuation of the Converſation betwixt John Bull *and his Wife.*

Mrs. *Bull.* IT is a moſt ſad Life we lead, my Dear, to be ſo teaz'd, paying Intereſt for old debts, and ſtill contracting new ones. However, I don't blame you for vindicating your Honour, and chaſtizing old *Lewis:* To curb the inſolent, protect the oppreſſed, recover one's own, and defend what one has, are good Effects of the Law: The only thing I want to know, is, how you came to make an end of your Money, before you finiſh'd your Suit.

John Bull. I was told by the Learned in the Law, that my Suit ſtood upon three firm Pillars; *More Money for more Law, More Law for more Money*, and *No Compoſition*. More Money for more Law, was plain to a Demonſtration, for who can go to Law without Money? and it was plain, that any man that has Money may have Law for it. The third was as evident as the other two; for what Compoſition could be made with a Rogue, that never kept a Word he ſaid?

Mrs. *Bull.* I think you are moſt likely to get out of this Labyrinth by the ſecond door, by want of ready Money to purchaſe this precious Commodity: But you ſeem not only to have bought too much of it, but have paid too dear for what you bought; elſe, how was it poſſible to run ſo much in debt, when at this very time, the yearly income

income of what is mortgaged to thoſe Uſurers would diſcharge *Hocus*'s Bills, and give you your Belly full of Law for all your life, without runing one Six-pence in debt? You have been bred up to buſineſs; I ſuppoſe you can cypher; I wonder you never uſed your Pen and Ink.

John Bull. Now you urge me too far; prithee, dear Wife, hold thy Tongue. Suppoſe a young Heir, heedleſs, raw, and unexperienced, full of Spirit and Vigour, with a favourite paſſion, in the hands of Money-Scriveners: Such fellows are like your Wire-drawing Mills, if they get hold of a man's finger, they will pull in his whole body at laſt, 'till they ſqueeze the heart, blood and guts out of him. * When I wanted money, half a dozen of theſe fellows were always waiting in my Antichamber with their Securities ready drawn. I was tempted with the Ready, ſome Farm or other went to pot. I received with one hand, and paid it away with the other to Lawyers, that like ſo many Hellhounds, were ready to devour me. Then the Rogues would plead poverty, and ſcarcity of money, which always ended in receiving ninety for the hundred. After they had got poſſeſſion of my beſt Rents, they were able to ſupply me with my own money. But what was worſe, when I looked into the Securities, there was no Clauſe of Redemption.

Mrs. *Bull.* No Clauſe of Redemption ſay you? that's hard!

John Bull. No great matter, for I cannot pay them. They had got a worſe Trick than that; the

* Methods of preying upon the Neceſſities of the Government.

ſame man bought and ſold to himſelf, paid the Money, and gave the Acquittance; the ſame man was Butcher and Graſier, Brewer and Butler, Cook and Poulterer. There is ſomething ſtill worſe than all this; there came twenty Bills upon me at once, which I had given money to diſcharge; I was like to be pulled to pieces by Brewer, Butcher, and Baker, even my Herb-woman dunn'd me as I went along the ſtreets. (Thanks to my Friend Sir *Roger*, elſe I muſt have gone to Gaol) When I asked the meaning of this, I was told, the money went to the Lawyers; Counſel won't tick, Sir; *Hocus* was urging; my Book-keeper ſat ſotting all day, playing at Put and All-fours: In ſhort, by griping Uſurers, devouring Lawyers, aud negligent Servants, I am brought to this paſs.

Mrs. *Bull.* This was hard uſage; but methinks, the leaſt Reflection might have retriev'd you.

John Bull. 'Tis true, yet conſider my Circumſtances, my honour was engaged, and I did not know how to get out; beſides, I was for five years often drunk, always muddled, they carry'd me from Tavern to Tavern, to Ale-houſes and Brandy-ſhops, and brought me acquainted with ſuch ſtrange dogs! † *There goes the prettieſt Fellow in the World* (ſays one) *for managing a Jury; make him yours. There's auother can pick you up Witneſſes: Serjeant ſuch-a-one has a Silver Tongue at the Bar.* I believe, in time, I ſhould have retained every ſingle perſon within the Inns of Court. The night after a Trial, I treated the Lawyers, their Wives and Daughters, with Fiddles, Hautboys, Drums, and

† Hiring ſtill more Troops.

Trumpets.

Trumpets. I was always hot-headed; then they placed me in the middle, the Attornies and their Clerks dancing about me, whooping, and hollowing, *Long live* John Bull, *the Glory and Support of the Law!*

Mrs. *Bull.* Really, husband, you went through a very notable Course.

John Bull. One of the things that first alarm'd me was * that they shewed a spite against my poor old mother. *Lord* (quoth I) *what makes you so jealous of a poor, old, innocent Gentlewoman, that minds only her Prayers, and her Practice of Piety: She never meddles in any of your Concerns? Foh,* (say they) *to see a handsome, brisk, genteel, young Fellow, so much governed by a doating old Woman; why don't you go and suck the Bubby? Do you consider she keeps you out of a good Jointure? She has the best of your Estate settled upon her for a Rent-charge: Hang her, old Thief, turn her out of Doors, seize her Lands, and let her go to Law if she dares. Soft and fair, Gentlemen* (quoth I) *my Mother's my Mother, our Family are not of an unnatural Temper. Tho' I don't take all her advice, I won't seize her Jointure; long may she enjoy it, good Woman, I don't grudge it her: She allows me now-and-then a brace of Hundreds for my Law-Suit; that's pretty fair.* About this time the old Gentlewoman fell ill of an † odd sort of a distemper; it began with a coldness and numbness in her limbs, which by degrees, affected the Nerves, (I think the Physicians call them) seiz'd the brain, and at last ended in a Lethargy. It betrayed itself at first in a sort of indifference and carelessness in all

* Railing against the Church.

† Carelessness in Forms and Discipline.

her

her actions, coldneſs to her beſt friends, and an averſion to ſtir or go about the common offices of life. She that was the cleanlieſt creature in the world, never ſhrunk now if you ſet a Cloſe-ſtool under her noſe. She that would ſometimes rattle off her ſervants pretty ſharply, now, if ſhe ſaw them drink, or heard them talk profanely, never took any notice of it. * Inſtead of her uſual charities to deſerving perſons, ſhe threw away her money upon roaring ſwearing bullies and beggars, that went about the ſtreets. *What is the matter with the old Gentlewoman* (ſaid every body) *ſhe never uſed to do in this manner?* At ‖ laſt the diſtemper grew more violent, and threw her downright into raving Fits; in which ſhe ſhriek'd out ſo loud, that ſhe diſturb'd the whole neighbourhood. In her Fits ſhe called upon one Sir *William*: ‡ *Oh! Sir* William, *thou haſt betray'd me! kill'd me! ſtabb'd me! ſold me to the Cuckold of* Dover-ſtreet; *See, ſee,* Clum *with his bloody Knife! ſeize him, ſeize him, ſtop him! Behold the fury with her hiſſing Snakes? Where's my Son* John? *Is he well? is he well! poor Man, I pity him*; and abundance more of ſuch ſtrange ſtuff, that nobody could make any thing of. I knew little of the matter; for when I enquired about her health, the anſwer was, that *ſhe was in a good moderate way.*

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* Diſpoſing of ſome Preferments to libertine and unprincipled Perſons.

‖ The too violent clamour about the danger of the Church.

‡ Sir *William*, a cant name of Sir *Humphry*'s, for Lord T——r G——n.

Phy-

Phyſicians were ſent for in haſte: Sir *Roger* with great difficulty, brought *R——ff*; *G——th* came upon the firſt meſſage. There were ſeveral others called in; but, as uſual upon ſuch occaſions, they differed ſtrangely at the Conſultation. At laſt they divided into two Parties, one ſided with *G——th*, the other with *R——ff*. * Dr. *G——th*. *This caſe ſeems to me to be plainly hyſterical; the old woman is whimſical; it is a common thing for your old women to be ſo; I'll pawn my Life, Bliſters, with the ſteel Diet, will recover her.* Others ſuggeſted ſtrong purging and letting of blood, becauſe ſhe was plethorick. Some went ſo far as to ſay the old woman was mad, and nothing would be better than a little corporal correction. R——ff, *Gentlemen, you are miſtaken in this caſe; it is plainly an acute diſtemper, and ſhe cannot hold out three days, unleſs ſhe is ſupported with ſtrong Cordials.* I came into the room with a good deal of concern, and asked them what they thought of my mother? *In no manner of danger, I vow to Gad,* (quoth *G——th*) *the old woman is hyſterical, fanciful, Sir, I vow to Gad. I tell you, Sir,* (ſays *R——ff*) *ſhe cannot live three days to an end, unleſs there is ſome very effectual courſe taken with her; ſhe has a malignant Fever.* Then fool, puppy, and blockhead were the beſt words they gave. I could hardly reſtrain them from throwing the ink-bottles at one another's heads. I forgot to tell you, that one Party of the phyſicians deſired I would take my Siſter *Peg* into the houſe to nurſe her, but the old Gentlewoman would not hear of that. At laſt one phyſician asked if the lady had

* *G——th*, the Low-Church Party. *R——ff*, High-Church Party.

ever

ever been us'd to take *Laudanum?* Her maid anſwer'd not that ſhe knew; but indeed there was a *High-German* Livery-man of hers, one * *Yan Ptſchirnſooker*, that gave her a ſort of a Quack-powder. The Phyſician deſired to ſee it: *Nay*, ſays he, *there is* Opium *in this, I am ſure.*

Mrs. *Bull.* I hope you examined a little into this matter.

John Bull. I did indeed, and diſcovered a great myſtery of iniquity. The witneſſes made Oath, That they had heard ſome of the † *Livery-men* frequently railing at their miſtreſs. "They "ſaid, ſhe was a troubleſome fiddle-faddle old wo-"man, and ſo ceremonious, that there was no "bearing of her. They were ſo plagu'd with bow-"ing and cringing as they went in and out of the "room, that their backs ach'd. She uſed to ſcold "at one for his dirty ſhoes, at another for his "greaſy hair, and not combing his head: Then "ſhe was ſo paſſionate and fiery in her temper, that "there was no living with her; ſhe wanted ſome-"thing to ſweeten her blood: That they never had "a quiet night's reſt, for getting up in the morning "to early Sacraments; they wiſhed they could find "ſome way or another to keep the old woman quiet "in her bed." Such diſcourſes were often over-heard among the *Livery-men*, while the ſaid *Yan Ptſchirnſooker* had undertook this matter. A maid made affidavit, "That ſhe had ſeen the ſaid *Yan* "*Ptſchirnſooker*, one of the *Livery-men*, frequently "making up of medicines, and adminiſtring them to

* *Yan Ptſchirnſooker*, a Biſhop at that time, a great dealer in politicks and phyſick.

† The Clergy.

"all

" all the Neighbours; that ſhe ſaw him one morn-
" ing make up the powder which her miſtreſs took;
" that ſhe had the curioſity to aſk him whence he
" had the ingredients?" *They come* (ſays he) *from ſeveral parts of de world*; *dis I have from* Geneva, *dat from* Rome, *this white powder from* Amſterdam, *and the red from* Edinburgh; *but the chief ingredient of all comes from* Turkey. It was likewiſe prov'd, that the ſaid *Yan Ptſchirnſooker* had been frequently ſeen at the *Roſe* with *Jack*, who was known to bear an inveterate ſpite to his miſtreſs: That he brought a certain powder to his miſtreſs, which the examinant believes to be the ſame, and ſpoke the following words: *Madam, here is grand Secret van de world, my ſweetening powder, it does temperate de Humour, deſpel the Windt, and cure de Vapour, it lulleth and quieteth the animal ſpirits, procuring reſt and pleaſant dreams: It is de infallible receipt for de Scurvy, all heats in de bloodt, and breaking out upon de ſkin: It is de true blood-Stancher, ſtopping all fluxes of de blood: If you do take dis, you will never ail any ding; it will cure you of all diſeaſes:* And abundance more to this purpoſe, which the examinant does not remember.

JOHN BULL was interrupted in his ſtory by a Porter, that brought him a letter from *Nicholas Frog*, which is as follows.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

* *A Copy of* Nic. Frog's *Letter to* John Bull.

[John Bull *Reads.*]

Friend *John*,

WHAT Schellum is it that makes thee jealous of thy old Friend Nicholas? *Haſt thou forgot how ſome years ago he took thee out of the* † *Spunging-houſe?* ['Tis true, my Friend *Nic.* did ſo, and I thank him; but he made me pay a ſwinging reck'ning.] *Thou beginn'ſt now to repent thy bargain that thou waſt ſo fond of; and, if thou durſt, would forſwear thy own Hand and Seal. Thou ſay'ſt, that thou haſt purchas'd me too great an Eſtate already; when, at the ſame time, thou know'ſt I have only a Mortgage: 'Tis true, I have Poſſeſſion, and the Tenants own me for Maſter; but has not Eſquire* South *the Equity of Redemption?* [No doubt, and will redeem it very ſpeedily; poor *Nic.* has only poſſeſſion, eleven points of the Law.] *As for the* ‡ *Turnpikes, I have ſet up, they are for other people, not for my friend* John; *I have order'd my ſervant conſtantly to attend, to let thy Carriages through without paying any thing; only I hope thou wilt not come too heavy laden to ſpoil my Ways. Certainly I have juſt*

* A Letter from the S——s G——l.
† Alluding to the Re———n.
‡ The *D---ch* prohibition of Trade.

cauſe

cauſe of offence againſt thee, my friend, for ſuppoſing it poſſible that thou and I ſhould ever quarrel: What houndsfoot is it that puts theſe whims in thy head? Ten thouſand laſt of Devils haul me, if I don't love thee as I love my life. [No queſtion, as the Devil loves holy-water!] *Does not thy own Hand and Seal oblige thee to purchaſe for me, till I ſay, it is enough? Are not theſe Words plain? I ſay it is not enough. Doſt thou think thy friend* Nicholas Frog *made a child's bargain? Mark the words of thy Contract,* Tota pecunia, *with all thy Money.* [Very well! I have purchas'd with my own money, my childrens, and my grand childrens money, is not that enough? Well, *tota pecunia* let it be, for at preſent I have none at all: He would not have me purchaſe with other people's money ſure; ſince *tota pecunia* is the bargain, I think it is plain, no more money, no more purchaſe.] *And whatever the world may ſay,* Nicholas Frog *is but a poor man, in compariſon of the rich, the opulent* John Bull, *great Clothier of the world. I have had many loſſes, ſix of my beſt Sheep were drown'd, and the water has come into my Cellar, and ſpoil'd a Pipe of my beſt brandy: It would be a more friendly act in thee, to carry a Brief about the Country to repair the loſſes of thy poor friend. Is it not evident to all the world, that I am ſtill hem'd in by* Lewis Baboon? *Is he not juſt upon my borders?* [And ſo he will be if I purchaſe a thouſand Acres more, unleſs he gets ſomebody betwixt them.] *I tell thee, friend* John, *thou haſt flatterers, that perſuade thee that thou art a man of buſineſs; do not believe them: If thou wouldſt ſtill leave thy affairs in my hands, thou ſhould'ſt ſee how handſomely I would deal by thee. That ever thou ſhouldſt be dazzled with the inchanted Iſlands, and Mountains*

of

of Gold, that old Lewis *promiſes thee! 'Dſwounds! why doſt thou not lay out thy money to purchaſe a Place at Court, of honeſt* Iſrael? *I tell thee, thou muſt not ſo much as think of a Compoſition.* [Not think of a Compoſition, that's hard indeed; I can't help thinking of it, if I would.] *Thou complain'ſt of want of money, let thy Wife and Daughters burn the Gold Lace of their Petticoats; ſell thy fat Cattle; retrench but a Sirloin of beef and a Peck-Loaf in a Week, from thy gormandizing Gutts.* [Retrench my Beef, a dog! Retrench my Beef, then it is plain the raſcal has an ill deſign upon me, he would ſtarve me.] *Mortgage thy Manor of* Bullock's-hatch, *or pawn thy Crop for ten Years.* [A Rogue! part with my Country Seat, my Patrimony, all that I have left in the world; I'll ſee him hang'd firſt.] *Why haſt thou chang'd thy Attorney? Can any man manage thy Cauſe better for thee?* [Very pleaſant! becauſe a man has a good Attorney, he muſt never make an end of his Law-ſuit.] *Ah* John! John! *I wiſh thou knew'ſt thy own mind; Thou art as fickle as the Wind. I tell thee, thou hadſt better let this Compoſition alone, or leave it to thy*

Loving Friend,

NIC. FROG.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Of ſome extraordinary * *Things that paſs'd at the* Salutation *Tavern, in the Conference between* Bull, Frog, *Eſquire* South *and* Lewis Baboon.

FROG had given his word, that he would meet the above-mention'd company at the *Salutation*, to talk of this agreement. Tho' he durſt not directly break his appointment, he made many a ſhuffling excuſe; one time he pretended to be ſeized with the Gout in his right knee; then he got a great cold, that had ſtruck him deaf of one ear; afterwards two of his Coach-horſes fell ſick, and he durſt not go by water, for fear of catching an Ague. *John* would take no excuſe, but hurry'd him away: *Come* Nic. (ſays he) *let's go and hear at leaſt what this old Fellow has to propoſe! I hope there's no hurt in that. Be it ſo,* (quoth Nic.) *but if I catch any harm, woe be to you; my Wife and Children will curſe you as long as they live* When they were come to the *Salutation*, *John* concluded all was ſure then, and that he ſhould be troubled no more with Law

* The Treaty of *Ut—ht*: The difficulty to get them to meet. When met, the *D——ch* would not ſpeak their Sentiments, nor the *F—h* deliver in their Propoſals. The Houſe of *A——a* talk'd very high.

affairs; he thought every body as plain and ſincere as he was, *Well, Neighbours,* (quoth he) *let's now make an end of all Matters, and live peaceably together for the time to come; if every body is as well inclin'd as I, we ſhall quickly come to the upſhot of our Affair.* And ſo pointing to *Frog* to ſay ſomething, to the great ſurprize of all the company, *Frog* was ſeiz'd with a dead palſy in the tongue. *John* began to aſk him ſome plain queſtions, and whoop'd and hollow'd in his ear. *Let's come to the Point.* Nic! *Who wouldſt thou have to be Lord* Strutt? *Would'ſt thou have* Philip Baboon? *Nic.* ſhook his head, and ſaid nothing. *Wilt thou then have Eſquire* South *to be Lord* Strutt? *Nic.* ſhook his head a ſecond time. *Then who the Devil wilt thou have? ſay ſomething or another.* *Nic.* open'd his mouth and pointed to his tongue, and cry'd, *A, a, a, a!* which was as much as to ſay, he could not ſpeak. *John Bull.*] *Shall I ſerve* Philip Baboon *with broad Cloth, and accept of the Compoſition that he offers, with the Liberty of his Parks and Fiſh-ponds?* Then *Nic.* roar'd like a Bull, *O, o, o, o!* John Bull.] *If thou wilt not let me have them, wilt thou take them thyſelf?* Then *Nic.* grinn'd, cackl'd, and laugh'd, till he was like to kill himſelf, and ſeem'd to be ſo pleas'd, that he fell a friſking and dancing about the room. John Bull.] *Shall I leave all this matter to thy management,* Nic. *and go about my buſineſs?* Then *Nic.* got up a glaſs and drank to *John,* ſhaking him by the hand till he had like to have ſhook his ſhoulder out of Joint. John Bull.] *I underſtand thee,* Nic. *but I ſhall make thee ſpeak before I go.* Then *Nic.* put his finger in his cheek, and made it cry *Buck*; which was as much as to ſay, I care not a farthing for thee. John Bull.] *I have done* Nic. *if thou wilt not*

not ſpeak; I'll make my own Terms with old Lewis *here.* Then *Nic.* loll'd out his Tongue, and turn'd up his Bum to him; which was as much as to ſay, Kiſs——

John perceiving that *Frog* would not ſpeak, turns to old *Lewis*: *Since we cannot make this obſtinate fellow ſpeak,* Lewis, *pray condeſcend a little to his humour, and ſet down thy Meaning upon Paper, that he may anſwer it in another Scrap.*

I am infinitely ſorry (quoth Lewis) *that it happens ſo unfortunately; for playing a little at Cudgels t'other day, a fellow has given me ſuch a Rap over the Right-arm, that I am quite lame: I have loſt the Uſe of my Foreſinger and my Thumb, ſo that I cannot hold my Pen.*

John Bull. *That's all one, let me write for you.*

Lewis. *But I have a misfortune that I cannot read any body's Hand but my own.*

John Bull. *Try what you can do with your Left-hand.*

Lewis. *That's impoſſible; it will make ſuch a Scrawl that it will not be legible.*

As they were talking of this matter, in came Eſquire *South*, all dreſs'd up in Feathers and Ribbons, ſtark ſtaring mad; brandiſhing his Sword, as if he would have cut off their heads; crying, *Room, room, Boys, for the grand Eſquire of the World! the Flower of Eſquires! What! cover'd in my Preſence? I'll cruſh your Souls, and crack you like Lice!* With that he had like to have ſtruck *John Bull's* Hat into the Fire; but *John*, who was pretty ſtrong-fiſted, gave him ſuch a ſqueeze as made his eyes water. He went on ſtill in his mad pranks; *When I am Lord of the Univerſe, the Sun ſhall proſtrate and*

adore me! Thou, Frog, *ſhalt be my Bailiff*; Lewis *my Taylor*; *and thou*, John Bull, *ſhalt be my Fool!*

All this while *Frog* laugh'd in his ſleeve, gave the Eſquire t'other Noggan of Brandy, and clapp'd him on the Back, which made him ten times madder.

Poor *John* ſtood in amaze, talking thus to himſelf; *Well*, John, *thou art got into rare Company! One has a dumb Devil, t'other a mad Devil, and the third a Spirit of Infirmity. An honeſt man has a fine Time on't amongſt ſuch Rogues. What art thou aſking of them, after all? Some mighty Boon one would think! only to ſit quietly at thy own Fire-ſide. 'Sdeath, what have I to do with ſuch Fellows!* John Bull, *after all his Loſſes and Croſſes, can live better without them, than they can without him. Would to God I liv'd a thouſand Leagues off them! but the Devil's in't,* John Bull *is in, and* John Bull *muſt get out as well as he can.*

As he was talking to himſelf, he obſerv'd *Frog* and *Old Lewis* edging * towards one another to whiſper; ſo that *John* was forc'd to ſit with his Arms a-kimbo, to keep them aſunder.

Some people adviſ'd *John* to blood *Frog* under the Tongue, or take away his Bread and Butter, which would certainly make him ſpeak; to give Eſquire *South* Hellebore; as for *Lewis*, ſome were for emollient Pulteſſes, others for opening his Arm with an Inciſion-Knife.

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* Some Attempts of Secret Negotiation between the *F*——*h* and the *D*——*h*.

* CHAP. XI.

The Apprehending, Examination, and Impriſonment of Jack, *for Suſpicion of Poiſoning.*

THE attentive Reader cannot have forgot, that the Story of *Yan Ptſchirnſooker*'s Powder was interrupted by a meſſage from *Frog*. I have a natural compaſſion for curioſity, being much troubled with the diſtemper myſelf; therefore to gratify that uneaſy itching Senſation in my Reader, I have procur'd the following account of that matter.

Yan Ptſchirnſooker came off (as Rogues uſually do upon ſuch occaſions) by peaching his Partner; and being extremely forward to bring him to the Gallows, † *Jack* was accuſed as the Contriver of all the Roguery. And, indeed, it happen'd unfortunately for the poor fellow, that he was known to bear a moſt inveterate ſpight againſt the old Gentlewoman; and conſequently, that never any ill Accident happen'd to her, but he was ſuſpected to be at the bottom of it. If ſhe prick'd her Finger, *Jack*, to be ſure, laid the Pin in the way; if ſome Noiſe in the Street diſturb'd her Reſt, who could it be but

* The four following Chapters contain the Hiſtory of paſſing the Bill againſt *Occaſional Conformity*, and of the *Whigs* agreeing to it.

† All the Misfortunes of the Church charg'd upon the P———an Party.

Jack in ſome of his Nocturnal Rambles? If a Servant run away, *Jack* had debauch'd him: Every idle tittle-tattle that went about, *Jack* was always ſuſpected for the author of it: However, all was nothing to this laſt affair, of the temperating, moderating Powder.

The hue and cry went after *Jack*, to apprehend him dead or alive, where-ever he could be found. The Conſtables look'd out for him in all his uſual haunts; but to no purpoſe. Where d'ye think they found him at laſt? Ev'n ſmoaking his pipe very quietly, at his Brother *Martin*'s; from whence he was carried with a vaſt mob at his heels, before the Worſhipful Mr. Juſtice *Overdo*. Several of his Neighbours made Oath, * that of late, the priſoner had been obſerv'd to lead a very diſſolute life, renouncing even his uſual Hypocriſy, and Pretences to Sobriety; That he frequented Taverns and Eating-houſes, and had been often guilty of Drunkenneſs and Gluttony at my Lord-Mayor's Table: That he had been ſeen in the company of lewd women: That he had transferr'd his uſual care of the engroſs'd Copy of his Father's Will, to Bank Bills, Orders for Tallies and Debentures †: Theſe he now affirmed with more literal Truth, to be ‖, *Meat, Drink, and Cloth, the Philoſopher's Stone, and the Univerſal Medicine*; That he was ſo far from ſhewing his cuſtomary Reverence to the *Will*, that he kept company with thoſe that call'd his Father a

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* The Manners of the Diſſenters chang'd from their former Strictneſs.

† Dealing much in Stock-jobbing.

‖ Tale of a Tub.

cheating

cheating Rogue, and his Will a Forgery ‡: That he not only ſat quietly and heard his Father rail'd at, but often chim'd in with the Diſcourſe, and hugg'd the Authors as his Boſom Friends: § *That inſtead of asking for Blows at the Corners of the Streets*, he now beſtow'd them as plentifully as he begg'd them before. In ſhort, that he was grown a meer Rake; and had nothing left in him of old *Jack*, except his Spight to *John Bull*'s Mother.

Another Witneſs made Oath, That *Jack* had been overheard bragging of a * Trick he had found out to manage the *old formal Jade*, as he uſed to call her. "Damn this Numb-ſkull of mine (quoth "he) that I could not light on it ſooner. As long "as I go in this ragged tatter'd coat, I am ſo well "known, that I am hunted away from the old wo-"man's door by every barking Cur about the "houſe; they bid me defiance. There's no doing "miſchief as an open Enemy, I muſt find ſome "way or other of getting within doors, and then "I ſhall have better opportunities of playing my "pranks, beſides the benefit of good keeping."

‖ Two Witneſſes ſwore, that ſeveral years ago, there came to their Miſtreſs's door a young fellow in a tatter'd coat, that went by the name of *Timothy Trim*, whom they did in their conſcience believe to be the very Priſoner, reſembling him in Shape, Sta-

‡ Herding with Deiſts and Atheiſts.

§ Tale of a Tub.

* Getting into Places and Church Preferments by Occaſional Conformity.

‖ Betraying the Intereſts of the Church when got into Preferments.

ture, and the Features of his Countenance: That the ſaid *Timothy Trim* being taken into the Family, clapp'd their Miſtreſs's Livery over his own tatter'd coat: That the ſaid *Timothy* was extremely officious about their Miſtreſs's Perſon, endeavouring by Flattery and Tale-bearing, to ſet her againſt the reſt of the Servants: No-body was ſo ready to fetch any thing that was wanted, to reach what was dropt. That he uſed to ſhove and elbow his fellow-ſervants to get near his miſtreſs, eſpecially when money was a paying or receiving, then he was never out of the way; That he was extremely diligent about every body's Buſineſs but his own, That the ſaid *Timothy*, while he was in the Family, us'd to be playing roguiſh tricks; when his Miſtreſs's back was turn'd, he would loll out his tongue, make mouths, and laugh at her, walking behind her like *Harlequin*, ridiculing her motions and geſtures; but if his Miſtreſs look'd about, he put on a grave, demure Countenance, as if he had been in a fit of devotion: That he us'd often to trip up ſtairs ſo ſmoothly that you could not hear him tread, and put all things out of order: That he would pinch the Children and Servants, when he met them in the dark, ſo hard, that he left the print of his Fore-fingers and his Thumb in black and blue, and then ſlink into a corner, as if no body had done it: Out of the ſame malicious deſign, he us'd to lay chairs and joint-ſtools in their way, that they might break their noſes by falling over them: The more young and unexperienced he us'd to teach to talk ſaucily, and call names: During his ſtay in the family, there was much plate miſſing; being catch'd with a couple of ſilver ſpoons in his pocket, with their handles wrench'd off; he ſaid, he was only going to

carry

carry them to the Goldſmith's to be mended: That the ſaid *Timothy* was hated by all the honeſt Servants, for his ill-condition'd, ſplenetick tricks, but eſpecially for his ſlanderous tongue; traducing them to their Miſtreſs, as Drunkards, Thieves and Whore-maſters: That the ſaid *Timothy* by lying ſtories, uſed to ſet all the Family together by the Ears, taking delight to make them fight and quarrel; * particularly one day ſitting at Table, he ſpoke words to this effect: "I am of opinion (*quoth* "*he*) that little ſhort fellows, ſuch as we are, have "better hearts, and could beat the tall fellows; I "wiſh it came to a fair Trial, I believe theſe long "fellows, as ſightly as they are, ſhould find their "Jackets well thwack'd."

A parcel of tall fellows, who thought themſelves affronted by the diſcourſe, took up the Quarrel, and to't they went, the tall men and the low men, which continues ſtill a Faction in the family, to the great diſorder of our Miſtreſs's Affairs: The ſaid *Timothy* carried this frolick ſo far, that he propos'd to his Miſtreſs, that ſhe ſhould entertain no Servant that was above four foot ſeven inches high, and for that purpoſe had prepar'd a Gage, by which they were to be meaſur'd: The good old Gentlewoman was not ſo ſimple as to go into his projects, ſhe began to ſmell a Rat. "This *Trim* (quoth ſhe) is an odd "ſort of a fellow, methinks he makes a ſtrange Fi-"gure with that ragged, tatter'd Coat, appearing "under his Livery; can't he go ſpruce and clean, "like the reſt of the Servants? the fellow has a "roguiſh Leer with him, which I don't like by any

* The Original of the Diſtinction in the Names of Low-Churchmen and High-Churchmen.

"means;

" means; beſides, he has ſuch a twang in his " diſcourſe, and an ungraceful way of ſpeaking " through the noſe, that one can hardly under- " ſtand him; I wiſh the fellow be not tainted with " ſome bad diſeaſe." The Witneſſes farther made Oath, that the ſaid *Timothy* lay out a-nights, and went abroad often at unſeaſonable hours; and it was creditably reported, he did buſineſs in another family: that he pretended to have a ſqueamiſh Stomach, and could not eat at table with the reſt of the Servants, tho' this was but a pretence to provide ſome nice bit for himſelf; that he refuſed to dine upon ſalt-fiſh, only to have an opportunity to eat a Calf's Head (his favourite diſh) in private; that for all his tender Stomach, when he was got by himſelf, he could devour Capons, Turkeys and Sirloins of Beef, like a Cormorant.

Two other Witneſſes gave the following Evidenee: That in his officious attendance upon his Miſtreſs, he had try'd to ſlip ā Powder into her drink, and that he was once catch'd endeavouring to ſtifle her with a pillow as ſhe was aſleep: that he and *Ptſchirnſooker* were often in cloſe conference, and that they uſed to drink together at the *Roſe*, where it ſeems he was well enough known by his true name of *Jack*.

The Priſoner had little to ſay in his defence; he endeavour'd to prove himſelf *Alibi*; ſo that the Trial turn'd upon this ſingle Queſtion, whether the ſaid *Timothy Trim* and *Jack* were the ſame Perſon; which was prov'd by ſuch plain tokens, and particularly by a Mole under the left Pap, that there was no withſtanding the Evidence; therefore the worſhipful Mr. Juſtice committed him, in order to his Trial.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

How Jack's *Friends came to viſit him in Priſon, and what Advice they gave him.*

JACK hitherto had paſs'd in the world for a poor, ſimple, well-meaning half-witted, crack-brain'd fellow. People were ſtrangely ſurprized to find him in ſuch a Roguery; that he ſhould diſguiſe himſelf under a falſe Name, hire himſelf out for a Servant to an old Gentlewoman, only for an opportunity to poiſon her. They ſaid, that it was more generous to profeſs open Enmity, than under a profound Diſſimulation, to be guilty of ſuch a ſcandalous Breach of Truſt, and of the ſacred Rights of Hoſpitality. In ſhort, the Action was univerſally condemn'd by his beſt Friends; they told him in plain Terms, that this was come as a Judgment upon him for his looſe Life, his Gluttony, Drunkenneſs, and Avarice, for laying aſide his Father's *Will* in an old mouldy trunk, and turning Stock-jobber, News-monger, and Buſy-body, meddling with other people's Affairs, ſhaking off his old ſerious Friends, and keeping company with Buffoons and Pick-pockets, his Father's ſworn Enemies: that he had beſt throw himſelf upon the mercy of the Court; repent, and change his manners. To ſay truth, *Jack* heard theſe diſcourſes with ſome compunction; however, he reſolved to try what his new acquaintance would

do

do for him: they ſent * *Habbakkuk Slyboots*, who delivered him the following Meſſage, as the peremptory Commands of his truſty Companions.

Habbakkuk. Dear *Jack*, I am ſorry for thy misfortune: matters have not been carried on with due ſecreſy; however we muſt make the beſt of a bad bargain: thou art in the utmoſt Jeopardy, that's certain; hang, draw and quarter, are the gentleſt things they talk of. However, thy faithful friends, ever watchful for thy ſecurity, bid me tell thee, that they have one infallible Expedient left to ſave thy life: thou muſt know, we have got into ſome underſtanding with the Enemy, by the means of † *Don Diego*; he aſſures us there is no mercy for thee, and that there is only one way left to eſcape; it is indeed ſomewhat out of the common Road; however, be aſſur'd it is the reſult of moſt mature deliberation.

Jack. Prithee tell me quickly, for my heart is ſunk down in the very bottom of my belly.

Hab. It is the unanimous opinion of your Friends, that you ‡ *make as if you hanged yourſelf*; they will give it out that you are quite dead, and convey your Body out of Priſon in a Bier; and *John Bull* being buſied with his Law-Suit, will not enquire further into the matter.

Jack. How d'ye mean, make as if I hang'd myſelf.

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* *Habbakkuk Slyboots*, a certain great Man who perſuaded the Diſſenters to conſent to the Bill againſt *Occaſional Conformity*, as being for their Intereſt.

† A Noble Tory Lord.

‡ Conſent to the Bill againſt *Occaſional Conformity*.

Hab.

Hab. Nay, you muſt really hang yourſelf up, in a true genuine Rope, that there may appear no trick in it, and leave the reſt to your friends.

Jack. Truly this is a matter of ſome concern; and my friends, I hope, won't take it ill, if I enquire a little into the means by which they intend to deliver me: a Rope and a Nooſe are no jeſting matters;

Hab. Why ſo miſtruſtful? haſt thou ever found us falſe to thee? I tell thee, there is one ready to cut thee down,

Jack. May I preſume to aſk who it is, that is entruſted with ſo important an office?

Hab. Is there no end of thy How's and thy Why? *That's a Secret.*

Jack. A Secret, perhaps, that I may be ſafely truſted with, for I am not like to tell it again. I tell you plainly, it is no ſtrange thing for a man, before he hangs himſelf up, to enquire who is to cut him down.

Hab. Thou ſuſpicious creature! if thou muſt needs know it, I tell thee it is * Sir *Roger*: He has been in tears ever ſince thy misfortune. *Don Diego* and we have laid it ſo, that he is to be in the next Room, and before the Rope is well about thy Neck, reſt ſatisfied, he will break in and cut thee down: Fear not, old Boy; we'll do it, I'll warrant thee.

Jack. So I muſt hang myſelf up, upon hopes that Sir *Roger* will cut me down, and all this upon

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* It was given out that the Earl of *O——d* would oppoſe the Occaſional Bill, and ſo loſe his Credit with the Tories; and the Diſſenters did believe he would not ſuffer it to paſs.

the

the Credit of *Don Diego*: A fine Stratagem indeed to ſave my life, that depends upon hanging, *Don Diego*, and Sir *Roger*!

Hab. I tell thee there is a *Myſtery* in all this, my friend, a piece of profound *Policy*; if thou knew what good this will do to the *Common Cauſe*, thy heart would leap for joy: I am ſure thou wouldſt not delay the Experiment one moment.

Jack. This is to the tune of *All for the better*. What's your Cauſe to me, when I am hanged?

Hab. Refractory mortal! If thou wilt not truſt thy Friends, take what follows; know aſſuredly, before next full moon, that thou wilt be hung up in Chains, or thy quarters perching upon the moſt conſpicuous Places of the Kingdom. Nay, I don't believe they will be contented with hanging; they talk of empaling, or breaking on the wheel; and thou chuſeſt that, before a gentle ſuſpending of thy ſelf for one minute. Hanging is not ſo painful a thing as thou imagineſt. I have ſpoke with ſeveral that have undergone it, they all agree it is no manner of uneaſineſs: Be ſure thou take good notice of the ſymptoms, the relation will be curious. It is but a kick or two with thy heels, and a wry mouth or ſo: Sir *Roger* will be with thee in the twinkling of an eye.

Jack. But what if Sir *Roger* ſhould not come; will my Friends be there to ſuccour me.

Hab. Doubt it not; I will provide every thing againſt to morrow morning, do thou keep thy own ſecret, ſay nothing: I tell thee, it is abſolutely neceſſary for the common good, that thou ſhouldſt go through this Operation.

CHAP. XIII.

How Jack *hanged himſelf up by the Perſuaſion of his Friends, who broke their Words, and left his Neck in the Nooſe.*

JACK was a profeſs'd Enemy to *Implicit Faith*, and yet I dare ſay it was never more ſtrongly exerted, nor more baſely abuſed, than upon this occaſion. He was now with his old Friends in the ſtate of a poor diſbanded Officer after a Peace, or rather a wounded Soldier after a Battle; like an old Favourite of a cunning Miniſter after the Job is over! or a decay'd Beauty to a cloy'd Lover in queſt of new Game; or like an hundred ſuch things that one ſees every day. There were new Intrigues, new Views, new Projects on foot; *Jack*'s Life was the Purchaſe of *Diego*'s Friendſhip, much good may it do them. The intereſt of *Hocus* and Sir *William Crawley*, which was now more at heart, made this operation upon poor *Jack* abſolutely neceſſary. You may eaſily gueſs that his Reſt that night was but ſmall, and much diſturb'd; however, the remaining part of his time he did not employ (as his Cuſtom was formerly) in Prayer, Meditation, or ſinging a double Verſe of a Pſalm, but amuſed himſelf with diſpoſing of his Bank-Stock. Many a Doubt, many a Qualm, overſpread his clouded Imagination: "Muſt I then (quoth he) "hang up my own perſonal, natural, individual ſelf, "with theſe two hands! *Durus Sermo!* What if I ſhould

" ſhould be cut down, as my Friends tell me? " There is ſomething infamous in the very At- " tempt; the world will conclude I had a guilty " Conſcience. Is it poſſible that good man, Sir " *Roger*, can have ſo much pity upon an unfortu- " nate Scoundrel, that has perſecuted him ſo many " years? No, it cannot be; I don't love Favours " that paſs thro' *Don Diego*'s hands. On the other " ſide, my blood chills about my heart, at the " thought of theſe Rogues, with their bloody hands " grabbling in my guts, and pulling out my very " entrails: Hang it, for once I'll truſt my Friends." So *Jack* reſolved; but he had done more wiſely to have put himſelf upon the Trial of his Country, and made his Defence in Form; many things happen between the Cup and the Lip, Witneſſes might have been bribed, Juries manag'd, or Proſecution ſtopped. But ſo it was, *Jack* for this time had a ſufficient Stock of implicit Faith, which led him to his ruin, as the ſequel of the ſtory ſhews.

And now the fatal day was come, in which he was to try this hanging experiment. His Friends did not fail him at the appointed hour, to ſee it put in practice. *Habbakkuk* brought him a ſmooth, ſtrong, tough Rope, made of many a Ply of wholeſome *Scandinavian* Hemp, compactly twiſted together, with a Nooſe that ſlipt as glib as a Bird-catcher's Gin. *Jack* ſhrunk and grew pale at firſt ſight of it; he handled it, he meaſur'd it, ſtretched it, fix'd it againſt the Iron Bar of the Window to try its ſtrength, but no familiarity could reconcile him to it. He found fault with the length, the thickneſs, and the twiſt, nay, the very colour did not pleaſe him. " Will nothing leſs than hanging ſerve " (quoth *Jack*) won't my enemies take Bail for my

" good

" good Behaviour? Will they accept of a Fine,
" or be ſatisfied with the Pillory and Impriſon-
" ment, a good round Whipping, or burning in
" the Cheek?"

Hab. Nothing but your blood will appeaſe their rage; make haſte, elſe we ſhall be diſcovered. There's nothing like ſurprizing the Rogues: How they will be diſappointed, when they hear that thou haſt prevented their Revenge, and hanged thine own ſelf?

Jack. That's true; but what if I ſhould do it in Effigies? Is there never an old Pope or Pretender to hang up in my ſtead? we are not ſo unlike, but it may paſs.

Hab. That can never be put upon Sir *Roger*.

Jack. Are you ſure he is in the next Room? Have you provided a very ſharp Knife, in caſe of the worſt?

Hab. Doſt take me for a common Lyar? be ſatisfied, no damage can happen to your Perſon; your Friends will take care of that.

Jack. Mayn't I quilt my Rope? It galls my Neck ſtrangely: Beſides, I don't like this running Knot, it holds too tight, I may be ſtiffled all of a ſudden.

Hab. Thou haſt ſo many If's and And's; prithee diſpatch; it might have been over before this time.

Jack. But now I think on't, I would fain ſettle ſome Affairs, for fear of the worſt: Have a little Patience.

Hab. There's no having Patience, thou art ſuch a faintling, ſilly creature.

Jack. O thou moſt deteſtable, abominable *Paſſive Obedience!* did I ever imagine I ſhould become

thy Votary, in ſo pregnant an inſtance! How will my Brother *Martin* laugh at this ſtory, to ſee himſelf out-done in his own Calling? He has taken the Doctrine, and left me the Practice.

No ſooner had he uttered theſe words, but, like a man of true courage, he ty'd the fatal cord to the Beam, fitted the Nooſe, and mounted upon the bottom of a Tub, the inſide of which he had often graced in his proſperous days. This Footſtool *Habbakkuk* kick'd away, and left poor *Jack* ſwinging, like the Pendulum of *Paul*'s Clock. The fatal nooſe perform'd its office, and with moſt ſtrict Ligature ſqueez'd the blood into his face, till it aſſum'd a purple dye. While the poor man heav'd from the very bottom of his Belly for Breath, *Habbakkuk* walk'd with great deliberation into both the upper and lower Room, to acquaint his Friends, who received the News with great Temper, and with Jeers and Scoffs inſtead of Pity. "*Jack* has "hang'd himſelf, quoth they; let us go and ſee "how the poor Rogue ſwings." Then they call'd Sir *Roger*. "Sir *Roger* (quoth *Habbakkuk*) *Jack* "has hang'd himſelf, make haſte and cut him "down." Sir *Roger* turn'd firſt one ear, and then t'other, not underſtanding what he ſaid.

Hab. I tell you *Jack* has hang'd himſelf up.

Sir *Roger.* Who's hang'd.

Hab. Jack.

Sir *Roger.* I thought this had not been hanging day.

Hab. But the poor fellow has hang'd himſelf.

Sir *Roger.* Then let him hang. I don't wonder at it, the fellow has been mad theſe twenty years. With this he ſlunk away.

Then

Then *Jack*'s Friends began to hunch and puſh one another, *Why don't you go and cut the poor fellow down? Why don't you? And why don't you? Not I* (quoth one;) *Not I* (quoth another;) *Not I* (quoth a third;) *he may hang 'till Doomſday before I relieve him.* Nay, it is credibly reported, that they were ſo far from ſuccouring their poor Friend in this his diſmal Circumſtance, that *Ptſchirnſooker* and ſeveral of his Companions went in and pull'd him by the Legs, and thump'd him on the Breaſt. Then they began to rail at him for the very thing which they had adviſ'd and juſtified before, *viz.* his getting into the old Gentlewoman's Family, and putting on her Livery. The Keeper, who perform'd the laſt office, coming up, found *Jack* ſwinging, with no Life in him; he took down the Body gently and laid it on a Bulk, and brought out the Rope to the Company. *This, Gentlemen, is the Rope that hang'd* Jack; *what muſt be done with it?* Upon which they order'd it to be laid among the Curioſities of *Greſham-College*, and it is call'd *Jack's Rope* to this very day. However, *Jack*, after all, had ſome ſmall Tokens of Life in him, but lies, at this time paſt hopes of a total Recovery, with his head hanging on one ſhoulder, without Speech or Motion. The Coroner's Inqueſt ſuppoſing him to be dead, brought him in *Non Compos.*

CHAP. XIV.

The Conference between Don Diego *and* John Bull.

DURING the time of the foregoing Tranſactions, *Don Diego* was entertaining *John Bull.*

D. Diego. I hope, Sir, this Day's Proceeding will convince you of the Sincerity of your old Friend *Diego*, and the Treachery of Sir *Roger*.

J. Bull. What's the matter now?

D. Diego. You have been endeavouring, for ſeveral years, to have Juſtice done upon that Rogue *Jack*, but what through the Remiſſneſs of Conſtables, Juſtices, and pack'd Juries, he has always found the means to eſcape.

J. Bull. What then?

D. Diego. Conſider then, who is your beſt Friend, he that would have brought him to condign Puniſhment, or he that has ſav'd him. By my Perſuaſion *Jack* had hang'd himſelf, if Sir *Roger* had not cut him down.

J. Bull. Who told you that Sir *Roger* has done ſo?

D. Diego. You ſeem to receive me coldly; methinks my Services deſerve a better Return.

J. Bull. Since you value yourſelf upon hanging this poor Scoundrel, I tell you, when I have any more hanging-work, I'll ſend for thee: I have ſome better employment for Sir *Roger:* In the mean time, I deſire the poor fellow may be look'd after.

When

When he first came out of the North Country into my Family, under the pretended Name of *Timothy Trim*, the fellow seem'd to mind his Loom and his Spinning-wheel, 'till somebody turn'd his head; then he grew so pragmatical, that he took upon him the Government of my whole Family: I could never order any thing, within or without doors, but he must be always giving his Counsel, forsooth: Nevertheless, tell him, I will forgive what is past; and if he would mind his Business for the future, and not meddle out of his own sphere, he will find, that *John Bull* is not of a cruel disposition.

D. Diego. Yet all your skilful Physicians say, that nothing can recover your Mother, but a piece of *Jack*'s Liver boil'd in her Soupe.

J. Bull. Those are Quacks: My Mother abhors such Cannibals Food: She is in perfect health at present: I would have given many a good Pound to have had her so well sometime ago. * There are indeed two or three troublesome old Nurses, that, because they believe I am tender-hearted, will never let me have a quiet Night's Rest with knocking me up: "Oh, Sir, your Mo-"ther is taken extremely ill! she is fallen into a "fainting Fit! she has a great Emptiness, wants "Sustenance!" This is only to recommend themselves for their great Care: *John Bull*, as simple as he is, understands a little of a Pulse.

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* New Clamours about the Danger of the Church.

CHAP. XV.

The Sequel of the Meeting at the * Salutation.

WHERE I think I left *John Bull*, sitting between *Nic. Frog* and *Lewis Baboon*, with his Arms a kimbo, in great concern to keep *Lewis* and *Nic.* asunder. As watchful as he was, *Nic.* found the means now and then to steal a whisper, and by a cleanly conveyance under the table, to slip a short Note into *Lewis*'s hand; which *Lewis* as slily put into *John*'s pocket, with a pinch or a jog, to warn him what he was about. *John* had the curiosity to retire into a corner, to peruse these † *Billet doux* of *Nic*'s; wherein he found that *Nic.* had used great Freedoms, both with his Interest and Reputation. One contain'd these words: *Dear* Lewis, *Thou seest clearly that this Blockhead can never bring his Matters to bear: Let thee and me talk to-night by ourselves, at the* Rose, *and I'll give thee Satisfaction.* Another was thus express'd; *Friend* Lewis, *Has thy Sense quite forsaken thee, to make* Bull *such Offers? Hold fast, part with nothing, and I will give thee a better Bargain, I'll warrant thee.*

In some of his Billets he told *Lewis*, "That "*John Bull* was under his Guardianship; that the

* At the Congress of *U———cht.*

† Some Offers of the *D——h* at that time, in order to get the Negotiation into their hands.

" beſt part of his Servants were at his command;
" that he could have *John* gagg'd and bound
" whenever he pleas'd by the people of his own
" family." In allthese Epiſtles, Blockhead, Dunce, Aſs, Coxcomb, were the beſt Epithets he gave poor *John*. In others he threatned, *" That he,
" Eſquire *South*, and the reſt of the Tradeſmen,
" would lay *Lewis* down upon his Back and beat
" out his Teeth, if he did not retire immediately,
" and break up the Meeting."

I fancy I need not tell my Reader, that *John* often chang'd Colour as he read, and that his Fingers itch'd to give *Nic.* a good ſlap on the chops; but he wiſely moderated his cholerick temper. †" I fav'd this fellow (quoth he) from the
" Gallows, when he ran away from his laſt maſter,
" becauſe I thought he was harſhly treated; but
" the Rogue was no ſooner ſafe under my protec-
" tion, than he began to lye, pilfer and ſteal like
" the Devil. When I firſt ſet him up in a warm
" houſe, he had hardly put up his Sign, when he
" began to debauch my beſt Cuſtomers from me.
" † Then it was his conſtant practice to rob my
" Fiſh-ponds, not only to feed his Family, but to
" trade with the Fiſhmongers: I conniv'd at the
" fellow till he began to tell me, that they were
" his as much as mine. In my Manor of † *Eaſt-
" cheap*, becauſe it lay at ſome diſtance from my

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* Threatening that the *Allies* would carry on the War, without the help of the *E——ſh*.

††† Complaints againſt the *D——h* for Encroachment in Trade, Fiſhery, *Eaſt-Indies*, &c. The War with the *D—h* on theſe Accounts.

" conſtant Inſpection, he broke down my Fences,
" robb'd my Orchards, and beat my Servants.
" When I uſed to reprimand him for his Tricks,
" he would talk faucily, lye, and brazen it out,
" as if he had done nothing amiſs. Will nothing
" cure thee of thy Pranks, *Nic?* (quoth I) I ſhall
" be forced ſometime or other to chaſtiſe thee.
" The Rogue got up his Cane and threatened me,
" and was well thwack'd for his pains. But I think
" his Behaviour at this time worſt of all; after I
" have almoſt drowned myſelf to keep his head a-
" bove water, he would leave me ſticking in the
" mud, truſting to his goodneſs to help me out.
" After I have beggar'd myſelf with his trouble-
" ſome Law-Suit, with a Pox to him, he takes it
" in mighty dudgeon, becauſe I have brought him
" here to end Matters amicably, and becauſe I
" won't let him make me over by Deed and In-
" denture as his lawful Cully; which to my certain
" knowledge he has attempted ſeveral times. But,
" after all, canſt thou gather Grapes from Thorns?
" *Nic.* does not pretend to be a Gentleman; he is
" a Tradeſman, a ſelf-ſeeking Wretch: But how
" cameſt thou to bear all this, *John?* The Rea-
" ſon is plain; thou conferreſt the Benefits, and
" he receives them; the firſt produces Love, and
" the laſt Ingratitude. Ah! *Nic. Nic.* thou art a
" damn'd dog, that's certain; thou knoweſt too
" well that I will take care of thee; elſe thou
" wouldſt not uſe me thus. I won't give thee up,
" it is true; but as true as it is, thou ſhalt not ſell
" me, according to thy laudable Cuſtom." While *John* was deep in this Soliloquy, *Nic.* broke out into the following Proteſtation.

GENTLE-

GENTLEMEN,

I believe every body here preſent will allow me to be a very juſt and diſintereſted perſon. *My Friend* John Bull *here is very angry with me, forſooth, becauſe I won't agree to his fooliſh Bargains. Now I declare to all Mankind, I ſhould be ready to ſacrifice my own Concerns to his Quiet; but the Care of his Intereſt, and that of the honeſt* * Tradeſmen *that are embark'd with us, keeps me from entering into this Compoſition. What ſhall become of thoſe poor Creatures? The Thoughts of their impending Ruin diſturbs my Night's Reſt, therefore I deſire they may ſpeak for themſelves. If they are willing to give up this Affair, I ſhan't make two Words of it.*

John Bull begg'd him to lay aſide that immoderate Concern for him; and withal put him in mind, that the Intereſt of thoſe Tradeſmen had not ſat quite ſo heavy upon him ſome years ago, on a like occaſion. *Nic.* anſwer'd little to that, but immediately pull'd out a Boatſwain's Whiſtle. Upon the firſt whiff, the *Tradeſmen* came jumping into the Room, and began to ſurround *Lewis*, like ſo many yelping Curs about a great Boar; or, to uſe a modeſter Simile, like Duns at a great Lord's Levee the morning he goes into the Country. One pull'd him by his Sleeve, another by the Skirt, a third hallow'd in the Ear: They began to aſk him for all that had been taken from their forefathers by ſtealth, fraud, force, or lawful purchaſe: Some aſk'd for Manors, others

* The *A*———*s*.

for

for Acres, that lay convenient for them; that he would pull down his Fences, level his Ditches: All agreed in one common demand, that he ſhould be purg'd, ſweated, vomited, and ſtarv'd, till he came to a ſizeable bulk, like that of his neighbours: One modeſtly aſk'd him leave to call him Brother; *Nic. Frog* demanded two things, to be his Porter and his Fiſhmonger, to keep the Keys of his Gates, and furniſh the Kitchen. *John*'s Siſter *Peg* only deſir'd that he would let his Servants ſing Pſalms a Sundays. Some deſcended even to the aſking of old Cloaths, Shoes, and Boots, broken Bottles, Tobacco-pipes, and Ends of Candles.

Monſieur *Bull* (quoth *Lewis*) you ſeem to be a Man of ſome Breeding; for God's ſake uſe your Intereſt with theſe Meſſieurs, that they wou'd ſpeak but one at once; for if one had a hundred pair of hands, and as many tongues, he cannot ſatisfy them all at this rate. *John* begg'd they might proceed with ſome method; then they ſtop'd all of a ſudden, and would not ſay a word. If this be your Play (quoth *John*) that we may not be like a Quaker's dumb Meeting, let us begin ſome Diverſion; what d'ye think of Rouly-pouly, or a Country Dance; What if we ſhould have a Match at Foot-ball? I am ſure we ſhall never end Matters at this rate.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

How John Bull *and* Nic. Frog *ſettled their Accompts.*

J. Bull. DURING this general Ceſſation of Talk, what if you and I, *Nic.* ſhould enquire how Money-matters ſtand between us?

Nic. Frog. With all my heart, I love exact dealing; and let *Hocus* audit; he knows how the money was diſburs'd.

J. Bull I am not much for that at preſent; we'll ſettle it between ourſelves: Fair and ſquare, *Nic.* keeps friends together. There have been laid out in this Law-Suit, at one time, 36000 Pounds and 40000 Crowns: In ſome caſes I, in others you, bear the greateſt proportion.

Nic. Right: I pay three fifths of the greateſt number, and you pay two thirds of the leſſer number; I think this is fair and ſquare as you call it.

John. Well, go on.

Nic. Two thirds of 36000 Pounds are 24000 Pounds for your ſhare, and there remains 12000 for mine. Again, of the 40000 Crowns I pay 24000, which is three fifths, and you pay only 16000, which is two fifths; 24000 Crowns make 6000 Pounds; and 16000 Crowns make 4000 Pounds; 12000 and 16000 make 18000; 24000 and 4000 make 28000, So there are 18000 Pounds to my ſhare of the expences, and 28000 to yours.

After

After *Nic.* had bambouzled *John* a while about the 18000 and the 28000, *John* call'd for counters; but what with slight of hand, and taking from his own Score, and adding to *John*'s, *Nic.* brought the balance always on his own side.

J. Bull. Nay, good friend *Nic.* though I am not quite so nimble in the fingers, I understand cyphering as well you. I will produce you my Accompts one by one, fairly writ out of my own books: and here I begin with the first. You must excuse me if I don't pronounce the Law Terms right.

[*John Reads.*]

For the *Expences ordinary* of the Suits, Fees to Judges, puny Judges, Lawyers innumerable of all sorts.

Of *Extraordinaries*, as follows *per* Accompt - -

To Esquire *South*'s Accompt for *post Terminums*

To *ditto* for *Non est Factums.* - - -

To *ditto* for *Noli Prosequi's*, *Discontinuance*, and *Retraxit.*

For *Writs of Error.* - - -

Suits of *Conditions unperform'd* - - -

To *Hocus* for *Dedimus protestatem.* - -

To *ditto* for *a Capias ad Computandum* - -

To *Frog*'s new tenants *per* Accompt to *Hocus*, for *Audita querela's* - - - -

On the said Account for Writs of *Ejectment* and *Distringas.* - - - - -

To Esquire *South*'s Quota for a Return of a *Non est Invent.* and *Nulla habet bona* - -

To —— for a Pardon *in forma pauperis* - -

To *Jack* for a *Melius inquirendum* upon a *Felo de se* - - - - - -

To

To Coach-hire - - - -
For Treats to Juries and Witneſſes - -
John having read over his Articles, with the reſpective ſums, brought in *Frog* debtor to him upon the Balance - - 3382 12 00
Then *Nic. Frog* pull'd his Bill out of his Pocket and began to read:

Nicholas Frog's Account.

Remains to be deducted out of the former Account.

Paid by *Nic. Frog.* for his ſhare of the *ordinary Expences* of the Suit. - - - - -
To *Hocus* for entries of a *Rege inconſulto* - -
To *John Bull*'s Nephew for a *Venire facias*, the Money not yet all laid out - - - -
The Coach-hire for my Wife and Family, and the Carriage of my Goods during the time of this Law Suit - - - - -

For the Extraordinary Expences of feeding my Family during this Law-Suit - - -
To Major *Ab.* - - - - -
To Major *Will.* - - - - -
And ſumming all up, found due upon the Balance by *John Bull* to *Nic. Frog.* - 09 04 06

John Bull. As for your *Venire facias* I have paid you for one already; in the other I believe you will be nonſuited. I'll take care of my Nephew myſelf. Your *Coach-hire* and family charges are moſt unreaſonable deductions; at that rate, I can bring in any Man in the world my debtor. But who the Devil are thoſe two *Majors* that conſume all my money?

money? I find they always run away with the Balance in all Accompts.

Nic. Frog. Two very honeſt Gentlemen, I aſſure you, that have done me ſome ſervice. To tell you plainly, *Major Ab.* denotes thy greater *Ability*, and *Major Will.* thy greater *Willingneſs* to carry on this Law-Suit. It was but reaſonable thou ſhouldſt pay both for thy *Power* and thy *Poſitiveneſs*.

J. Bull. I believe I ſhall have thoſe two honeſt *Majors* diſcount on my ſide in a little time.

Nic. Frog. Why all this higgling with thy friend about ſuch a paltry Sum? Does this become the generoſity of the noble and rich *John Bull?* I wonder thou art not aſham'd. Oh *Hocus! Hocus!* where art thou? It uſed to go another-gueſs manner in thy time. When a poor man has almoſt undone himſelf for thy ſake, thou art for fleecing him, and fleecing him; is that thy Conſcience, *John?*

J. Bull. Very pleaſant indeed! It is well known thou retaineſt thy Lawyers by the year, ſo a freſh Law-Suit adds but little to thy expences; * they are thy cuſtomers; I hardly ever ſell them a farthing's-worth of any thing: Nay, thou haſt ſet up an Eating-houſe, where the whole tribe of them ſpend all they can rap or run. If it were well reckon'd, I believe thou getteſt more of my money, than thou ſpendeſt of thy own; however, if thou wilt needs plead poverty, own at leaſt that thy Accompts are falſe.

Nic. Frog. No marry won't I, I refer myſelf to theſe honeſt gentlemen, let them judge between us.

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* The Money ſpent in *H—s* and *Fl—s*.

Let

Let Eſquire *South* ſpeak his mind, whether my Accompts are not right, and whether we ought not to go on with our Law-Suit.

J. Bull. Conſult the butchers about keeping of *Lent*. Doſt think that *John Bull* will be try'd by *Pypowders?* I tell you once for all, *John Bull* knows where his Shoe pinches: None of your Eſquires ſhall give him the Law, as long as he wears this truſty weapon by his ſide, or has an inch of broad Cloth in his Shop.

Nic. Frog. Why there it is, you will be both Judge and Party; I am ſorry thou diſcovereſt ſo much of thy head-ſtrong humour before theſe ſtrange gentlemen: I have often told thee it would prove thy Ruin ſome time or other: Let it never be ſaid that the famous *John Bull* has departed in deſpite of Court.

J. Bull. And will it not reflect as much on thy character, *Nic.* to turn Barretter in thy old days; a ſtirrer up of quarrels amongſt thy Neighbours? I tell thee, *Nic.* ſome time or other thou wilt repent this.

But *John* ſaw clearly he ſhould have nothing but wrangling, and that he ſhould have as little ſucceſs in ſettling his Accompts, as ending the Compoſition. Since they will needs overload my ſhoulders (quoth *John*) I ſhall throw down the burden with a ſquaſh amongſt them, take it up who dares; a Man has a fine time of it amongſt a Combination of ſharpers, that vouch for one another's honeſty. *John*, look to thyſelf, Old *Lewis* makes reaſonable offers; when thou haſt ſpent the ſmall Pittance that is left, thou wilt make a glorious figure, when thou art brought to live upon *Nic. Frog* and Eſquire *South*'s generoſity and gratitude: If they uſe thee thus when they want

thee,

thee, what will they do when thou wanteſt them? I ſay again, *John*, look to thyſelf.

JOHN wiſely ſtifled his reſentments, and told the company, that in a little time he ſhould give them Law, or ſomething better.

All. * Law! Law! Sir, by all means, What is twenty-two poor years towards the finiſhing a Law-Suit? For the love of God more Law, Sir!

John Bull. Prepare your demands how many years more of Law you want, that I may order my affairs accordingly. In the mean while farewel.

CHAP. XVII.

† *How* John Bull *found all his Family in an Uproar at Home.*

NIC. FROG, who thought of nothing but carrying *John* to the Market, and there diſpoſing of him as his own proper goods, was mad to find that *John* thought himſelf now of age to look after his own affairs. He reſolved to traverſe this new project, and to make him uneaſy in his own *Family*. He had corrupted or deluded moſt of his ſervants into the moſt extravagant conceits in the world; that their Maſter was run mad, and wore a Dagger in one pocket, and poiſon in the other; that he had ſold his Wife and Children to *Lewis*, diſinherited his

* Clamours for continuing the War.

† Clamours about the Danger of the Succeſſion.

Heir,

Heir, and was going to ſettle his eſtate upon a *Pariſh-boy*; that if they did not look after their Maſter, he would do ſome very miſchievous thing. When *John* came home, he found a more ſurprizing ſcene than any he had yet met with, and that you will ſay was ſomewhat extraordinary.

He called his Cook-maid *Betty* to beſpeak his dinner: *Betty* told him, *That ſhe begged his Pardon, ſhe could not dreſs dinner till ſhe knew what he intended to do with his Will.* Why, *Betty*, (quoth *John*) thou art not run mad, art thou? My Will at preſent is to have dinner: *That may be*, (quoth *Betty*) *but my Conſcience won't allow me to dreſs it, till I know whether you intend to do righteous things by your Heir?* I am ſorry for that, *Betty*, (quoth *John*) I muſt find ſomebody elſe then. Then he call'd *John* the Barber. *Before I begin* (quoth *John*) *I hope your honour won't be offended, if I aſk you whether you intend to alter your Will? If you won't give me a poſitive anſwer, your beard may grow down to your middle for me.* 'Igad ſo it ſhall, (quoth *Bull*) for I will never truſt my throat in ſuch a mad fellow's hands. Where's *Dick* the Butler? *Look ye* (quoth *Dick*) *I am very willing to ſerve you in my Calling, d'you ſee; but there are ſtrange reports, and Plain-dealing is beſt, d'ye ſee, I muſt be ſatisfied if you intend to leave all to your Nephew, and if* Nic. Frog *is ſtill your Executor, d'ye ſee; if you will not ſatisfy me as to theſe points, you may drink with the Ducks.* And ſo I will, (quoth *John*) rather than keep a Butler that loves my Heir better than myſelf. *Hob* the Shoemaker, and *Prittie* the Taylor told him, They would moſt willingly ſerve him in their ſeveral Stations, if he would promiſe them never to talk with *Lewis Baboon*, and let *Nicholas Frog*,

Linen-draper, manage his concerns; that they could neither make Shoes nor Cloaths to any that were not in good Correſpondence with their worthy Friend *Nicholas*.

J. Bull. Call *Andrew* my Journey-man. How goes affairs, *Andrew*? I hope the devil has not taken poſſeſſion of thy body too.

Andrew. No, Sir; I only deſire to know what you would do if you were dead?

J. Bull. Juſt as other dead folks do, *Andrew*. This is amazing! *Aſide.*

Andrew. I mean if your Nephew ſhall inherit your eſtate?

J. Bull. That depends upon himſelf. I ſhall do nothing to hinder him.

Andrew. But will you make it ſure?

J. Bull. Thou mean'ſt, that I ſhould put him in poſſeſſion, for I can make it no ſurer without that; he has all the Law can give him.

Andrew. Indeed poſſeſſion, as you ſay, would make it much ſurer; they ſay, it is eleven points of the Law.

JOHN began now to think that they were all inchanted; he enquired about the age of the Moon, if *Nic.* had not given them ſome intoxicating *Potion*, or if old Mother *Jeniſa* was ſtill alive? *No, a'my Faith* (quoth *Harry*) *I believe there is no* Potion *in the Caſe, but a little* Aurum Potabile. *You will have more of this by and by.* He had ſcarce ſpoke the word, when another friend of *John*'s accoſted him after the following manner.

"Since thoſe worthy perſons, who are as much "concerned for your ſafety as I am, have employed "me as their Orator, I deſire to know whether

"you

" you will have it by way of *Syllogism*, *Enthymem*, " *Dilemma*, or *Sorites*."

JOHN now began to be diverted with their extravagance.

J. Bull. Let's have a *Sorites* by all means, though they are all new to me.

Friend. It is evident to all that are verſed in hiſtory, that there were two *Siſters* that play'd the Whore two thouſand years ago: Therefore it plainly follows, that it is not lawful for *John Bull* to have any manner of intercourſe with *Lewis Baboon*: If it is not lawful for *John Bull* to have any manner of intercourſe (correſpondence, if you will, that is much the ſame thing) then *à fortiori*, it is much more unlawful for the ſaid *John* to make over his wife and children to the ſaid *Lewis*: If his wife and children are not to be made over, he is not to wear a Dagger and Ratſbane in his *Pockets*: If he wears a Dagger and Ratſbane, it muſt be to do miſchief to himſelf, or ſomebody elſe: If he intends to do miſchief, he ought to be under Guardians, and there is none ſo fit as myſelf, and ſome other worthy perſons, who have a Commiſſion for that purpoſe from *Nic. Frog*, the Executor of his Will and Teſtament.

J. Bull. And this is your *Sorites*, you ſay.

——With that he ſnatched a good tough oaken cudgel, and began to brandiſh it; then happy was the Man that was firſt at the door; crowding to get out, they tumbled down Stairs; and it is credibly reported ſome of them dropp'd very valuable things in the hurry, which were picked up by others of the Family.

That any of theſe Rogues (quoth *John*) ſhould imagine, I am not as much concerned as they

about having my affairs in a ſettled condition, or that I would wrong my Heir for I know not what! Well, *Nic.* I really cannot but applaud thy diligence; I muſt own this is really a pretty Sort of a Trick, but it ſhan't do thy buſineſs for all that.

CHAP. XVIII.

* *How* Lewis Baboon *came to viſit* John Bull, *and what paſs'd between them.*

I Think it is but ingenuous to acquaint the reader, that this chapter was not wrote by Sir *Humphrey* himſelf, but by another very able *Pen* of the Univerſity of *Grubſtreet*.

JOHN had (by ſome good inſtructions given him by Sir *Roger*) got the better of his cholerick temper, and wrought himſelf up to a great ſteddineſs of Mind, to purſue his own intereſt through all impediments that were thrown in the way: He began to leave off ſome of his old acquaintance, his roaring and bullying about the ſtreets; he put on a ſerious air, knit his brows, and, for the time, had made a very conſiderable progreſs in politicks, conſidering that he had been kept a ſtranger to his own affairs. However, he could not help diſcovering ſome remains of his nature, when he hap-

* Private Negotiations about *Dunkirk*.

pened to meet with a Foot-ball, or a Match at Cricket; for which Sir *Roger* was ſure to take him to taſk. *John* was walking about his room, with folded arms, and a moſt thoughtful countenance: his ſervant brought him word that one *Lewis Baboon* below wanted to ſpeak to him. *John* had got an impreſſion that *Lewis* was ſo deadly cunning a Man that he was afraid to venture himſelf alone with him: At laſt he took heart of grace; *Let him come up* (quoth he) *it is but ſticking to my point, and he can never over-reach me.*

Lewis Baboon. Monſieur *Bull*, I will frankly acknowledge, that my behaviour to my neighbours has been ſomewhat uncivil, and I believe you will readily grant me, that I have met with uſage accordingly. I was fond of back-ſword and cudgel-play from my youth, and I now bear in my body many a black and blue gaſh and ſcar, God knows. I had as good a warehouſe, and as fair poſſeſſions, as any of my neighbours, tho' I ſay it; but a contentious temper, flattering ſervants, and unfortunate ſtars, have brought me into circumſtances that are not unknown to you. Theſe my misfortunes are heightened by domeſtick calamities. That I need not relate. I am a poor old batter'd fellow, and I would willingly end my days in peace: But, alas! I ſee but ſmall hopes of that, for every new circumſtance affords an argument to my enemies to purſue their revenge; formerly I was to be banged becauſe I was too ſtrong, and now becauſe I am too weak to reſiſt; I am to be brought down when too rich, and oppreſſed when too poor. *Nic, Frog* has uſed me like a *Scoundrel*; you are a gentleman, and I freely put myſelf in your hands to diſpoſe of me as you think fit.

J. Bull. Look you, Maſter *Baboon*, as to your Uſage of your Neighbours, you had beſt not dwell too much upon that Chapter; let it ſuffice at preſent that you have been met with: You have been rolling a great Stone up hill all your Life, and at laſt it has come tumbling down till it is like to cruſh you to pieces: Plain-dealing is beſt. If you have any particular mark, Mr. *Baboon*, whereby one may know when you Fib, and when you ſpeak Truth, you had beſt tell it me, that one may proceed accordingly; but ſince at preſent I know of none ſuch, it is better that you ſhould truſt me, than that I ſhall truſt you.

L. Baboon. I know of no particular mark of veracity amongſt us Tradeſmen, but Intereſt; and it is manifeſtly mine not to deceive you at this time; you may ſafely truſt me, I can aſſure you.

J. Bull. The Truſt I give is in ſhort this, I muſt have ſomething in hand, before I make the Bargain, and the reſt before it is concluded.

L. Baboon. To ſhew you I deal fairly, name your ſomething.

J. Bull. I need not tell thee, old Boy; thou canſt gueſs.

L. Baboon. * *Eccleſdown-Caſtle*, I'll warrant you, becauſe it has been formerly in your family! Say no more, you ſhall have it.

J. Bull. I ſhall have it to m'own ſelf?

L. Baboon. To thy n'own ſelf.

J. Bull Every Wall, Gate, Room, and Inch of *Eccleſdown-Caſtle*, you ſay?

L. Baboon. Juſt ſo.

---

* *Dunkirk.*

J. Bull.

J. Bull. Every ſingle Stone of *Eccleſdown-Caſtle*, to m'own ſelf, ſpeedily!

L. Baboon. When you pleaſe, what needs more words?

J. Bull. But tell me, old Boy, haſt thou laid aſide all thy *Equivocals* and *Mentals* in this Caſe?

L. Baboon. There's nothing like Matter of Fact; ſeeing is believing.

J. Bull. Now thou talk'ſt to the purpoſe; let us ſhake hands, old Boy. Let me aſk thee one Queſtion more; What haſt thou to do to meddle with the Affairs of my Family? to diſpoſe of my Eſtate, old Boy?

L. Baboon. Juſt as much as you have to do with the Affairs of Lord *Strutt*.

J. Bull. Ay, but my Trade, my very Being was concern'd in that.

L. Baboon. And my Intereſt was concern'd in the other: But let us drop both our Pretences; for I believe it is a moot point, whether I am more likely to make a Maſter *Bull*, or you a Lord *Strutt*.

J. Bull. Agreed, old Boy; but then I muſt have ſecurity that I ſhall carry my Broad Cloth to Market, old Boy.

L. Baboon. That you ſhall: *Eccleſdown-Caſtle! Eccleſdown!* Remember that: Why would'ſt thou not take it when it was offer'd thee ſome years ago?

J. Bull. I would not take it, becauſe they told me thou would'ſt not give it me.

L. Baboon. How could Monſieur *Bull* be ſo groſſly abuſed by downright nonſenſe? they that adviſ'd you to refuſe, muſt have believed I intended to give, elſe why would they not make the Experiment? but I can tell you more of that matter than perhaps you know at preſent.

J. Bull. But what ſay'ſt thou as to the Eſquire, *Nic. Frog*, and the reſt of the Tradeſmen? I muſt take Care of them.

L. Baboon. Thou haſt but ſmall Obligations to *Nic.* to my certain knowledge: he has not uſed me like a Gentleman.

J. Bull. Nic. indeed is not very nice in your Punctilio's of Ceremony; he is clowniſh, as a man may ſay: Belching and calling of Names have been allow'd him time out of mind, by Preſcription: But however, we are engag'd in one common Cauſe, and I muſt look after him.

L. Baboon. All Matters that relate to him, and the reſt of the Plaintiffs in this Law-Suit, I will refer to your Juſtice.

CHAP. XIX.

Nic. Frog's *Letter to* John Bull; *wherein he endeavours to vindicate all his Conduct, with relation to* John Bull *and the Law-Suit.*

NIC. perceiv'd now that his Cully had elop'd, that *John* intended henceforth to deal without a Broker; but he reſolv'd to leave no Stone unturn'd to cover his Bubble: Amongſt other Artifices he wrote a moſt obliging Letter, which he ſent him printed in a fair character.

* Dear Friend,

WHEN I conſider the late ill Uſage I have met with from you, I was reflecting what it was that could provoke you to it, but upon a narrow

* Subſtance of the States Letter.

Inſpection into my Conduct, I can find nothing to reproach myſelf with, but too partial a Concern for your Intereſt. You no ſooner ſet this Compoſition a-foot, but I was ready to comply, and prevented your very Wiſhes; and the Affair might have been ended before now, had it not been for the greater Concerns of Eſquire South, *and the other poor Creatures embark'd in the ſame common Cauſe, whoſe ſafety touches me to the quick. You ſeem'd a little jealous that I had dealt unfairly with you in Money-matters, 'till it appear'd by your own Accounts, that there was ſomething due to me upon the Balance. Having nothing to anſwer to ſo plain a Demonſtration, you began to complain as if I had been familiar with your Reputation; when it is well known, not only I, but the meaneſt Servants in my Family, talk of you with the utmoſt Reſpect. I have always, as far as in me lies, exhorted your Servants and Tenants to be dutiful; not that I any way meddle in your domeſtic Affairs, which were very unbecoming for me to do. If ſome of your Servants expreſs their great Concern for you in a manner that is not ſo very polite, you ought to impute it to their extraordinary Zeal, which deſerves a Reward, rather than a Reproof. You cannot reproach me for want of Succeſs at the* Salutation, *ſince I am not Maſter of the Paſſions and Intereſts of other Folks. I have beggar'd myſelf with this Law-Suit, undertaken merely in Complaiſance to you; and if you would have had but a little Patience, I had ſtill greater things in reſerve, that I intended to have done for you. I hope what I have ſaid will prevail with you to lay aſide your unreaſonable jealouſies, and that we may have no more Meetings at the* Salutation, *ſpending our Time and Money to no purpoſe. My Concern for your Welfare and Proſperity, almoſt*

makes

makes me mad. You may be assur'd I will continue to be

Your affectionate

Friend and Servant,

NIC. FROG.

John receiv'd this with a good deal of *Sang froid*; *Transeat* (quoth *John*) *cum cæteris erroribus*: He was now at ease; he saw he could now make a very good Bargain for himself, and a very safe one for other folks. *My Shirt* (quoth he) *is near me, but my Skin is nearer: Whilst I take care of the Welfare of other Folks, no body can blame me, to apply a little Balsam to my own Sores. It's a pretty thing, after all, for a Man to do his own Business; a Man has such a tender Concern for himself, there's nothing like it. This is somewhat better, I trow, than for* John Bull *to be standing in the Market, like a great Dray-house, with* Frog's *Paws upon his Head.* What will you give me for this Beast? Serviteur *Nic. Frog*, you may kiss my Backside if you please. *Though* John Bull *has not read your* Aristotle's, Plato's *and* Machiavel's, *he can see as far into a Mill-stone as another.* With that *John* began to chuckle and laugh, till he was like to have burst his Sides.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

* *The Diſcourſe that paſs'd between* Nic. Frog *and Eſquire* South, *which* John Bull *overheard.*

JOHN thought every Minute a Year till he got into *Eccleſdown Caſtle*; he repairs to the *Salutation*, with a deſign to break the matter gently to his Partners; before he enter'd, he overheard *Nic.* and the Eſquire in a very pleaſant Conference.

Eſq; South. Oh the Ingratitude and Injuſtice of mankind; that *John Bull*, whom I have honour'd with my Friendſhip and Protection ſo long, ſhould flinch at laſt, and pretend that he can diſburſe no more money for me! that the family of the *Souths*, by his ſneaking temper, ſhould be kept out of their own!

Nic. Frog. An't like your worſhip, I am in a maze at it; I think the Rogue ſhould be compell'd to his duty.

Eſq; South. That he ſhould prefer his ſcandalous Pelf, the Duſt and Dregs of the Earth, to the Proſperity and Grandeur of my Family!

Nic. Frog. Nay, he is miſtaken there too; for he would quickly lick himſelf whole again by his Vails. It's ſtrange he ſhould prefer *Philip Baboon*'s Cuſtom to Eſq; *South*'s.

* Negotiations between the E—r and the *D—h* for continuing the War, and getting the Property of *Fl———rs.*

Eſq;

Esq; *South*. As you say, that my Clothier, that is to get so much by the Purchase, should refuse to put me in Possession; did you ever know any Man's Tradesman serve him so before?

Nic. Frog. No, indeed, an't please your worship, it is a very unusual proceeding; and I would not have been guilty of it for the world. If your Honour had not a great stock of Moderation and Patience, you would not bear it so well as you do.

Esq; *South*. It is most intolerable, that's certain, *Nic*. and I will be reveng'd.

Nic. Frog. Methinks it is strange, that *Philip Baboon*'s Tenants do not all take your Honour's Part, considering how good and gentle a Master you are.

Esq; *South*. True, *Nic*. but few are sensible of Merit in this world: It is a great Comfort, to have so faithful a friend as thy self in so critical a juncture.

Nic. Frog. If all the world should forsake you, be assur'd *Nic. Frog* never will; let us stick to our point, and we'll manage *Bull*, I'll warrant ye.

Esq; *South*. Let me kiss thee, dear *Nic*. I have found one honest man among a thousand at last.

Nic. Frog. If it were possible, your Honour has it in your power to wed me still closer to your Interest.

Esq; *South*. Tell me quickly, dear *Nic*.

Nic. Frog. You know I am your Tenant; the difference between my Lease and an Inheritance is such a trifle, as I am sure you will not grudge your poor Friend; that will be an Encouragement to go on; besides it will make *Bull* as mad as the Devil: you and I shall be able to manage him then to some purpose.

Esq; *South*. Say no more, it shall be done, *Nic*. to thy heart's content.

John

John all this while was listening to this comical Dialogue, and laugh'd heartily in his sleeve, at the Pride and Simplicity of the *Esquire*, and the sly Roguery of his Friend *Nic.* Then of a sudden bolting into the Room, he began to tell them, that he believ'd he had brought *Lewis* to reasonable terms, if they would please to hear them.

Then they all bawl'd out aloud, *No Composition, Long live Esquire* South *and the Law!* As *John* was going to proceed, some roar'd, some stamp'd with their Feet, others stopt their Ears with their Fingers.

Nay, Gentlemen, (quoth *John*) if you will but stop Proceeding for a while, you shall judge your-selves whether * *Lewis*'s Proposals are reasonable.

All. Very fine indeed, stop Proceeding, and so lose a Term.

J. Bull. Not so neither, we have something by way of advance, he will put us in possession of his Manor and Castle of *Ecclesdown.*

Nic. Frog. What dost talk of *Us*, thou mean'st *Thyself.*

J. Bull. When *Frog* took possession of any thing, it was always said to be for *Us*, and why may not *John Bull* be *Us*, as well as *Nic. Frog* was *Us?* I hope *John Bull* is no more confin'd to Singularity than *Nic. Frog*: or, take it so, the constant Doctrine that thou hast preach'd up for many years, was that Thou and I are one: and why must we be suppos'd Two in this Case, that were always One before: It's impossible that Thou and I can fall out, *Nic.* we must trust one-another; I have

* Proposals for Cessation of Arms, and Delivery of *Dunkirk.*

truſted thee with a great many things, prithee truſt me with this one trifle.

Nic. Frog. That Principle is true in the main, but there is ſome *Speciality* in this Caſe, that makes it highly inconvenient for *us both*.

J. Bull. Thoſe are your Jealouſies, that the common Enemies ſow between us; how often haſt thou warn'd me of thoſe Rogues, *Nic.* that would make us miſtruſtful of one another!

Nic. Frog. This *Eccleſdown-Caſtle* is only a Bone of Contention.

J. Bull. It depends upon you to make it ſo, for my part I am as peaceable as a Lamb.

Nic. Frog. But do you conſider the unwholeſomeneſs of the Air and Soil, the expences of Reparations and Servants? I would ſcorn to accept of ſuch a Quagmire.

J. Bull. You are a great man, *Nic.* but in my circumſtances, I muſt be e'en content to take it as it is.

Nic. Frog. And you are really ſo ſilly, as to believe the old cheating Rogue will give it you?

J. Bull. I believe nothing but matter of fact, I ſtand and fall by that, I am reſolved to put him to it.

Nic. Frog. And ſo relinquiſh the hopefulleſt Cauſe in the World, a Claim that will certainly in the end make thy Fortune for ever.

J. Bull. Wilt thou purchaſe it, *Nic?* thou ſhalt have a lumping Pennyworth; nay, rather than we ſhould differ, I'll give thee ſomething to take it off my hands.

Nic. Frog. If thou would'ſt but moderate that haſty, impatient temper of thine, thou ſhould'ſt quickly ſee a better thing than all that. What

should'ſt thou think to find old *Lewis* turn'd out of his paternal Eſtates, and Manſion-houſe of * *Clay-pole?* Would not that do thy heart good, to ſee thy old Friend *Nic. Frog*, Lord of *Clay-pool?* then thou and thy Wife and Children ſhould walk in my Gardens, buy Toys, drink Lemonade, and now and then we ſhould have a Country dance.

J. Bull. I love to be plain, I'd as lieve ſee my ſelf in *Eccleſdown-Caſtle*, as thee in *Clay-pool*. I tell you again, *Lewis* gives this as a Pledge of his Sincerity; if you won't ſtop Proceeding to hear him, I will.

CHAP. XXI.

† *The reſt of* Nick's *Fetches to keep* John *out of* Eccleſdown-Caſtle.

WHEN *Nic.* could not diſſuade *John* by Argument, he try'd to move his Pity; he pretended to be ſick and like to die, that he ſhould leave his Wife and Children in a ſtarving condition, if *John* did abandon him; that he was hardly able to crawl about the Room, far leſs capable to look after ſuch a troubleſome buſineſs as this Law-Suit, and therefore begged that his good Friend would not leave him. When he ſaw that *John* was ſtill in-

* Clay-pool, *P——s, Lutetiæ.*

† Attempts to hinder the Ceſſation, and taking Poſſeſſion of *Dunkirk*.

exorable,

exorable, he pull'd out a Case-knife, with which he used to snicker-snee, and threatened to cut his own throat. Thrice he aimed the Knife to his Wind-pipe with a most determined threatning Air. "What "signifies Life (quoth he) in this languishing con-"dition? It will be some pleasure that my Friends "will revenge my Death upon this barbarous Man, "that has been the Cause of it." All this while *John* look'd sedate and calm, neither offering in the least to snatch the Knife, nor stop his Blow, trusting to the tenderness *Nic.* had for his own person: when he perceiv'd that *John* was immoveable in his purpose, he apply'd himself to *Lewis*.

"Art thou (quoth he) turned Bubble in thy old "age, from being a Sharper in thy youth? What "occasion hast thou to give up *Eccleſdown-Caſtle* to "*John Bull*? his Friendship is not worth a Rush; "give it me, and I'll make it worth thy while. If "thou dislikest that Proposition, keep it thyself, I'd "rather thou shouldest have it than he. If thou "hearkenest not to my Advice, take what follows; "Esquire *Saath* and I will go on with our Law-"Suits in spite of *John Bull*'s teeth."

L. Baboon. Monsieur *Bull* has used me like a Gentleman, and I am resolved to make good my Promise, and trust him for the Consequences.

Nic. Frog. Then I tell thee thou art an old doating Fool——With that, *Nic.* bounc'd up with a Spring equal to that of one of your nimblest Tumblers or Rope-dancers, and fell foul upon *John Bull*, to snatch the * *Cudgel he had in his hand*, that he might thwack *Lewis* with it: *John* held it fast, so

* The Army.

that

that there was no wrenching it from him. At laſt 'Squire *South* buckled too, to aſſiſt his friend *Nic.*: *John* halled on one ſide, and they two on the other; Sometimes they were like to pull *John* over; then it went all of a ſudden again on *John*'s ſide; ſo they went ſee-ſawing up and down, from one end of the room to the other. Down tumbled the tables, bottles, glaſſes, and tobacco-pipes: The wine and the tobacco were all ſpilt about the room, and the little fellows were almoſt trod under foot, till more of the Tradeſmen joining with *Nic.* and the 'Squire, *John* was hardly able to pull againſt them all, yet would he never quit hold of his truſty cudgel: which by the contrary force of two ſo great powers * broke ſhort in his hands. *Nic.* ſeized the longer end, and with it began to baſtinado old *Lewis*, who had ſlunk into a corner, waiting the event of this ſquabble. *Nic.* came up to him with an inſolent menacing air, ſo that the old fellow was forced to ſkuttle out of the room, and retire behind a dung cart. He call'd to *Nic.* "Thou inſolent jackanapes! Time "was when thou durſt not have uſed me ſo, thou "now takeſt me unprovided, but, old and infirm "as I am, I ſhall find a weapon by and by to cha-"ſtiſe thy impudence."

When *John Bull* had recovered his breath, he began to parly with *Nic.* "Friend *Nic*, I am glad to "find thee ſo ſtrong after thy great complaints: Re-"ally thy motions, *Nic.* are pretty vigorous for a "conſumptive man. As for thy worldly affairs,

* The Separation of the Army.

" *Nic.* if it can do thee any ſervice, I freely make " over to the this *profitable Law-Suit*, and I deſire " all theſe gentlemen to bear witneſs to this my act " and deed. Yours be all the gain, as mine has been " the charges? I have brought it to bear finely: " However, all I have laid out upon it goes for " nothing, thou ſhalt have it with all its appurte- " nances, I aſk nothing but leave to go home."

Nic. Frog. The counſel are feed, and all things prepared for a trial, thou ſhalt be forced to ſtand the iſſue: It ſhall be pleaded in thy name as well as mine: Go home if thou canſt, the gates are ſhut, * the turnpikes locked, and the roads barricado'd.

J. Bull. Even theſe very ways, *Nic.* that thou toldeſt me, were as open to me as thyſelf? if I can't paſs with my own equipage, What can I expect for my goods and waggons? I am deny'd paſſage through thoſe very grounds that I have purchaſed with my own Money: however, I am glad I have made the experiment, it may ſerve me in ſome ſtead.

JOHN BULL was ſo everjoyed that he was going to take poſſeſſion of *Eccleſdown*, that nothing could vex him. *Nic.* (quoth he) *I am juſt a going to leave thee, caſt a kind Look upon me at parting.*

NIC. looked ſowre and grum, and would not open his Mouth.

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* Difficulty of the March of Part of the Army to *Dunkirk*.

J. Bull. *I wiſh thee all the ſucceſs that thy heart can deſire, and that theſe honeſt gentlemen of the Long Robe may have their belly full of Law.*

NIC. could ſtand it no longer, but flung out of the room with diſdain, and beckon'd the Lawyers to follow him.

J. Bull. *B'uy, b'uy* Nic. *not one poor Smile at parting; won't you ſhake your day-day,* Nic. *b'uy* Nic. With that *John* march'd out of the common road croſs the Country, to take poſſeſſion of *Eccleſdown*.

CHAP. XXII.

Of the great Joy that John *expreſs'd when he got Poſſeſſion of* * Eccleſdown.

WHEN *John* had got into his Caſtle, he ſeem'd like *Ulyſſes* upon his Plank after he had been well ſous'd in ſalt-water; who (as *Homer* ſays) was as glad as a Judge going to Sit down to dinner, after hearing a long Cauſe upon the Bench. I dare ſay *John Bull*'s joy was equal to that of either of the two; he ſkipp'd from room to room; ran up ſtairs and down ſtairs, from the kitchen to the garrets, and from the garrets to the kitchen; he peep'd into every cranny; ſometimes he admir'd the beauty of the architecture, and the vaſt ſolidity

* *Dunkirk.*

of the Maſon's work; at other times he commended the ſymmetry and proportion of the rooms. He walk'd about the gardens; he bathed himſelf in the canal, ſwimming, diving and beating the liquid element, like a milk-white ſwan. The Hall reſounded with the ſprightly Violin, and the martial hautboy. The Family tript it about and caper'd, like *Hail-ſtones bounding from a Marble Floor*. Wine, Ale and *October* flew about as plentifully as kennel-water: Then a frolick took *John* in the head to call up ſome of *Nic. Frog*'s *Penſioners* that had been ſo mutinous in his Family.

J. Bull. Are you glad to ſee your Maſter in *Eccleſdown-Caſtle*.

All. Yes, indeed, Sir,

J. Bull. Extremely glad?

All. Extremely glad, Sir.

J Bull. Swear to me that you are ſo.

Then they began to damn and ſink their ſouls to the loweſt pit of hell, if any perſon in the world rejoyc'd more than they did.

J. Bull. Now hang me if I don't believe you are a parcel of perjured Raſcals; however take this Bumper of *October* to your Maſter's Health.

Then *John* got upon the Battlements, and looking over, he call'd to *Nic. Frog*.

" How d'ye do, *Nic.*? D'ye ſee where I am, " *Nic.*? I hope the *Cauſe* goes on ſwimmingly, " *Nic.* When doſt thou intend to go to *Clay-* " *pool*, *Nic*? Wilt thou buy there ſome high heads " of the neweſt Cut for my Daughters? How " comeſt thou to go with thy arm ty'd up? Has " old *Lewis* given thee a Rap over thy Fingers-

" ends;

"ends; Thy Weapon was a good one when I "wielded it, but the butt-end remains in my hands. "I am so busy in packing up my Goods, that I "have no time to talk with thee any longer. It "would do thy heart good to see what Waggon-"loads I am preparing for Market. If thou "wanteſt any good Office of mine, for all that has "happen'd, I will uſe thee well *Nic.* B'uy *Nie.*

POSTSCRIPT.

IT has been disputed amongst the *Literati* of *Grubstreet*, whether Sir *Humphry* proceeded any farther into the History of *John Bull*. By diligent Enquiry we have found the Titles of some Chapters, which appear to be a Continuation of it; and are as follow.

Chap. I. *How* John *was made angry with the* Articles of Agreement. *How he kick'd the Parchment through the House, up Stairs and down Stairs, and put himself in a great Heat thereby.*

Chap. II. *How in his Passion he was going to cut off Sir* Roger's *Head with a* Cleaver. *Of the strange manner of Sir* Roger's *escaping the Blow, by* laying his Head upon the Dresser.

Chap. III. *How some of* John's *Servants attempted to Scale his House with Rope-Ladders; and how many unfortunately dangled in the same.*

Chap. IV. *Of the Methods by which* John *endeavour'd to preserve the Peace amongst his* Neigh-

Neighbours: How he kept a pair of Still-yards *to weigh them; and by Diet, Purging, Vomiting, and Bleeding, try'd to bring them to* equal Bulk *and* Strength.

Chap. V. *Of false Accounts of the* Weights *given in by some of the* Journeymen; *and of the* New-market *Tricks, that were practis'd at the Still-yards.*

Chap. VI. *How* John's *new Journeymen brought him other-gueſs Accounts of the Still-yards.*

Chap. VII. *How Sir* * Swain Northy *was by Bleeding, Purging, and a Steel-diet, brought into a* Conſumption; *and how* John *was forced afterwards to give him the* Gold Cordial.

Chap. VIII. *How* † Peter Bear *was* over-fed, *and afterwards refuſed to ſubmit to the Courſe of Phyſick.*

Chap. IX. *How* John *pamper'd Eſquire* South *with Tit-bits, till he grew wanton; how he got drunk with* Calabrian *Wine, and long'd for* Sicilian *Beef, and how* John *carried him thither in his Barge.*

Chap. X. *How the Eſq; from a foul-feeder, grew dainty: How he long'd for* Mango's, Spices, *and* Indian Birds-Neſts, *&c. and could not* ſleep *but in a* Chints *Bed.*

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* King of *Sw——en.* † Cz. *M——y.*

Chap. XI. *The Esq; turn'd Tradesman; how he set up a* * China-Shop *over-against* Nic. Frog.

Chap. XII. *How he procur'd* Spanish Flies *to blister his Neighbours, and as a Provocative to himself. As likewise how he ravish'd* Nic. Frog's *favourite Daughter.*

Chap. XIII. *How* Nic. Frog *hearing the Girl squeak, went to call* John Bull *as a Constable: Calling of a Constable no Preventive of a Rape.*

Chap. XIV. *How* John *rose out of his Bed in a cold Morning to prevent a Duel between Esq;* South *and Lord* Strutt; *how, to his great Surprize, he found the Combatants drinking* Geneva *in a* Brandy-Shop, *with* Nic's *favourite Daughter between them. How they both fell upon* John *so that he was forced to fight his way out.*

Chap. XV. *How* John *came with his Constable's Staff to rescue* Nic's *Daughter, and break the Esquire's* China Ware.

Chap. XVI. *Commentary upon the* Spanish *Proverb,* Time and I against any Two; *or, Advice to dogmatical Politicians, exemplified in some new Affairs between* John Bull *and* Lewis Baboon.

* The C———*nd* Company.

Chap. XVII. *A Discourse of the delightful Game of* Quadrille. *How* Lewis Baboon *attempted to play a Game* Solo *in Clubs, and was beasted: How* John *call'd* Lewis *for his King, and was afraid that his own Partner should have too many Tricks: And how the Success and Skill of Quadrille depends upon calling a right King.*

THE

THE CONTENTS.

CHAP. I. *The Occasion of the Law-Suit.*

Chap. II. *How* Bull *and* Frog *grew jealous that the Lord* Strutt *intended to give all his Custom to his Grandfather* Lewis Baboon.

Chap. III. *A Copy of* Bull *and* Frog's *Letter to Lord* Strutt.

Chap. IV. *How* Bull *and* Frog *went to Law with Lord* Strutt *about the Premises, and were join'd by the rest of the Tradesmen.*

Chap. V. *The true Characters of* John Bull, Nic. Frog, *and* Hocus,

Chap. VI. *Of the various Success of the* Law-Suit.

Chap. VII. *How* John Bull *was so mightily pleased with his Success, that he was going to leave off his Trade, and turn Lawyer.*

Chap. VIII. *How* John *discover'd that* Hocus *had an Intrigue with his Wife, and what follow'd thereupon.*

Chap. IX. *How some Quacks undertook to cure Mrs.* Bull *of her Ulcer.*

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Chap. X. *Of* John Bull's *ſecond Wife, and the good Advice that ſhe gave him.*

Chap. XI. *How* John *look'd over his Attorney's Bill.*

Chap. XII. *How* John *grew angry, and reſolv'd to accept a Compoſition, and what Methods were practis'd by the Lawyers for keeping him from it.*

Chap. XIII. *Mrs.* Bull's *Vindication of the* indiſpenſable Duty of Cuckoldom, *incumbent upon Wives, in caſe of the Tyranny, Infidelity, or Inſufficiency of Huſbands: Being a full Anſwer to the* Doctor's *Sermon againſt* Adultery.

Chap. XIV. *The two great Parties of Wives, the* Devoto's *and the* Hitts.

Chap. XV. *An Account of the Conference between Mrs.* Bull *and* Don Diego.

Chap. XVI. *How the Guardians of the deceas'd Mrs.* Bull's *three Daughters came to* John, *and what Advice they gave him; wherein is briefly treated the Character of the three Daughters: Alſo* John Bull's *Anſwer to the three Guardians.*

Chap. XVII. *Eſquire* South's *Meſſage and Letter to Mrs.* Bull.

PART II.

Chap. I. *THE Character of* John Bull's *Mother.*

Chap. II. *The Character of* John Bull's *Siſter* Peg,

Peg, *with the Quarrels that happen'd between Maſter and Miſs, in their Childhood.*

Chap. III. Jack's *Charms, or the Method by which he gain'd* Peg's *Heart.*

Chap. IV. *How the Relations reconcil'd* John *and his Siſter* Peg, *and what Return* Peg *made to* John's *Meſſage.*

Chap. V. *Of ſome Quarrels that happen'd after* Peg *was taken into the Family.*

Chap. VI. *The Converſation between* John Bull *and his Wife.*

Chap. VII. *Of the hard Shifts Mrs.* Bull *was put to, to preſerve the Manor of* Bullock's Hatch; *with Sir* Roger's *Method to keep off importunate Duns.*

Chap. VIII. *A Continuation of the Converſation betwixt* John Bull *and his Wife.*

Chap. IX. *A Copy of* Nic. Frog's *Letter to* John Bull.

Chap. X. *Of ſome extraordinary Things that paſs'd at the* Salutation *Tavern, in the Conference between* Bull, Frog, *Eſquire* South, *and* Lewis Baboon.

Chap. XI. *The Apprehending, Examination, and Impriſonment of* Jack, *for Suſpicion of Poiſoning.*

Chap. XII. *How* Jack's *Friends came to viſit him in Priſon, and what Advice they gave him.*

Chap. XIII. *How* Jack *hang'd himſelf up by the Perſuaſion of his Friends, who broke their Word, and left his Neck in the Nooſe.*

Chap.

Chap. XIV. *The Conference between* Don Diego *and* John Bull.

Chap. XV. *The Sequel of the Meeting at the* Salutation.

Chap. XVI. *How* John Bull *and* Nic. Frog *ſettled their Accompts.*

Chap. XVII. *How* John Bull *found all his Family in an Uproar at Home.*

Chap. XVIII. *How* Lewis Baboon *came to viſit* John Bull, *and what paſs'd between them.*

Chap. XIX. Nic. Frog's *Letter to* John Bull; *wherein he endeavours to vindicate all his Conduct with relation to* John Bull *and the Law-Suit.*

Chap. XX. *The Diſcourſe that paſs'd between* Nic. Frog *and Eſquire* South, *which* John Bull *overheard.*

Chap. XXI. *The reſt of* Nic's *Fetches to keep* John *out of* Eccleſdown-Caſtle.

Chap. XXII. *Of the great Joy that* John *expreſs'd when he got Poſſeſſion of* Eccleſdown.

POSTSCRIPT.

PRO-

PROPOSALS for printing a very Curious Diſcourſe, entitled, ΨΕΥΔΟΛΟΓΙΑ ΠΟΛΙΤΙΚΗ; or, *The Art of* POLITICAL LYING.

THERE is now in the Preſs, a curious Piece, intitled, Ψευδολογία Πολιτική; or, *The Art of Political Lying*: Conſiſting of Two Volumes in *Quarto*.

The PROPOSALS are,

I. *That if the Author meets with ſuitable Encouragement, he intends to deliver the Firſt Volume to the Subſcribers by* Hilary Term *next.*

II. *The Price of both Volumes will be, to the Subſcribers, Fourteen Shillings, Seven whereof are to be paid down, and the other Seven at the Delivery of the Second Volume.*

III. *Thoſe that Subſcribe for Six, ſhall have a Seventh* gratis; *which reduces the Price to leſs than Six Shillings a Volume.*

IV. *That the Subſcribers ſhall have their Names and Places of Abode printed at length.*

For

For the Encouragement of so useful a Work, it is thought fit the Publick should be informed of the Contents of the first Volume, by one who has with great Care perus'd the Manuscript.

The Art of POLITICAL LYING.

THE Author in his Preface, makes some very judicious Reflections upon the Original of Arts and Sciences: That at first they consist of scatter'd theorems and practices, which are handed about amongst the masters, and only reveal'd to the *Filii Artis*, till such time as some great Genius appears, who collects these disjointed propositions, and reduces them into a regular system. That this is the case of that noble and useful art of *Political Lying*, which in this last age having been enrich'd with several *new Discoveries*, ought not to lye any longer in rubbish and confusion, but may justly claim a place in the *Encyclopedia*, especially such as serves for a Model of Education for an able politican. That he proposes to himself no small stock of fame in future ages, in being the first who has undertaken this design; and for the same reason he hopes the imperfection of his work will be excused. He invites all persons who have any talent that way, or any new discovery, to communicate their thoughts, assuring them that honourable mention shall be made of them in his work.

The First Volume consists of Eleven Chapters.

In the *First* Chapter of his excellent treatise, he reasons philosophically concerning the Nature of the *Soul of Man*, and those qualities which render it susceptible of *Lyes*. He supposes the Soul to be of the nature of a *Plano Cylindrical Speculum*, or Looking-glass; that the plain side was made by God Almighty, but that the Devil afterwards wrought the other side in a cylindrical figure. The plain side represents objects just as they are; and the cylindrical side, by the rules of catoptricks, must needs represent true objects false, and false objects true: But the cylindrical side being much the *larger Surface*, takes in a *greater Compass* of visual rays. That upon the cylindrical side of the Soul of Man, depends the whole art and success of *Political Lying*. The Author, in this Chapter, proceeds to reason upon the Qualities of the Mind: As its peculiar fondness of the *Malicious*, and the *Miraculous*. The tendency of the Soul towards the *Malicious*, springs from Self-love or a pleasure to find mankind more wicked, base, or unfortunate, than ourselves. The design of the *Miraculous*, proceeds from the inactivity of the soul, of its incapacity to be moved or delighted with any thing that is vulgar or common. The Author having established the Qualities of the Mind, upon which his art is founded, he proceeds,

In his *second* Chapter, to treat of the *Nature* of *Political Lying*; which he defines to be, *The Art of convincing the people of* Salutary Falshoods, *for some good End*. He calls it an *Art*, to distinguish it from that of telling Truth, which does not seem to want *Art*; but then he would have this understood only

as

as to the *Invention*, becauſe there is indeed more *Art* neceſſary to convince the people of a *Salutary* Truth, than a *Salutary* Falſhood. Then he proceeds to prove, that there are *Salutary* Falſhoods, of which he gives a great many inſtances, both before and after the Revolution; and demonſtrates plainly, that we could not have carried on the War ſo long, without ſeveral of thoſe *Salutary* Falſhoods. He gives rules to calculate the value of a *Political Lye*, in Pounds, Shillings, and Pence. By *Good*, he does not mean that which is abſolutely ſo, but what appears ſo to the Artiſt, which is a ſufficient ground for him to proceed upon; and he diſtinguiſhes the good, as it commonly is, into *Bonum utile, dulce & honeſtum*. He ſhews you, that there are *Political Lyes* of a mix'd nature, which include all the *Three* in different reſpects: that the *Utile* reigns generally about the *Exchange*, the *Dulce* and *Honeſtum* at the *Weſtminſter*-end of the town. One man ſpreads a Lye to ſell or buy *Stock* to greater advantage; a ſecond, becauſe it is honourable to ſerve his *Party*; and a third, becauſe it is ſweet to gratify his *Revenge*: Having explain'd the ſeveral terms of his definition, he proceeds,

In his *Third* Chapter, to treat of the *Lawfulneſs* of *Political Lying*; which he deduces from its true and genuine principles, by enquiring into the ſeveral rights that mankind have to *Truth*. He ſhews, that the people have a right to *private Truth* from their Neighbours, and *œconomical Truth* from their own Family, that they ſhould not be abuſed by their Wives, Children, and Servants; but that they have no right at all to *Political Truth*; that the people may as well all pretend to be Lords of Manors, and poſſeſs great Eſtates, as to have Truth

told them in matters of Government. The Author with great judgment, ſtates the *ſeveral ſhares* of mankind in this matter of truth, according to their ſeveral Capacities, Dignities and Profeſſions; and ſhews you, that Children have hardly any ſhare at all; in conſequence of which, they have very ſeldom any Truth told them. It muſt be own'd, that the Author in this Chapter has ſome ſeeming Difficulties to anſwer and explain *Texts of Scripture*.

The *Fourth* Chapter is wholly employed in this Queſtion, *Whether the Right of Coining of Political Lyes be wholly in the Government?* The Author, who is a true friend to *Engliſh* liberty, determines in the negative, and anſwers all the arguments of the oppoſite Party with great acuteneſs: that as the Government of *England* has a mixture of democratical in it, ſo the right of inventing and ſpreading *Political Lyes*, is partly in the *People*; and their obſtinate adherence to this juſt privilege has been moſt conſpicuous, and ſhin'd with great luſtre, of late years: That it happens very often, that there are no other means left to the good people of *England*, to pull down a Miniſtry and Government they are weary of, but by exerciſing this their undoubted right: that abundance of *Political Lying* is a ſure ſign of true *Engliſh Liberty*: that as Miniſters do ſometimes uſe Tools to ſupport their Power, it is but reaſonable that the people ſhould employ the ſame weapon to defend themſelves, and pull them down.

In his *Fifth* Chapter he divides *Political Lyes* into ſeveral *Species* and *Claſſes*, and gives Precepts about the *Inventing*, *Spreading*, and *Propagating* the ſeveral ſorts of them: He begins with the *Ballads*, and *Libella famoſa*, ſuch as concern the Reputation of

men

men in power: where he finds fault with the common miſtake, that takes notice only of one ſort, *viz.* the *Detractory* or *Defamatory*, whereas in truth there are three ſorts, the *Detractory*, the *Additory*, and the *Tranſlatory*. The *Additory* gives to a great man a larger ſhare of Reputation than belongs to him, to enable him to ſerve ſome good end or purpoſe. The *Detractory* or *Defamatory*, is a Lye which takes from a great man the Reputation that juſtly belongs to him, for fear he ſhould uſe it to the detriment of the publick. The *Tranſlatory* is a Lye that tranſfers the merit of a man's good action to another who is in himſelf more deſerving; or, tranſfers the demerit of a bad Action from the true Author, to a perſon who is in himſelf leſs deſerving. He gives ſeveral inſtances of very great ſtrokes, in all the three kinds, eſpecially in the laſt, when it was neceſſary for the good of the publick to beſtow the valour and conduct of *one* man upon *another*, and that of *many* to *one* man, nay, even upon a good occaſion, a man may be rob'd of his victory by a perſon that did not command in the action. The reſtoring and deſtroying the publick may be aſcrib'd to perſons who had no hand in either: the Author exhorts all Gentlemen Practitioners to exerciſe themſelves in the *Tranſlatory*, becauſe the *Exiſtence* of the things themſelves being viſible, and not demanding any proof, there wants nothing to be put upon the publick, but a *falſe Author*, or a *falſe Cauſe*; which is no great preſumption upon the credulity of mankind, to whom the ſecret ſprings of things are for the moſt part unknown.

The Author proceeds to give ſome precept as to the *Additory*: that when one aſcribes any thing to a perſon which does not belong to him, the Lye ought

to be calculated not quite contradictory to his known qualities. For example, one would not make the *French* King preſent at a Proteſtant Conventicle; nor, like Queen *Elizabeth*, reſtore the overplus of Taxes to her Subjects. One would not bring in the *Emperor* giving two months pay in advance to his troops; nor the *Dutch* paying more than their *Quota*. One would not make the ſame perſon zealous for a Standing Army and publick Liberty; or an Atheiſt ſupport the Church; nor a lewd fellow a Reformer of Manners; nor a hot-headed, crack-brain'd Coxcomb forward for a Scheme of Moderation. But if it is abſolutely neceſſary that a perſon is to have ſome good adventitious quality given him, the Author's precept is, that it ſhould not be done at firſt in *extremo gradu*. For example; they ſhould not make a covetous man give away all at once five thouſand pounds in a charitable generous way; twenty or thirty pounds may ſuffice at firſt. They ſhould not introduce a perſon of remarkable ingratitude to his Benefactors, rewarding a poor man for ſome good office that was done him thirty years ago; but they may allow him to acknowledge a ſervice to a perſon, who is capable ſtill to do him another. A man whoſe perſonal Courage is ſuſpected, is not at firſt to drive whole Squadrons before him; but he may be allow'd the merit of ſome Squabble, or throwing a Bottle at his Adverſary's head.

It will not be allow'd, to make a great man, that is a known Deſpiſer of Religion, ſpend whole days in his Cloſet at his Devotion; but you may with ſafety make him ſit out publick Prayers with Decency. A great Man, who has never been known willingly to pay a juſt Debt, ought not all of a ſud-

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den to be introduc'd making Reſtitution of thouſands he has cheated; let it ſuffice at firſt, to pay twenty Pounds to a Friend who has loſt his Note.

He lays down the ſame Rules in the *Detractory* or *Defamatory* kind; that they ſhould not be quite oppoſite to the qualities the perſons are ſuppos'd to have. Thus it will not be found according to the ſound Rules of *Pſeudology*, to report of a pious and religious Prince, that he neglects his Devotion, and would introduce Hereſy; but you may report of a merciful Prince, that he has pardon'd a Criminal who did not deſerve it. You will be unſucceſsful, if you give out of a great man, who is remarkable for his Frugality for the publick, that he ſquanders away the Nation's Money; but you may ſafely relate that he hoards it: You muſt not affirm he took a Bribe; but you may freely cenſure him for being tardy in his Payments; becauſe though neither may be true, yet the laſt is credible, the firſt not. Of an open-hearted generous Miniſter you are not to ſay, that he was in an intrigue to betray his country; but you may affirm, with ſome probability, that he was in an intrigue with a Lady. He warns all practitioners to take good heed to theſe precepts; for want of which, many of their Lyes of late have prov'd abortive or ſhort-liv'd.

In the *Sixth* Chapter he treats of the *Miraculous*; by which he underſtands any thing that exceeds the common degrees of probability. In reſpect of the people it is divided into two ſorts, the τὸ φοβερὸν, or the τὸ θαρραλέον, *Terrifying Lyes*, and *Animating* or *Encouraging Lyes*, both being extremely uſeful on their proper occaſions. Concerning the τὸ φοβερὸν, he gives ſeveral Rules; one of which is, that terrible objects ſhould not be too *frequently* ſhewn to

the people, leſt they grow familiar. He ſays, it is abſolutely neceſſary that the people of *England* ſhould be frighted with the *French* King and the *Pretender* once a year; but that the Bears ſhould be chain'd up again till that time twelvemonth. The want of obſerving this ſo neceſſary a precept, in bringing out the *Raw-head and bloody bones* upon every trifling occaſion, has produc'd great indifference in the vulgar of late years. As to the *Animating* or *Encouraging Lyes*, he gives the following rules, that they ſhould not far exceed the common degrees of probability; that there ſhould be variety of them; and the ſame Lye not obſtinately inſiſted upon: That the promiſſory or prognoſticating Lyes ſhould not be upon *ſhort Days*, for fear the authors ſhould have the ſhame and confuſion to ſee themſelves ſpeedily contradicted. He examines by theſe rules, that well meant, but unfortunate Lye of the *Conqueſt of France*, which continued near *twenty Years* together; but at laſt by being too obſtinately inſiſted upon, it was worn threadbare, and became unſucceſsful.

As to the τὰ ὑπερφυῆ, or the *Prodigious*, he has little to adviſe, but that their comets, whales, and dragons ſhould be *fixable*; their ſtorms, tempeſts, and earthquakes, without the reach of a *Day's journey* of a Man and a horſe.

The *Seventh* Chapter is wholly taken up in an enquiry, Which of the *two Parties* are the greateſt Artiſts in *Political Lying*. He owns that ſometimes the one party, and ſometimes the other, is better believ'd, but that they have both very great geniuſs's amongſt them. He attributes the ill ſucceſs of either *Party* to their glutting the Market, and retailing too much of a bad Commodity at once:

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When there is too great a quantity of worms, it is hard to catch gudgeons. He proposes a scheme for the recovery of the credit of any *Party*, which indeed seems to be somewhat chimerical, and does not savour of that sound judgment the author has shewn in the rest of the work. It amounts to this, that the Party should agree to vent nothing but Truth for three months together, which will give them credit for six months Lying afterwards. He owns, that he believes it almost impossible to find fit persons to execute this Scheme. Towards the end of the Chapter, he inveighs severely against the folly of Parties, in retaining Scoundrels and Men of low Genius's to retain their Lyes: such as most of the present News-writers are, who, except a strong bent and inclination towards the Profession, seem to be wholly ignorant in the Rules of *Pseudology*, and not at all qualified for so weighty a Trust.

In his next Chapter he treats of some extraordinary Genius's who have appear'd of late years, especially in their disposition towards the *Miraculous*. He advises those hopeful young men to turn their invention to the service of their Country, it being inglorious, at this time, to employ their talent in prodigious Fox-Chases, Horse-Courses, Feats of Activity in driving of Coaches, jumping, running, swallowing of Peaches, pulling out whole Setts of Teeth to clean, *&c.* when their Country stands so much in need of their assistance.

The *Eighth* Chapter is a Project for uniting the several smaller Corporations of Lyars into one Society. It is too tedious to give a full account of the whole Scheme; what is most remarkable is, That this Society ought to consist of the heads of

each Party: That no Lye is to pass current without their approbation, they being the best judges of the present Exigencies, and what sort of Lyes are demanded: That in such a Corporation there ought to be men of all Professions, that τὸ πρεπὸν, and the τὸ ἐνδεχόμενον, that is, *Decency* and *Probability*, may be observed as much as possible: That besides the persons above-mention'd, this Society ought to consist of the hopeful Genius's about the Town (of which there are great plenty to be pick'd up in the several Coffee-houses) Travellers, Virtuoso's, Fox-hunters, Jockies, Attornies, old Seamen and Soldiers out of the Hospitals of *Greenwich* and *Chelsea*: To this Society so constituted, ought to be committed the sole management of *Lying*: That in their outer-room there ought always to attend some persons endow'd with a great stock of credulity, a generation that thrives mightily in this Soil and Climate: He thinks a sufficient number of them may be pick'd up any where about the *Exchange*: These are to circulate what the other coin; for no man spreads a Lye with so good a grace as he that believes it: That the rule of the Society be to invent a Lye, and sometimes two, for every day; in the choice of which great regard ought to be had to the weather, and the season of the year: Your φρεσπὼ, or *Terrifying Lyes*, do mighty well in *November* and *December*, but not so well in *May* and *June*, unless the easterly winds reign: That it ought to be Penal, for any body to talk of any thing but the Lye of the day: That the Society is to maintain a sufficient number of Spies at Court, and other Places, to furnish hints and topicks for invention, and a general correspondence of all the Market-towns for circulating their Lyes:

Lyes: That if any one of the Society were obſerv'd to bluſh, or look out of countenance, or want a neceſſary circumſtance in telling the Lye, he ought to be expell'd, and declar'd incapable: Beſides the roaring Lyes, there ought to be a private Committee for whiſpers, conſtituted of the ableſt men of the Society. Here the Author makes a digreſſion in praiſe of the *Whig-Party*, for the right underſtanding and uſe of *Proof-Lyes*. A *Proof-Lye* is like a *Proof-Charge* for a piece of ordnance, to try a ſtandard credulity. Of ſuch a nature he takes tranſubſtantiation to be in the Church of *Rome*, a *Proof-Article*, which if any one ſwallows, they are ſure he will digeſt every thing elſe: Therefore the *Whig-Party* do wiſely, to try the credulity of the people ſometimes by *Swingers*, that they may be able to judge to what height they may charge them afterwards. Towards the end of this Chapter, he warns the heads of Parties againſt believing their own Lyes, which has prov'd of pernicious conſequence of late, both a wiſe Party, and a wiſe Nation having regulated their affairs upon Lyes of their own invention. The cauſes of this he ſuppoſes to be too great a zeal and intenſeneſs in the practice of this *Art*, and a vehement heat in mutual converſation, whereby they perſuade one another, that what they wiſh, and report to be true, is really ſo: That all Parties have been ſubject to this misfortune. The *Jacobites* have been conſtantly infeſted with it; but the *Whigs* of late ſeem'd ev'n to exceed them in this ill habit and weakneſs. To this Chapter the Author ſubjoins a *Calendar* of Lyes, proper for the ſeveral Months of the Year.

The *Ninth* Chapter treats of the *Celerity* and *Duration* of Lyes. As to the *Celerity* of their motion,

tion, the Author says it is almost incredible: He gives several instances of Lyes that have gone faster than a Man can ride Post: Your *terrifying Lyes* travel at a prodigious rate, above ten miles an hour; your *Whispers* move in a narrow vortex, but very swiftly. The Author says it is impossible to explain several *Phænomena* in relation to the celerity of Lyes, without the supposition of *Syntbruisis* and *Combination*. As to the duration of Lyes, he says there are of all sorts, from hours and days to ages; that there are some, which like insects, die and revive again in a different form; that good Artists, like people who build upon a short Lease, will calculate the duration of a Lye surely to answer their purpose; to last just as long, and no longer, than the turn is serv'd.

The *Tenth* Chapter treats of the Characteristicks of Lyes; how to know, when, where, and by whom invented? Your *Dutch*, *English*, and *French* Ware are amply distinguished from one another; an *Exchange Lye* from one coin'd at the other end of the Town: great judgment is to be shewn as to the place where the Species is intended to circulate: very low and base Coin will serve for *Wapping*: There are several Coffee-houses that have their particular stamps, which a judicious practitioner may easily know. All your great men have their proper *Phantastasticks*. The Author says he has attain'd, by Study and Application, to so great skill in this matter, that bring him any Lye, he can tell whose image it bears so truly, as the great man himself shall not have the face to deny it. The *Promissory* Lyes of great men are known by shouldering, hugging, squeezing, smiling, bowing; and their

their Lyes in matter of fact, by immoderate Swearing.

He ſpends the whole *Eleventh* Chapter on one ſimple Queſtion, *Whether a Lye is beſt contradicted by Truth, or by another Lye?* the Author ſays, that, conſidering the large extent of the *Cylindrical Surface* of the *Soul*, and the great propenſity to believe Lyes in the generality of mankind of late years, he thinks the propereſt Contradiction to a Lye, is another Lye. For example; if it ſhould be reported that the Pretender was at *London*, one would not contradict it by ſaying he never was in *England*; but you muſt prove by eye-witneſſes that he came no farther than *Greenwich*, and then went back again. Thus if it be ſpread about that a great perſon were dying of ſome diſeaſe, you muſt not ſay the Truth, that they are in health, and never had ſuch a diſeaſe, but that they are ſlowly recovering of it. So there was, not long ago, a gentleman who affirm'd, that the Treaty with *France*, for bringing in Popery and Slavery into *England*, was ſign'd the 15th of *September*; to which another anſwer'd very judiciouſly, not by oppoſing Truth to his Lye, that there was no ſuch Treaty; but that to his certain knowledge, there were many things in that Treaty not yet adjuſted.

The Account of the Second Volume of this excellent Treatiſe, is reſerv'd for another Time.

REASONS

REASONS

HUMBLY OFFERED

By the Company exerciſing the Trade and Myſtery of UPHOLDERS, againſt Part of the BILL, *For the better Viewing, Searching, and Examining Drugs, Medicines, &c.* 1724.

BEING call'd upon by ſeveral Retailers and Diſpenſers of *Drugs* and *Medicines* about town, to uſe our endeavours againſt the Bill now depending, *for Viewing, &c.* In regard of our common Intereſt, and in gratitude to the ſaid Retailers and Diſpenſers of Medicines (which we have always found to be very effectual) we preſume to lay the following Reaſons before the Publick, againſt the ſaid Bill.

That the Company of Upholders *are far from being averſe to the giving of Drugs and Medicines in general*, provided they may be of ſuch qualities as we require, and adminiſter'd by ſuch perſons in whom our company juſtly repoſe the greateſt confidence;

fidence: And provided they tend to the encouragement of Trade, and the conſumption of the *Woollen Manufacture* of this Kingdom,

We beg leave to obſerve, that *there hath been no Complaint from any of the Nobility, Gentry, and Citizens whom we have attended.* Our practice, which conſiſts chiefly in outward applications, having been always ſo effectual, that none of our Patients have been oblig'd to undergo a ſecond Operation. Excepting one Gentlewoman; who, after her firſt Burial, having burthen'd her huſband with a new brood of poſthumous children, her ſecond funeral was by us perform'd without any farther charges to the ſaid huſband of the deceas'd. And we humbly hope, that one ſingle inſtance of this kind (a misfortune owing merely to the Avarice of a Sexton in cutting off a Ring) will not be imputed to any want of ſkill, or care in our Company.

We humbly conceive, that the *Power by this Bill lodged in the Cenſors of the College of Phyſicians*, to reſtrain any of his Majeſty's Subjects from diſpenſing, and well diſpoſed perſons from taking what Medicines they pleaſe, *is a manifeſt Encroachment on the Liberty and Property of the Subjects.*

As the Company exerciſing the Trade and Myſtery of Upholders, have an undiſputed Right in and upon the *Bodies* of all and every the Subjects of the Kingdom; we conceive the paſſing of this Bill, though not abſolutely depriving them of their ſaid right, might keep them *out of Poſſeſſion* by unreaſonable *Delays*, to the great Detriment of our Company and their numerous Families.

We hope it will be conſider'd that there are multitudes of neceſſitous heirs and penurious parents,

perſons

persons in pinching circumstances, with numerous families of children, wives that have lived long, many robust aged women with great jointures, elder brothers with bad understandings, single heirs of great estates, whereby the collateral line are for ever excluded, reversionary patents, and reversionary promises of preferments, leases upon single lives, and play-debts upon joint lives, and that the persons so aggrieved have no hope of being speedily relieved any other way, than by the dispensing of *Drugs* and *Medicines* in the manner they *now are*; burying *alive* being judg'd repugnant to the known Laws of this Kingdom.

That there are many of the deceased, who by certain mechanical motions and powers are carried about town, who would have been put into our hands long before this time by any other well-order'd Government; by want of a due *Police* in this particular, our Company have been great Sufferers.

That *frequent Funerals* contribute to preserve the genealogies of Families, and the honours conferred by the Crown (which are no where so well illustrated as on this solemn occasion:) to maintain *necessitous Clergy*, to enable the *Clerks* to appear in decent habits to officiate on *Sundays*, to feed the great retinue of *sober* and *melancholy Men* who appear at the said Funerals, and who must starve without constant and regular employment. Moreover we desire it may be remember'd that by the passing of this Bill the Nobility and Gentry will have their *old Coaches* lie upon their hands, which are now employed by our Company.

And we further hope that frequent Funerals will not be discouraged (as is by this Bill propos'd) it being

being the only method left of *carrying* ſome people to *Church*.

We are afraid that by the hardſhips of this Bill our Company will be reduced to leave their buſineſs here, and *practiſe at* York *and* Briſtol, *where the free Uſe of bad Medicines will be ſtill allowed.*

It is therefore hoped that no ſpecious Pretence whatſoever will be thought ſufficient to introduce an Arbitrary and Unlimited Power for People to live (in defiance of *Art*) as long as they can by the courſe of *Nature*, to the prejudice of our Company, and the decay of Trade.

That as our Company are like to ſuffer in ſome meaſure by the power given to Phyſicians to diſſect the bodies of Malefactors, we humbly hope that the Manufacture of Caſes for Skeletons will be reſerved ſolely to the Coffin-makers.

We likewiſe humbly preſume that the intereſts of the ſeveral trades and profeſſions which depend upon ours, may be regarded; ſuch as that of Hearſes, Coaches, Coffins, Epitaphs, and Bell-ropes, Stone-cutters, Feather-men, and Bell-ringers; and eſpecially the Manufacturers of Crapes; and the Makers *of Snuff*, who uſe great quantities of old Coffins, and who, conſider'd in the Conſumption of their Drugs, employ by far the greateſt number of hands of any Manufacture of the Kingdom.

To

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

The MAYOR and ALDERMEN of the City of LONDON.

The Humble Petition

OF THE

Colliers, Cooks, Cook-Maids, Blacksmiths, Jackmakers, Braziers, and Others,

SHEWETH,

THAT whereas certain *Virtuosi* disaffected to the Government, and to the Trade and Prosperity of this Kingdom, taking upon them the name and title of the CATOPTRICAL VICTUALLERS, have presumed, by gathering, breaking, folding, and bundling up the *Sun-Beams*, by the help of certain *Glasses*, to make, produce, and kindle up several new *Focus*'s or Fires within these his Majesty's dominions, and thereby to boil, bake, stew, fry, and dress all sorts of Victuals and Provisions, to

brew, distil Spirits, smelt Oar, and in general, to perform all the offices of Culinary Fires; and are endeavouring to procure to themselves the monopoly of this their said invention. We beg leave humbly to represent to your Honours,

That such Grant or Patent will utterly ruin and reduce to beggary your Petitioners, their wives, children, Servants, and trades-men depending; there being nothing left to them, after the said invention, but warming of Cellars and dressing of Suppers in the winter-time. That the abolishing so considerable a Branch of the Coasting Trade as that of the Colliers, will destroy the *Navigation* of this Kingdom. That whereas the said *Catoptrical Victuallers* talk of making use of the *Moon* by night, as of the *Sun* by days, they will utterly ruin the numerous body of *Tallow-Chandlers*, and impair a very considerable Branch of the *Revenue* which arises from the Tax upon Tallow and Candles.

That the said *Catoptrical Victuallers* do profane the Emanations of that glorious Luminary the *Sun*, which is appointed to *Rule the Day*, and not to *Roast Mutton*. And we humbly conceive, it will be found contrary to the known Laws of this Kingdom, to confine, forestall, and monopolize the Beams of the Sun. And whereas the said *Catoptrical Victuallers* have undertaken by Burning glasses made of Ice, to roast an Ox upon the *Thames* next winter: We conceive all such Practices to be an Encroachment upon the Rights and Privileges of the *Company of Watermen*.

That the diversity of Exposition of the several Kitchens in this great City, whereby some receive the Rays of the Sun sooner, and others later, will occasion great irregularity as to the *Time of Dining*

of the ſeveral Inhabitants, and conſequently great uncertainty and confuſion in the diſpatch of buſineſs: And to thoſe who, by reaſon of their Northern Expoſition, will be ſtill forced to be at the expences of Culinary Fires, it will reduce the price of their Manufacture to ſuch inequality as is inconſiſtent with common juſtice: And the ſame inconveniency will affect *Landlords* in the *Value* of their *Rents*.

That the uſe of the ſaid Glaſſes will oblige Cooks, and Cook-maids to ſtudy Opticks and Aſtronomy, in order to know the due diſtances of the ſaid *Focus*'s or Fires, and to adjuſt the poſition of their Glaſſes to the ſeveral altitudes of the Sun, varying according to the hours of the day, and the ſeaſons of the year; which ſtudies, at theſe years, will be highly troubleſome to the ſaid Cooks and Cook-maids, not to ſay any thing of the utter incapacity of ſome of them to go through with ſuch difficult arts; or (which is ſtill a greater inconvenience) it will throw the whole art of *Cookery* into the hands of Aſtronomers and Glaſs-grinders, perſons utterly unſkill'd in other parts of that profeſſion, to the great detriment of the *Health* of his Majeſty's good Subjects.

That it is known by experience, that Meat roaſted with Sun-beams is extreamly unwholeſome; witneſs ſeveral that have dy'd ſuddenly after eating the proviſions of the ſaid *Catoptrical Victuallers*; foraſmuch as the Sun-beams taken inwardly, render the humours too hot and aduſt, occaſion great ſweatings, and dry up the radical moiſture.

That Sun-beams taken *inwardly*, ſhed a malignant influence upon the *Brain*, by their natural tendency towards the *Moon*; and produce madneſs and diſtraction at the time of the full moon. That the con-

conſtant uſe of ſo great quantities of this *Inward Light*, will occaſion the growth of *Quakeriſm*, to the danger of the *Church*; and *Poetry* to the danger of the State.

That the influences of the Conſtellations, through which the Sun paſſes, will with his Beams, be conveyed into the *Blood*; and when the Sun is among the horned Signs, may produce ſuch a ſpirit of *Unchaſtity*, as is dangerous to the honour of your worſhips families.

That mankind living much upon the Seeds and other parts of Plants, theſe being impregnated with the Sun-beams, may *vegetate* and *grow* in the Bowels, a thing of more dangerous Conſequence to human bodies than breeding of Worms; and this will fall heavieſt upon the poor, who live upon Roots; and the weak and ſickly, who live upon Barley and Rice-gruel, *&c.* for which we are ready to produce to your honours the opinions of eminent Phyſicians, That the Taſte and Property of the Victuals is much alter'd to the worſe by the ſaid *Solar Cookery*, the Fricaſſes being depriv'd of the *Haut Gout* they acquire by being dreſs'd over Charcoal.

Laſtly, Should it happen by an Eclipſe of an extraordinary length, that this City ſhould be depriv'd of the Sun-beams for ſeveral months; how will his Majeſty's Subjects ſubſiſt in the interim, when common Cookery, with the Arts depending upon it, is totally loſt?

In Conſiderations of theſe, and many other inconveniencies, your Petitioners humbly pray, that your Honours would either totally prohibit the confining and manufacturing the *Sun-beams* for any of the uſeful purpoſes of life,

or in the enſuing Parliament procure a *Tax to be laid* upon them, which may anſwer both the Duty and Price of *Coals*, and which we humbly conceive cannot be leſs than thirty ſhillings per yard ſquare, reſerving the ſole right and privilege of the *Catoptrical Cookery* to the *Royal Society*, and to the Commanders and Crew of the Bomb-veſſels, under the direction of Mr. *Whiſton*, for finding out the Longitude, who by reaſon of the remoteneſs of their Nations, may be reduc'd to ſtreights for want of firing.

And we likewiſe beg that your Honours, as to the forementioned points, would hear the Reverend Mr. *Flamſtead*, who is the legal Officer appointed by the Government to *look after the Heavenly Luminaries*, whom we have conſtituted our truſty and learned Solicitor.

W

It cannot Rain but it Pours:

OR,

LONDON ſtrow'd with Rarities.

BEING

An ACCOUNT *of the Arrival of a White Bear, at the Houſe of Mr.* Ratcliff *in* Biſhopſgate-Street: *As alſo of the* Fauſtina, *the celebrated* Italian *Singing Woman; and of the Copper-Farthing Dean from* Ireland.

And Laſtly,

Of the wonderful Wild Man that was nurſed in the Woods of Germany *by a Wild Beaſt, hunted and taken in Toyls; how he behaveth himſelf like a dumb Creature, and is a Chriſtian like one of us, being call'd* Peter; *and how he was brought to Court all in green; to the great Aſtoniſhment of the Quality and Gentry,* 1726.

WE ſhall begin with a deſcription of *Peter* the Savage, deferring our other Curioſities to ſome following papers.

Romulus and *Remus*, the two famous wild Men of Antiquity, and *Orſin* that of the Moderns, have been juſtly the admiration of all Mankind: Nor can we preſage leſs of this Wild youth, as may be gather'd

from that famous and well known Prophecy of *Lilly*'s, which being now accomplish'd, is most easily interpreted.

When Rome *shall wend to* Benevento,
And Espagne *breaking the* Assiento;
When Eagle split shall fly to China,
And Christian Folks adore Faustina;
Then shall an Oak be brought to bed,
Of Creature neither taught nor fed;
Great Feats shall he atchieve——

The Pope is now going to *Benevento*: the *Spaniards* have broke their Treaty; the Emperor trades to *China*; and *Lilly*, were he alive, must be convinced, that it was not the Empress *Faustina* that was meant in the Prophecy.

It is evident by several Tokens about this wild Gentleman, that he had a Father and Mother like one of us; but there being no Register of his Christening, his Age is only to be guessed at by his Stature and Countenance, and appeareth to be about twelve or thirteen. His being so young was the occasion of the great disappointment of the Ladies, who came to the Drawing-room in full expectation of some attempt upon their Chastity: So far is true, that he endeavour'd to kiss the young Lady *W—le*, who for that reason is become the envy of the Circle, this being a declaration of Nature, in favour of her superior Beauty.

Aristotle saith, that Man is the most Mimick of all Animals; which opinion of that great Philosopher is strongly confirm'd by the behaviour of this wild gentleman, who is endow'd with that quality to an extream degree. He receiv'd his first impres-

sions

fions at Court: His manners are firſt to lick people's hands, and then turn his breech upon them; to thruſt his hand into every body's *Pocket*; to climb over people's *Heads*; and even to make uſe of the *Royal Hand*, to *take* what he has a mind to. At his firſt appearance he ſeiz'd on the Lord Chamberlain's Staff, and put on his Hat before the King; from whence ſome have conjectur'd, that he is either deſcended from a Grandee of *Spain*, or the Earls of *Kingſale* in *Ireland*. However, theſe are manifeſt tokens of his innate ambition; he is extreamly tenacious of his own property, and ready to invade that of other people. By this mimick quality he diſcover'd what wild Beaſt had nurs'd him: Obſerving children to aſk Bleſſing of their mothers, one day he fell down upon his knees to a Sow, and mutter'd ſome Sounds in that humble poſture.

It has been commonly thought, that he is *Ulrick*'s natural brother, becauſe of ſome reſemblance of manners, and the officious care of *Ulrick* about him; but the ſuperiority of the Parts and Genius in *Peter*, demonſtrates this to be impoſſible.

Though he is ignorant both of ancient and modern languages, (that care being left to the ingenious phyſician, who is entruſted with his Education) yet he diſtinguiſhes objects by certain Sounds frain'd to himſelf, which Mr. *Forreſter*, who brought him over, underſtand perfectly. Beholding one day the Shambles with great fear and aſtoniſhment, ever ſince he calls it by the ſame Sound which expreſſeth woe. A young Lady is a Peacock, old Women Magpyes and Owls; a Bear with a Muzzle, a Monkey; Glaſs, Ice; blue, red, and green Ribbons, he calls Rainbows; an heap of Wood

Gold a Turd. The first Ship he saw, he took to be a great Beast swimming on her Back, and her Feet tied above her: The Men that came out of the Hold he took to be her Cubs; and wonder'd they were so unlike their Dam. He understands perfectly the language of all Beasts and Birds; and is not, like them, confin'd to that of one species. He can bring any Beast what he calls for, and no doubt is much miss'd now in his native woods, where he us'd to do good offices among his fellow-citizens, and serv'd as a Mediator to reconcile their differences. One day he warn'd a Flock of Sheep that were driving to the Shambles, of their danger, and upon uttering some sounds, they all fled. He takes vast pleasure in Conversation with Horses; and going to the *Meuse* to converse with two of his intimate acquaintances in the King's Stables, as he past by, he neighed to the horse at *Charing-Cross*; being as it were surpriz'd to see him so high, he seem'd to take it ill that the horse did not answer him; but I think no body can undervalue his understanding for not being skill'd in Statuary.

He expressed his joy most commonly by neighing; and whatever the Philosophers may talk of their Risibility, Neighing is a more noble expression of that passion than Laughing, which seems to me to have something silly in it; and besides, is often attended with Tears. Other Animals are sensible they debase themselves by mimicking Laughter; and I take it to be a general observation, that the top felicity of mankind is to imitate Monkeys, and Birds: Witness *Harlequins, Scaramouches and Masquerades*; on the other hand, Monkeys, when they would look extreamly silly, endeavour to bring themselves down to mankind.

Love

Love he expresseth by the Cooing of a Dove, and Anger by the Croaking of a Raven, and it is not doubted but that he will serve in time as an Interpreter between us and other Animals.

Great instruction is to be had from this wild youth in the knowledge of Simples; and I am of opinion, that he ought always to attend the Censors of the College in their visitation of Apothecaries shops.

I am told that the new *Sect* of *Herb eaters* intend to follow him into the fields, or to beg him for a clerk of their kitchen; and that there are many of them now thinking of turning their children into woods to graze with the cattle, in hopes to raise a healthy and moral race, safe from the Corruptions of this luxurious world.

He sings naturally several pretty tunes of his own composing, and with equal facility, in the *Chromatick*, *Inharmonick*, and *Diatonick* stile, and consequently must be of infinite use to the Academy, in judging of the merits of their Composers, and is the only person that ought to decide betwixt *Cuzzoni* and *Faustina*.

I cannot omit his first notion of Cloaths, which he took to be the natural skins of the creatures that wore them, and seem'd to be in great pain for the pulling off a Stocking, thinking the poor man was a Fleaing.

I am not ignorant that there are disaffected people, who say he is a *Pretender*, and no genuine wild Man. This Calumny proceeds from the false notions they have of wild men, which they frame from such as they see about the town, whose actions are rather absurd than wild; therefore it will be incumbent on all young gentlemen, who are ambitious to excel in this character, to copy this true original of nature.

The

The Senſes of this wild man are vaſtly more acute than thoſe of a tame one; he can follow the track of a man, or any other beaſt of prey. A Dog is an Aſs to him for finding Trouſſes; his hearing is more perfect, becauſe his Ears not having been confin'd by Bandages, he can move them like a Drill, and turn them towards the ſonorous object.

Let us pray the Creator of all beings, wild and tame, that as this wild Youth, by being brought to Court, has been made a Chriſtian; ſo ſuch as are at Court, and are no Chriſtians, may lay aſide their ſavage and rapacious Nature, and return to the Meekneſs of the Goſpel.

THE NARRATIVE OF Dr. *Robert Norris*, CONCERNING

The *Strange* and *Deplorable* FRENZY of Mr. *J-----N D-----IS*, an Officer of the Custom-house.

IT is an acknowledg'd Truth, that nothing is so dear to an honest Man as his good name, nor ought he to neglect the just vindication of his character, when it is injuriously attack'd by any man. The person I have at present cause to complain of, is indeed in very melancholy circumstances, it having pleas'd God to deprive him of his senses, which may extenuate the crime in him. But I should be wanting in my duty, not only to my self, but also to my fellow creatures, to whom my talents may prove of benefit, shou'd I suffer my profession or honesty to be undeservedly aspers'd. I have there-

fore

fore resolv'd to give the Publick an account of all ~~that has past between that unhappy Gentleman~~ and myself.

On the 20*th* instant, while I was in my Closet pondering the case of one of my patients, I heard a knocking at my door, upon opening of which enter'd an old woman with tears in her eyes, and told me, that without my assistance her Master would be utterly ruin'd. I was forc'd to interrupt her sorrow by enquiring her Master's name and place of abode. She told me he was one Mr. *D—is* an officer of the Custom house, who was taken ill of a violent Frenzy last *April*, and had continu'd in those melancholy circumstances with few or no intervals. Upon this I ask'd her some questions relating to his humour and extravagancies, that I might the better know under what Regimen to put him, when the cause of his distemper was found out. Alas, Sir, says she, this day fortnight in the morning a poor simple child came to him from the Printer's, the Boy had no sooner enter'd the room, but he cry'd out, *the devil was come*. He often stares ghastfully, raves aloud, and mutters between his teeth the word *Cator*, or *Cato*, or some such thing. Now, Doctor, this *Cator* is certainly a *Witch*, and my poor Master is under an evil tongue: For I have heard him say *Cator* has bewitch'd the whole Nation. It pitied my very heart, to think that a Man of my Master's understanding and great scholarship, (who, as the child told me, had a book of his own in Print) should talk so outragiously. Upon this I went and laid out a groat for a horshoe, which is at this time nail'd on the threshold of his door; but I don't find my Master is at all the better for it; he perpetuatly starts

and runs to the window when any one knocks, crying out, *S'death! a Messenger from the French King! I shall die in the* Bastile.

Having said this, the old woman presented me with a Vial of his Urine; upon examination of which I perceiv'd the whole temperament of his body to be exceeding *hot*. I therefore instantly took my Cane and my Beaver, and repair'd to the place where he dwelt.

When I came to his lodgings near *Charing-Cross*, up *three pair* of stairs, (which I should not have publish'd in this manner, but that this Lunatick *conceals* the place of his Residence on purpose to prevent the good offices of those charitable *Friends* and *Physicians*, who might attempt his cure) when I came into the room, I found this unfortunate gentleman seated on his bed, with Mr. *Bernard Lintott*, bookseller, on the one side of him, and a grave elderly gentleman on the other, who, as I have since learnt, calls himself a *Grammarian*; the latitude of whose countenance was not a little eclips'd by the fulness of his Peruke. As I am a black lean man, of a pale visage, and hang my clothes on somewhat slovenly, I no sooner went in but he frown'd upon me, and cry'd out with violence, 'S'*death*, a *Frenchman*! I 'am betray'd to the tyrant! who cou'd have thought 'the Queen would have deliver'd me up to *France* 'in this treaty, and least of all that you, my Friends, 'wou'd have been in a conspiracy against me?'—— Sir, said I, here is neither plot nor conspiracy, but for your advantage. The recovery of your senses requires my attendance, and your Friends sent for me on no other account. I then took a particular survey of his person, and the furniture and disposition of his apartment. His aspect was furious, his

his eyes were rather fiery than lively, which he roll'd about in an uncommon manner. He often open'd his mouth, as if he would have utter'd some matter of importance, but the sound seem'd lost inwardly. His beard was grown, which they told me he would not suffer to be shav'd, believing the modern dramatick Poets had corrupted all the barbers in the town to take the first opportunity of cutting his throat. His eye-brows were grey, long, and grown together, which he knit with indignation when any thing was spoken, insomuch that he seem'd not to have smooth'd his forehead for many years. His flannel night cap, which was exceedingly begrim'd with sweat and dirt, hung upon his left ear; the flap of his breeches dangled between his legs, and the rolls of his stockings fell down to his ankles.

I observ'd his room was hung with *old Tapestry*, which had several holes in it, caus'd, as the old woman inform'd me, by his having cut out of it the heads of divers *Tyrants*, the fierceness of whose visages had much provoked him. On all sides of his room were pinned a great many sheets of a Tragedy called *Caro*, with notes on the margin with his own hand. The words *Absurd*, *Monstrous*, *Execrable*, were every where written in such large characters, that I could read them without my spectacles. By the fire-side lay three farthings-worth of small-coal in a *Spectator*, and behind the door huge heaps of papers of the same Tide, which his nurse inform'd me she had convey'd thither out of his sight, believing they were books of the black Art; For her Master never read in them, but he was either quite *mop'd*, or in *raving Fits*; There was nothing neat in the whole room, except some books

books on his shelves very well bound and gilded, whose names I had never before heard of, nor I believe any where else to be found: such as *Gibraltar, a Comedy*; *Remarks on Prince Arthur*; *the Grounds of Criticism in Poetry*; *an Essay on publick Spirit*. The only one I had any knowledge of was a *Paradise Lost*, interleav'd. The whole floor was cover'd with Manuscripts, as thick as a Pastry-cook's shop on a Christmas Eve. On his table were some ends of verse and of candles; a gallipot of Ink with a yellow pen in it, and a pot of half-dead ale cover'd with a *Longinus*.

As I was casting my eyes round on all this odd furniture with some earnestness and astonishment, and in a profound silence, I was on a sudden surpriz'd to hear the man speak in the following manner.

"Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you as "with your predecessor the famous *Hippocrates*, "whom the mistaken Citizens of *Abdera* sent for "in this very manner to cure the Philosopher *De-"mocritus*; he return'd full of admiration at the "wisdom of that person whom he had suppos'd a "Lunatic. Behold, Doctor, it was thus *Aristotle* "himself and all the great antients spent their days "and nights, wrapt up in Criticism, and beset all "around with their own writings. As for me, "whom you see in the same manner, be assur'd I "have none other disease than a swelling in my "legs, whereof I say no more, since your art may "further certify you."

I began now to be in hopes that his case had been misrepresented, and that he was not so far gone, but some timely medicines might recover him. I therefore proceeded to the proper queries, which

which with the answers made to me, I shall set down in form of Dialogue, in the very words they were spoken, because I would not omit the least circumstance in this Narrative, and I call upon Science to witness, as if upon Oath, that I shall relate the matter without addition or diminution.

Doct. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this Swelling?

Denn. By a Criticism.

Doct. A Criticism! that's a Distemper I never read of.

Denn. S'Death, Sir, a Distemper! it is no Distemper, but a noble Art. I have sat fourteen hours a day at it; and are you a Doctor, and don't know there's a communication between the legs and the brain?

Doct. What made you sit so many hours, Sir?

Denn. *Cato*, Sir.

Doct. Sir, I speak of your Distemper, what gave you this Tumour?

Denn. *Cato, Cato, Cato.*

Old Woman. For God's sake, Doctor, name not this evil Spirit, 'tis the whole cause of his madness: Alas, poor Master's just falling into his Fits.

Mr. *Lintot.* Fits! Z——— what Fits! A Man may well have swellings in his legs, that sits writing fourteen hours in a day. He got this by the *Remarks.*

Doct. The *Remarks!* what are those?

Denn. S'Death, have you never read my Re-

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* *Remarks on Cato, published by Mr. Dennis the Year* 1712.

marks?

marks? I will be damn'd if this dog *Lintot* ever publish'd my advertisements.

Mr. *Lint.* Z—! I publish'd advertisement upon advertisement; and if the book be not read, it is none of my fault, but his that made it. By G—, as much has been done for the book, as con'd be done for any book in Christendom.

Doct. We do not talk of books, Sir; I fear those are the fuel that feed his *Delirium*; mention them no more. You do very ill to promote this discourse.

I desire a word in private with this other gentleman, who seems a grave and sensible Man: I suppose, Sir, you are his Apothecary.

Gent. Sir, I am his friend.

Dr. I doubt it not. What Regimen have you observ'd since he has been under your care? You remember, I suppose, the passage of *Celsus*, which says, if the Patient on the third day, have an interval, suspend the Medicaments at night; Let fumigations be used to corroborate the Brain; I hope you have upon no account promoted Sternutation by Hellebore.

Gent. Sir, no such matter, you utterly mistake.

Dr. Mistake: Am I not a Physician? and shall an Apothecary dispute my *Nostrums*——You may perhaps have fill'd up a prescription or two of *Ratcliff*'s which chanced to succeed, and with that very prescription injudiciously prescrib'd to different constitutions, have destroy'd a multitude. *Pharmacopola componat, Medicus solus prescribat.* Fumigate him, I say, this very evening, while he is relieved by an Interval.

Denn. S'Death, Sir, my friend an Apothecary! a baſe Mechanic! He who, like my ſelf, profeſſes the nobleſt Sciences in the Univerſe, Criticiſm and Poetry. Can you think I would ſubmit my writings to the judgment of an Apothecary! By the immortals, he himſelf inſerted three whole Paragraphs in my *Remarks*, had a hand in my *Publick Spirit*, nay, aſſiſted me in my deſcription of the *Furies and infernal Regions* in my *Appius*.

Mr. *Lintott.* He is an Author; you miſtake the gentleman, Doctor, he has been an Author theſe twenty years, to his bookſeller's knowledge, and no Man's elſe.

Denn. Is all the town in a combination? ſhall Poetry fall to the ground? Muſt our reputation be loſt to all foreign countries? O Deſtruction! Perdition! * *Opera! Opera!* As Poetry once rais'd Cities, ſo when Poetry fails Cities are overturn'd and the World is no more.

Dr. He raves, he raves; Mr *Lintott*, I pray you pinion down his arms, that he may do no miſchief.

Denn. O I am ſick, ſick to death!

Dr. That is a good Symptom, a very good Symptom. To be ſick to death (ſay the modern Phyſicians) is an excellent Symptom. When a Patient is ſenſible of his pain, 'tis half a cure. Pray, Sir, of what are you ſick?

Denn. Of every thing, of every thing. I am ſick of the *Sentiments*, of the *Diction*, of the *Proto-*

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* *He wrote a Treatiſe proving the Decay of Publick Spirit to proceed from* Italian *Opera's*.

ſis,

ſis, of the *Epitaſis*, and the *Cataſtrophe*—— Alas, what is become of the *Drama*, the *Drama?*

Old Wom. The *Dram*, Sir? Mr. *Lintott* drank up all the gin juſt now; but I'll go ſetch more preſently.

Denn. O ſhameful Want, ſcandalous Omiſſion! By all the immortals, here is no *Peripætia*, no change of fortune in the Tragedy; Z—no change at all.

Old Wom. Pray, good Sir, be not angry, I'll fetch *Change*.

Dr. Hold your peace, woman, his Fit increaſes, good Mr. *Lintott* hold him.

Mr. *Lintott.* Plague on't! I am damnably afraid they are in the right of it, and he is mad in earneſt. If he ſhould be really mad, who the devil will buy the *Remarks?*

[*Here Mr.* Lintott *ſcratch'd his Head.*]

Doct. Sir, I ſhall order you the cold Bath to morrow——Mr. *Lintott* you are a ſenſible man; pray ſend for Mr. *Verdier*'s ſervant, and as you are a friend to the Patient, be ſo kind as to ſtay this evening whilſt he is cupp'd on the head. The ſymptoms of his madneſs ſeem to be deſperate; for *Avicen* ſays, that if learning be mix'd with a brain that is not of a contexture fit to receive it, the brain ferments till it be totally exhauſted. We muſt eradicate theſe undigeſted ideas out of the *Pericranium*, and reduce the Patient to a competent knowledge of himſelf.

Denn. Caitiffs ſtand off, unhand me, Miſcreants! Is the man whoſe whole endeavours are to bring the town to reaſon mad? Is the man who ſettles poetry on the baſis of antiquity mad? Dares

any one aſſert there is a *Peripætia* in that vile piece that's foiſted upon the town for a Dramatick Poem? That man is mad, the town is mad, the world is mad. See *Longinus* in my right hand, and *Ariſtotle* in my left; I am the only man among the moderns that ſupport them. Am I to be aſſaſſinated; and ſhall a bookſeller, who hath liv'd upon my labours, take away that life to which he owes his ſupport?

Gent. By your leave, Gentlemen, I apprehend you not. I muſt not ſee my friend ill treated; he is no more affected with lunacy than my ſelf: I am alſo of the ſame opinion as to the *Peripætia* —— Sir, by the gravity of your countenance and habit, I would conceive you to be a graduate Phyſician; but by your indecent and boiſterous treatment of this man of learning, I perceive you are a violent ſort of *Perſon*, I am loath to ſay *Quack*, who rather than his drugs ſhould lie upon his own hands, would get rid of them, by cramming them into the mouths of others: The gentleman is of good condition, ſound intellectuals, and unerring judgment: I beg you will not oblige me to reſent theſe Proceedings.

THESE were all the words that paſs'd among us at this time; nor was there need for more, it being neceſſary we ſhould make uſe of force in the cure of my Patient.

I privately whiſper'd the old woman to go to Mr. *Verdier*'s in *Long-Acre*, with orders to come immediately with Cupping-glaſſes; in the mean time, by the aſſiſtance of Mr. *Lintott*, we lock'd his friend into a cloſet (who 'tis plain from his

laſt ſpeech was likewiſe touch'd in his intellects) after which we bound our Lunatick hand and foot down to the bedſted, where he continued in violent ravings, notwithſtanding the moſt tender expreſſions we could uſe to perſwade him to ſubmit to the operation, till the ſervant of *Verdier* arrived. He had no ſooner clapp'd half a dozen cupping-glaſſes on his head, and behind his ears, but the gentleman above-mention'd burſting open the cloſet, ran furiouſly upon us cut, Mr. *D—is*'s bandages, and let drive at us with a vaſt Folio, which ſorely bruis'd the ſhin of Mr. *Lintott*; Mr. *John D——is* alſo ſtarting up with the cupping glaſſes on his head, ſeized another Folio, and with the ſame dangerouſly wounded me in the ſkull, juſt above my right Temple. The truth of this fact Mr. *Verdier*'s ſervant is ready to atteſt upon Oath, who, taking an exact ſurvey of the Volumes, found that which wounded my head to be *Gruterus*'s *Lampas Critica*, and that which broke Mr. *Lintott*'s ſhin was *Scaliger*'s *Poetices*. After this Mr. *John D——is*, ſtrengthen'd at once by rage and madneſs, ſnatch'd up a Peruke-block, that ſtood by the bedſide, and weilded it round in ſo furious a manner, that he broke three of the Cupping-glaſſes from the crown of his head, ſo that much blood trickled down his Viſage —— He look'd ſo ghaſtly, and his paſſion was grown to ſuch a prodigious height, that my ſelf, Mr. *Lintott*, and *Verdier*'s ſervant were oblig'd to leave the room in all the expedition imaginable.

I took Mr. *Lintott* home with me, in order to have our wounds dreſt, and laid hold of that opportunity of entering into diſcourſe with him about

the madneſs of this perſon, of whom he gave me the following remarkable Relation:

That on the 17th of *May*, 1712, between the hours of 10 and 11 in the morning, Mr. *John D—is* enter'd into his Shop, and opening one of the Volumes of the *Spectator*, in the large paper, did ſuddenly, without the leaſt provocation, tear out that of No —— where the Author treats of Poetical Juſtice, and caſt it into the ſtreet. That the ſaid Mr. *John D--s* on the 27th of *March*, 1712, finding on the ſaid Mr. *Lintott*'s Counter a Book called an *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, juſt then publiſh'd, he read a page or two with much frowning, till coming to theſe lines;

Some have at firſt for Wits, then Poets paſt,
Turn'd Criticks next, and prov'd plain Fools at laſt.

He flung down the Book in a terrible Fury and cried out, *by G-d he means me.*

That being in his company on a certain time, when *Shakeſpear* was mention'd as of a contrary opinion to Mr. *Dennis*, he ſwore the ſaid *Shakeſpear* was a *Raſcal*, with other defamatory expreſſions, which gave Mr. *Lintott* a very ill opinion of the ſaid *Shakeſpear*.

That about two months ſince, he came again into the ſhop, and caſt ſeveral ſuſpicious looks on a gentleman that ſtood by him, after which he deſired ſome information concerning that perſon. He was no ſooner acquainted that the gentleman was a new Author, and that his firſt piece was to be publiſh'd in a few days, but he drew his ſword upon him, and had not my ſervant luckily catch'd him by the ſleeve, I might have loſt one Author upon the ſpot, and another the next Seſſions.

Upon

Upon recollecting all these Circumstances, Mr. *Lintott* was entirely of opinion, that he had been mad for some time; and I doubt not but this whole Narrative must sufficiently convince the world of the excess of his Frenzy. It now remains, that I give the Reasons which obliged me in my own Vindication to publish this whole unfortunate Transaction.

In the first place, Mr. *John D——is* had industriously caused to be reported that I enter'd into his room *Vi & Armis*, either out of a design to deprive him of his Life, or of a new Play called *Cariolanus*, which he has had ready for the Stage these four years.

Secondly, he hath given out about *Fleetstreet* and the *Temple*, that I was an accomplice with his Bookseller, who visited him with intent to take away divers valuable Manuscripts, without paying him Copy-money.

Thirdly, He hath told others, that I am no graduate Physician, and that he had seen me upon a Mountebank Stage in *Moorfields*, when he had lodgings in the College there.

Fourthly, Knowing that I had much Practice in the City, he reported at the *Royal-Exchange*, *Custom-house*, and other places adjacent, that I was a foreign Spy, employ'd by the *French* King to convey him into *France*; that I bound him hand and foot; and that, if his friend had not burst from his Confinement to his Relief, he had been at this hour in the *Bastile*.

All which several Assertions of his are so very extravagant, as well as inconsistent, that I appeal to all mankind whether this person be not out of his senses. I shall not decline giving and producing further proofs of this Truth in open Court, if he

drives the matter ſo far. In the mean time I heartily forgive him, and pray that the Lord may reſtore him to the full enjoyment of his Underſtanding: So wiſheth as becometh a Chriſtian,

Robert Norris, M. D.

From my Houſe on Snow-hill, July *the* 30*th*, 1713.

God Save the Queen.

A full

A full and true

ACCOUNT

OF A

Horrid and Barbarous

REVENGE *by* POISON,

On the BODY of

Mr. *EDMUND CURLL*,

BOOKSELLER;

With a faithful COPY of his

Laſt WILL and TESTAMENT.

HISTORY furniſhes us with Examples of many Satyrical *Authors* who have fallen Sacrifices to Revenge, but not of any *Bookſellers* that I know of, except the unfortunate ſubject of the following paper; I mean Mr. *Edmund Curll*, at the *Bible* and *Dial* in *Fleetſtreet*, who was yeſterday poiſon'd by Mr. *Pope*, after having

having liv'd many years an Inſtance of the mild Temper of the *Britiſh* Nation.

Every body knows that the ſaid Mr. *Edmund Curll*, on *Monday* the 26th Inſtant, publiſh'd a Satyrical piece, entitled *Court Poems*, in the Preface whereof they were attributed to a Lady of Quality, Mr. *Pope*, or Mr. *Gay*; by which indiſcreet method though he had eſcap'd one Revenge, there were ſtill two behind in reſerve.

Now on the *Wedneſday* enſuing, between the hours of ten and eleven, Mr. *Lintott*, a neighb'ring Bookſeller, deſired a Conference with Mr. *Curll* about ſettling a *Title-page*, inviting him at the ſame time to take a whet together. Mr. *Pope* (who is not the only inſtance how perſons of bright parts may be carry'd away by the inſtigation of the Devil) found means to convey himſelf into the ſame room, under pretence of buſineſs with Mr. *Lintott*, who it ſeems is the Printer of his *Homer*. This Gentleman with a ſeeming coolneſs, reprimanded Mr. *Curll* for wrongfully aſcribing to him the aforeſaid Poems: He excuſed himſelf by declaring that one of his Authors (Mr. *Oldmixon* by name) gave the Copies to the Preſs, and wrote the *Preface*. Upon this Mr. *Pope* (being to all appearance reconcil'd) very civilly drank a glaſs of Sack to Mr. *Curll*, which he as civilly pledged; and tho' the liquor in colour and taſte differed not from common Sack, yet was it plain by the pangs this unhappy Stationer felt ſoon after, that ſome poiſonous drug had been ſecretly infuſed therein.

About eleven a clock he went home, where his Wife obſerving his Colour change, ſaid, *Are you not ſick, my Dear?* He reply'd, *Bloody ſick*; and incontinently fell a vomiting and ſtraining in an uncom-

uncommon and unnatural manner, the Contents of his vomiting being as green as graſs. His wife had been juſt reading a Book of her huſband's printing concerning *Jane Wenham*, the famous Witch of *Hertford*, and her mind miſgave her that he was *bewitch'd*; but he ſoon let her know that he ſuſpected Poiſon, and recounted to her, between the intervals of his yawnings and reachings, every Circumſtance of his Interview with Mr. *Pope*.

Mr. *Lintott* in the mean time coming in, was extreamly affrighted at the ſudden alteration he obſerv'd in him: *Brother* Curll, ſays he, *I fear you have got the Vomiting Diſtemper; which (I have heard) kills in half an hour. This comes from your not following my Advice, to drink old Hock in a Morning, as I do, and abſtain from Sack*; Mr. *Curll* reply'd in a moving tone, *Your Author's Sack I fear has done my buſineſs.* Z——*ds*, ſays Mr. *Lintott*, *my Author!——Why did you not drink old Hock?* Notwithſtanding which rough remonſtrance, he did in the moſt friendly manner preſs him to take warm water; but Mr. *Curll* did with great obſtinacy refuſe it; which made Mr. *Lintott* infer, that he choſe to die, as thinking to recover greater damages.

All this time the Symptoms encreas'd violently, with acute pains in the lower belly. *Brother* Lintott, ſays he, *I perceive my laſt hour approaching; do me the friendly Office to call my Partner, Mr.* Pemberton, *that we may ſettle our Worldly Affairs.* Mr. *Lintott*, like a kind Neighbour, was haſtening out of the room, while Mr. *Curll* rav'd aloud in this manner: *If I ſurvive this, I will be reveng'd on* Tonſon; *it was he firſt detected me as the Printer of theſe Poems, and I will reprint theſe very Poems in his Name.* His wife admoniſh'd him not to think of

Re-

Revenge, but to take care of his Stock and his Soul: And in the ſame inſtant, Mr. *Lintott* (whoſe goodneſs can never be enough applauded) return'd with Mr. *Pemberton*. After ſome tears jointly ſhed by theſe humane Bookſellers, Mr. *Curll* being (as he ſaid) in his perfect ſenſes, though in great bodily pain, immediately proceeded to make a verbal Will (Mrs. *Curll* having firſt put on his Night-cap) in the following manner.

GEntlemen, in the firſt place, I do ſincerely pray forgiveneſs for thoſe indirect methods I have purſued in inventing new Titles to old Books, putting Authors names to things they never ſaw, publiſhing private Quarrels for publick Entertainment; all which, I hope will be pardoned, as being done to get an honeſt livelihood.

I do alſo heartily beg pardon of all perſons of honour, Lords Spiritual and Temporal, Gentry, Burgeſſes, and Commonalty, to whoſe Abuſe I have any or every way contributed by my publications, particularly, I hope it will be conſider'd, that if I have vilify'd his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, I have likewiſe aſpers'd the late Duke of *Ormond*; if I have abuſed the honourable Mr. *Walpole*, I have alſo libell'd the Lord *Bolingbroke*; ſo that I have preſerv'd that *Equality* and *Impartiality* which becomes an *honeſt Man* in times of Faction and Diviſion.

I call my Conſcience to witneſs, that many of theſe things which may ſeem malicious were done out of *Charity*; I having made it wholly my buſineſs to print for poor diſconſolate Authors, whom all other Bookſellers refuſe. Only God bleſs Sir *Richard Blackmore!* you know he takes no *Copy-money*.

The

The ſecond Collection of Poems, which I groundleſly call'd Mr. *Prior's*, will ſell for nothing, and hath not yet paid the charge of the Advertiſements, which I was obliged to publiſh *againſt him*: Therefore you may as well ſuppreſs the Edition, and beg that gentleman's pardon in the name of a dying Chriſtian.

The *French Cato*, with the Criticiſm ſhowing how ſuperior it is to Mr. *Addiſon's* (which I wickedly aſcribed to Madam *Dacier*) may be ſuppreſs'd at a reaſonable rate, being damnably tranſlated.

I proteſt I have no animoſity to Mr. *Rowe*, having printed part of *Callipædia*, and an incorrect Edition of his Poems without his leave, in Quarto. Mr. *Gildon's Rehearſal*, or *Bays the Younger*, did more harm to me than to Mr. *Rowe*; though upon the faith of an honeſt man, I paid him double, for abuſing both him and Mr. *Pope*.

Heaven pardon me for publiſhing the *Trials of Sodomy* in an *Elzevir* Letter! but I humbly hope, my printing Sir *Richard Blackmore's Eſſays* will attone for them. I beg that you will take what remains of theſe laſt (which is near the whole impreſſion, Preſents excepted) and let my poor widow have in exchange the ſole propriety of the Copy of Madam *Maſcranny*.

[*Here Mr.* Pemberton *interrupted, and would by no means conſent to this Article, about which ſome diſpute might have ariſen unbecoming a dying perſon, if Mr.* Lintott *had not interpoſed, and Mr.* Curll *vomited.*

What this poor unfortunate man ſpoke afterwards, was ſo indiſtinct, and in ſuch broken Accents (being perpetually interrupted by vomitings) that the Reader

is intreated to excuſe the Confuſion and Imperfection of this Account.]

Dear Mr. *Pemberton*, I beg you to beware of the Indictment at *Hicks*'s *Hall*, for publiſhing *Rocheſter*'s bawdy Poems; that Copy will otherwiſe be my beſt Legacy to my dear Wife, and helpleſs Child.

The Caſe of Impotence was my beſt ſupport, all the laſt long Vacation.

[*In this laſt Paragraph Mr.* Curll's *Voice grew more free, for his Vomitings abated upon his Dejections, and he ſpoke what follows from his Cloſe-ſtool.*]

For the Copies of Noblemen's and Biſhops' *Laſt Wills and Teſtaments*, I ſolemnly declare I printed them not with any purpoſe of defamation; but merely as I thought thoſe Copies lawfully purchaſed from *Doctors Commons*, at *One Shilling* a piece. Our Trade in Wills turning to ſmall account, we may divide them blindfold.

For Mr. *Manwaring*'s *Life*, I aſk Mrs. *Oldfield*'s pardon: Neither *His* nor my Lord *Halliſax*'s Lives, though they were of ſervice to their Country, were of any to me: But I was reſolved, ſince I could not print their Works while they liv'd, to print their Lives after they were dead.

While he was ſpeaking theſe words Mr. *Oldmixon* enter'd. *Ah! Mr.* Oldmixon (ſaid poor Mr. *Curll*) *to what a Condition have your Works reduced me! I die a Martyr to that unlucky Preface. However, in theſe my laſt Moments I will be juſt to all Men;*

you ſhall have your third Share of the Court Poems, *as was ſtipulated. When I am dead, where will you find* another Bookſeller? *Your* Proteſtant Packet *might have ſupported you, had you writ a little leſs ſcurrilouſly; there is a Mean in all things.*

Here Mr. *Lintott* interrupted. Why not find *another Bookſeller, Brother* Curll? and then took Mr. *Oldmixon* aſide and whiſper'd him: *Sir, as ſoon as* Curll *is dead, I ſhall be glad to talk with you over a Pint at the* Devil.

Mr. *Curll* now turning to Mr. *Pemberton*, told him, he had ſeveral *taking Title-pages* that only wanted Treatiſes to be wrote to them; and earneſtly deſired that when they were writ, his heirs might have ſome ſhare of the Profit of them.

After he had ſaid this, he fell into horrible Gripings, upon which Mr. *Lintott* advis'd him to repeat the Lord's Prayer. He deſir'd his Wife to ſtep into the ſhop for a *Common Prayer Book*, and read it by the help of a Candle without heſitation. He clos'd the Book, fetch'd a Groan, and recommended to Mrs. *Curll* to give forty ſhillings to the Poor of the Pariſh of St. *Dunſtan*'s, and a *Week's Wages* advance to each of his Gentleman-Authors, with ſome ſome ſmall gratuity in particular to Mrs. *Centlivre*.

The poor man continued for ſome hours with all his diſconſolate family about him in tears, expecting his final diſſolution; when of a ſudden he was ſurprizingly relieved by a plentiful fœtid ſtool, which obliged them all to retire out of the Room. Notwithſtanding, it is judged by Sir *Richard Blackmore*, that the Poiſon is ſtill latent in his Body, and will infallibly deſtroy him by ſlow degrees, in leſs than

than a month. It is to be hoped, the other Enemies of this wretched Stationer will not further purſue their Revenge, or ſhorten this ſmall Period of his miſerable life.

A FUR-

A FURTHER

ACCOUNT

Of the moſt

Deplorable Condition

OF

Mr. *EDMUND CURLL*,

BOOKSELLER.

THE Publick is already acquainted with the manner of Mr. *Curll*'s Impriſonment, by a faithful tho' unpolite Hiſtorian of *Grub-ſtreet*. I am but the Continuer of his Hiſtory; yet I hope a due diſtinction will be made between an undignify'd Scribler of a ſheet and half, and the Author of a three-penny ſtitch'd book, like my ſelf.

* *Wit* (ſaith Sir *Richard Blackmore*) *proceeds from a Concurrence of regular and exalted Ferments, and an Affluence of Animal Spirits rectify'd and refin'd to*

* Blackmore's Eſſays, *Vol.* 1.

a degree of Purity. On the contrary, when the igneous Particles riſe with the vital liquor, they produce an abſtraction of the rational part of the Soul, which we commonly call *Madneſs.* The verity of this hypotheſis is juſtify'd by the Symptoms with which the unfortunate Mr. *Edmund Curll*, Bookſeller, hath been afflicted ever ſince his ſwallowing the Poiſon at the *Swan* Tavern in *Fleetſtreet.* For tho' the *Neck* of his *Retort*, which carries up the Animal Spirits to the head, is of an extraordinary length; yet the ſaid Animal Spirits riſe muddy, being contaminated with the inflammable particles of this uncommon Poiſon.

The ſymptoms of his departure from his uſual temper of mind, were at firſt only *ſpeaking civilly to his Cuſtomers, ſingeing a Pig with a new purchaſed Libel, and refuſing Two-and-nine-pence for Sir* Richard Blackmore's *Eſſays.*

As the poor man's Frenzy encreas'd, he began to *void his Excrements in his Bed, read* Rocheſter's *bawdy Poems to his Wife*, gave *Oldmixon* a *ſlap* on the *Chops*, and would have kiſs'd Mr. *Pemberton*'s A— *by Violence.*

But at laſt he came to ſuch a paſs, that he wou'd *dine upon nothing but Copper-plates*, took a *Clyſter for a whipt Syllabub*, and made Mr. *Lintott* eat a *Suppoſitory* for a *Raddiſh* with *Bread* and *Butter.*

We leave it to every tender Wife, to imagine, how ſorely all this afflicted poor Mrs. *Curll*: At firſt ſhe privately put a *Bill* into ſeveral Churches, deſiring Prayers of the Congregation for a *wretched Stationer* diſtemper'd in mind. But when ſhe was ſadly convinc'd that his misfortune was publick to all the world, ſhe writ the following Letter to her good Neighbour Mr. *Lintott.*

A true

A true Copy of Mrs. Curll's *Letter to Mr.* Lintott.

Worthy Mr. Lintott,

'YOU, and all the Neighbours know too well, the Frenzy with which my poor man is visited. I never perceiv'd he was out of himself till that melancholy day that he thought he was poison'd in a glass of Sack; upon this, he ran a vomiting all over the house, nay, in the new-wash'd dining-room. Alas! this is the greatest Adversity that ever befel my poor man, since he lost *one Testicle* at School by the bite of a black Boar. Good Lord! if he should die, where should I dispose of the *Stock*? unless Mr. *Pemberton* or you would help a distressed Widow; for God knows he never published any Books that lasted above a Week, so that if we wanted *daily Books*, we wanted *daily Bread*. I can write no more, for I hear the rap of Mr. *Curll*'s *Ivory-headed Cane* upon the Counter.——Pray recommend me to your *Pastry-Cook*, (who furnishes me yearly with Tarts in exchange for your Papers) for Mr. *Curll* has disoblig'd ours, since his Fits came upon him;—before that, we generally liv'd upon bak'd meats.—He is coming in, and I have but just time to put his *Son* out of the way for fear of mischief: So wishing you a merry *Easter*, I remain your

Most humble Servant,

C. CURLL.

'P. S. As to the report of my poor husband's 'stealing a *Calf*, it is really groundless, for he 'always binds in *Sheep*.'

But return we to Mr. *Curll*, who all *Wednesday* continued outragiously mad. On *Thursday* he had a *lucid Interval*, that enabled him to send a general Summons to all *his Authors*. There was but one Porter who could perform this office, to whom he gave the following Bill of directions where to find 'em. This Bill, together with Mrs. *Curll's* original Letter, lie at Mr. *Lintott's* Shop to be perus'd by the Curious.

Instructions to a Porter how to find Mr. Curll's *Authors*.

'AT a Tallow-chandler's in *Petty-France* half 'way under the blind Arch: Ask for the '*Historian*.

'At the Bedsted and Bolster, a Musick-house in '*Moorfields*, two Translators in a Bed together.

'At the *Hercules* and *Still* in *Vinegar-yard*, a 'School-master with Carbuncles on his Nose.

'At a Blacksmith's Shop in the *Fryars*, a Pin-'darick Writer in red Stockings.

'In the Calendar-mill Room at *Exeter-change*, 'a Composer of Meditations.

'At the three *Tobacco-pipes* in *Dog* and *Bitch* 'yard, one that has been a Parson, he wears a 'blue Camblet coat trim'd with black: my best 'Writer against *Reveal'd Religion*.

'At

'At Mr. *Summers* a Thief-catcher's, in *Lewkners* 'Lane, the man that wrote againſt the impiety of 'Mr. *Rowe*'s Plays.

'At the Farthing-Py-Houſe in *Tooting* Fields, 'the young man who is writing my new *Paſto-* 'rals.

'At the Laundreſſes, at the Hole in the Wall 'in *Curſitors* Alley, up three pair of Stairs, the 'Author of my *Church Hiſtory*——————if his 'Flux be over——————you may alſo ſpeak to 'the Gentleman who lies by him in the flock-bed, 'my *Index maker*.

'The *Cook*'s *Wife* in *Buckingham* Court; bid her 'bring along with her the *Similes* that were lent her 'for her next new Play.

'Call at *Budge Row* for the Gentleman you uſe 'to go to in the *Cockloft*; I have taken away the '*Ladder*, but his Landlady has it in keeping.

'I don't much care if you aſk at the *Mint* for 'the old beetle-brow'd Critick, and the purblind 'Poet at the alley over againſt St. *Andrews Hol-* 'born. But this as you have time.'

All theſe Gentlemen appear'd at the hour appointed, in Mr. *Curll*'s dining-room, two excepted; one of whom was the Gentleman in the Cockloft, his Landlady being out of the way, and the *Gradus ad Parnaſſum* taken down; the other happened to be too cloſely watch'd by the Bailiffs.

They no ſooner enter'd the Room, but all of them ſhew'd in their behaviour ſome *Suſpicion* of each other; ſome turning away their heads with an air of Contempt; others ſquinting with a Leer that ſhew'd at once *Fear* and *Indignation*,

each with a haggard abſtracted mien, the lively picture of *Scorn*, *Solitude*, and *ſhort Commons*. So when a keeper feeds his hungry charge of Vultures, Panthers, and of *Lybian* Leopards, each eyes his fellow with a fiery glare: High hung, the bloody Liver tempts their maw. Or as a houſewife ſtands before her Pales, ſurrounded by her Geeſe; they fight, they hiſs, they gaggle, beat their wings, and Down is ſcatter'd as the winter's ſnow, for a poor grain of Oat, or Tare, or Barley. Such looks ſhot through the room tranſverſe, oblique, direct; ſuch was the ſtir and din, till *Curll* thus ſpoke, (but without riſing from his Cloſe-ſtool.)

'*Whores* and *Authors* muſt be paid beforehand, 'to put them in good humour; therefore here is 'half a crown a piece for you to drink your own 'healths, and confuſion to Mr. *Addiſon*, and all 'other ſucceſsful writers.

'Ah, gentlemen! what have I not done, what 'have I not ſuffer'd rather than the world ſhould 'be depriv'd of your Lucubrations; I have taken 'involuntary purges, I have been vomited, three 'times have I been can'd, once was I hunted, 'twice was my head broke by a grenadier, twice 'was I toſs'd in a blanket; I have had boxes on 'the ear, ſlaps on the chops; I have been fright-'ed, pump'd, kick'd, ſlander'd, and beſhitten,— 'I hope gentlemen, you are all convinc'd, that 'this author of Mr. *Lintott*'s could mean nothing 'elſe but ſtarving you, by poiſoning me. It re-'mains for us to conſult the beſt and ſpeedieſt me-'thods of revenge.'

He had ſcarce done ſpeaking, but the *Hiſtorian* propos'd a hiſtory of his life. The *Exeter*-Ex-

change-

change-gentleman was for penning articles of his faith. Some pretty ſmart *Pindarick*, (ſays the red-ſtocking Poet) would effectually do his buſineſs. But the *Index-maker* ſaid there was nothing like an *Index* to his *Homer*.

After ſeveral Debates they came to the following Reſolutions.

'*Reſolv'd*, That every member of this Society, according to his ſeveral abilities, ſhall contribute ſomewhat or other to the Defamation of Mr. *Pope*.

'*Reſolv'd*, That towards the Libelling of the ſaid *Pope*, there be a ſum employ'd not exceeding ſix pounds ſixteen ſhillings and nine pence (not including advertiſements.)

'*Reſolv'd*, That he has on purpoſe, in ſeveral paſſages, perverted the true ancient *Heathen* ſenſe of *Homer*, for the more effectual propagation of the *Popiſh* Religion.

'*Reſolv'd*, That the printing of *Homer*'s *Battles* at this Juncture, has been the occaſion of all the diſturbances of this Kingdom.

'*Ordered*, That Mr. *Barnivelt* be invited to be Member of this Society, in order to make further diſcoveries.

'*Reſolv'd*, That a number of effective *Errata*'s be raiſed out of *Pope*'s *Homer* (not exceeding 1746.) and that every gentleman who ſhall ſend in one Error, for his encouragement ſhall have the whole works of this Society *gratis*.

'*Reſolv'd*, That a Sum not exceeding Ten-ſhillings and Six-pence be diſtributed among the Members of this Society for *Coffee* and *Tobacco*, in order to enable them the more effectually to defame him in *Coffee-Houſes*.

'*Reſolv'd*, That towards the further leſſening 'the Character of the ſaid *Pope*, ſome Perſons be 'deputed to abuſe him at Ladies *Tea-Tables*, and 'that in conſideration our Authors are not *well dreſs'd* enough, Mr. *C*——*y* and Mr. *Ke*——*l* be 'deputed for that Service.

'*Reſolv'd*, That a *Ballad* be made againſt Mr. '*Pope*, and that Mr. *Oldmixon*, Mr. *Gildon*, and 'Mrs. *Centlivre*, do prepare and bring in the ſame.

'*Reſolv'd*, That above all, ſome effectual ways 'and means be found to encreaſe the Joint Stock 'of the reputation of this Society, which at pre-'ſent is exceeding low, and to give their works the 'greater Currency; whether by raiſing the denomi-'nation of the ſaid works by counterfeit Title pages, 'or mixing a greater quantity of the fine metal of 'other Authors, with the Alloy of this Society.

'*Reſolv'd*, That no Member of this Society for 'the future mix *Stout* in his *Ale* in a morning, and 'that Mr. *B* — remove from the *Hercules* and *Still*.

'*Reſolv'd*, That all our Members, (except the '*Cook*'s wife) be provided with a ſufficient quantity 'of the *vivifying Drops*, or *Byfield*'s *Sal Volatile*.

'*Reſolv'd*, That Sir *R*—— *B*—— be appoint-'ed to endue this Society with a large quantity of '*regular and exalted Ferments*, in order to *enliven* 'their *cold Sentiments* (being his true Receipt to 'make Wits.)'

Theſe Reſolutions being taken, the aſſembly was ready to break up, but they took ſo near a part in Mr. *Curll*'s afflictions, that none of them could leave him without giving him ſome advice to re-inſtate him in his health.

Mr.

Mr. *Gildon* was of opinion, That in order to drive a *Pope* out his *Belly*, he ſhould get the mummy of ſome deceas'd *Moderator* of the *General Aſſembly* in *Scotland*, to be taken inwardly as an effectual antidote againſt *Antichriſt*; but Mr. *Oldmixon* did conceive that the *Liver* of the perſon who adminiſtred the Poiſon, boiled in Broth, would be a more certain Cure.

While the company were expecting the thanks of Mr. *Curll*, for theſe demonſtrations of their Zeal, a whole pile of Sir *Richard*'s *Eſſays* on a ſudden fell on his head; the ſhock of which in an inſtant brought back his Delirium. He immediately roſe up, over-turn'd the Cloſe-ſtool, and beſh-t the *Eſſays* (which may probably occaſion a *ſecond Edition*) then without putting up his breeches, in a moſt furious Tone he thus broke out to his books, which his diſtemper'd imagination repreſented to him as alive, coming down from their ſhelves fluttering their leaves, and flapping their Covers at him.

Now *G—d damn all Folio's, Quarto's, Octavo's* and *Duodecimo's!* ungrateful Varlets that you are, who have ſo long taken up my houſe without paying for your lodging? Are you not the beggarly brood of fumbling *Journeymen*; born in *Garrets*, among *Lice* and *Cobwebs*, nurs'd up on *Grey Peas*, *Bullocks Liver*, and *Porters Ale?*—Was not the firſt light you ſaw, the *Farthing* candle I paid for? Did you not come before your time into *dirty Sheets* of brown paper?—And have not I cloath'd you in double *Royal*, lodg'd you handſomely on *decent Shelves*, lac'd your *Backs* with *Gold*, equipt you with ſplendid *Titles*, and ſent you into the world with the names of *Perſons of Quality?* Muſt I be *always* plagu'd with you? Why flutter ye your leaves

leaves and flap your covers at me? *Damn ye all*, ye *Wolves* in *Sheeps Cloathing*, *Rags ye were, and to Rags ye shall return.* Why hold you forth your *Texts* to me, ye paltry *Sermons?* Why cry ye,--- at every word to me, ye *bawdy Poems?*—To my Shop at *Tunbridge* ye shall go, by G——and thence be drawn like the reſt of your Predeceſſors, bit by bit, to the *Paſſage-Houſe*; For in this preſent Emotion of my Bowels, how do I compaſſionate thoſe who have great need, and nothing to wipe their breech with?

Having ſaid this, and at the ſame time recollecting that his own was yet unwiped, he abated of his fury, and with great gravity apply'd to that function the unfiniſh'd Sheets of the Conduct of the Earl of *N——m*.

A Strange

A Strange but True

RELATION

HOW

EDMUND CURLL,

of *Fleetstreet*, STATIONER,

Out of an extraordinary Desire of Lucre, went into Change-Alley, *and was converted from the Christian Religion by certain eminent* Jews: *And how he was circumcis'd and initiated into their Mysteries.*

AVARICE (as Sir *Richard* in the third page of his Essays hath elegantly observ'd) *is an inordinate Impulse of the Soul towards the amassing or heaping together a Superfluity of Wealth, without the least Regard of applying it to its proper Uses.*

And how the mind of man is possessed with this Vice, may be seen every day both in the City and Suburbs thereof. It has been always esteemed by *Plato*, *Puffendorff* and *Socrates*, as the darling Vice of

of old age: But now our young men are turn'd Uſurers and Stock-jobbers; and, inſtead of luſting after the real Wives and Daughters of our rich Citizens, they covet nothing but their Money and Eſtates. Strange change of Vice! when the Concupiſcence of youth is converted into the Covetouſneſs of age, and thoſe Appetites are now become VENAL which ſhould be VENEREAL.

In the firſt place, let us ſhew you how many of the ancient worthies and heroes of Antiquity have been undone and ruin'd by this deadly ſin of Avarice.

I ſhall take the liberty to begin with *Brutus*, that noble *Roman*. Does not *Ætian* inform us that he received fifty broad pieces for the Aſſaſſination of that renowned Emperor *Julius Cæſar*, who fell a Sacrifice to the *Jews*, as Sir *Edmund Bury Godfrey* did to the *Papiſts*?

Did not *Themiſtocles* let in the *Goths* and *Vandals* into *Carthage* for a ſum of money, where they barbarouſly put out the other eye of the famous *Hannibal*? as *Herodotus* hath it in his ninth Book upon the *Roman* Medals.

Even the great *Cato* (as the late Mr. *Addiſon* hath very well obſerv'd) though otherwiſe a gentleman of good ſenſe, was not unſully'd by this pecuniary contagion; For he ſold *Athens* to *Artaxerxes Longimanus* for a hundred *Rix-Dollars*, which in our money will amount to two *Talents* and thirty *Seſtertii*, according to Mr. *Demoiver*'s Calculation. *See* Heſiod *in his 7th Chapter of* Feaſts *and* Feſtivals.

Actuated by the ſame diabolical Spirit of Gain, *Scylla* the *Roman* Conſul ſhot *Alcibiades* the Senator with a Piſtol, and robb'd him of ſeveral *Bank Bills* and *Chequer Notes* to an immenſe value; for which he

he came to an untimely end, and was deny'd *Chriſtian Burial.* Hence comes the Proverb *incidat in Scyllam.*

To come near to our own times, and give you one modern inſtance (tho' well known and often quoted by Hiſtorians, *viz. Echard, Dionyſius Halicarnaſſæus, Virgil, Horace,* and others) 'Tis that, I mean, of the famous *Godfrey* of *Bulloigne,* one of the great Heroes of the holy War, who robb'd *Cleopatra* Queen of *Egypt* of a Diamond Necklace, Ear-Rings, and a *Tompion*'s Gold Watch (which was given her by *Mark Anthony,* all theſe things were found in *Godfrey*'s breeches pocket, when he was kill'd at the Siege of *Damaſcus.*

Who then can wonder after ſo many great and illuſtrious Examples, that Mr. *Edmund Curll* the Stationer, ſhould renounce the *Chriſtian Religion* for the *Mammon* of Unrighteouſneſs, and barter his precious Faith for the filthy proſpect of Lucre in the preſent fluctuation of *Stocks.*

It having been obſerved to Mr. *Curll* by ſome of his ingenious Authors (who I fear are not over-charg'd with any Religion) what immenſe ſums the *Jews* had got by *Bubbles,* &c. he immediately turned his mind from the buſineſs in which he was educated, but thriv'd little, and reſolv'd to quit his Shop, for *Change-Alley.* Whereupon falling into Company with the *Jews* at their Club at the Sign of the *Croſs* in *Cornhill,* they began to tamper with him upon the moſt important points of the *Chriſtian Faith,* which he for ſome time zealouſly, and *like a good Chriſtian obſtinately* defended. They promiſed him *Paradiſe,* and many other Advantages *hereafter,* but he artfully inſinuated that he was more inclinable to liſten to *preſent* Gain. They took

took the hint, and promis'd him that immediately upon his Converſion to their Perſuaſion he ſhould become as rich as a *Jew*.

They made uſe likewiſe of ſeveral other Arguments, to wit,

That the wiſeſt man that ever was, and inaſmuch the richeſt, beyond all peradventure, was a *Jew*, videlicet, *Solomon*.

That *David* the man after God's own heart, was a *Jew* alſo. And moſt of the Children of *Iſrael*, are ſuſpected for holding the ſame Doctrine.

This Mr. *Curll* at firſt ſtrenuouſly deny'd, for indeed he thought them *Roman Catholicks*, and ſo far was he from giving way to their Temptations, that to convince them of his *Chriſtianity* he call'd for a *Pork Griſking*.

They now promis'd if he would poiſon his Wife, and give up his *Griſking*, that he ſhould marry the rich *Ben Meymon*'s only Daughter. This made ſome impreſſion on him.

They then talk'd to him in the *Hebrew* tongue, which he not underſtanding, it was obſerv'd had very great weight with him.

They, now perceiving that his *Godlineſs* was only *Gain*, deſiſted from all other Arguments, and attack'd him on his weak ſide, namely that of *Avarice*.

Upon which *John Mendez* offer'd him an eighth of an advantageous Bargain, for the *Apoſtles Creed*, which he readily and wickedly renounced.

He then ſold the *nine and thirty Articles* for a *Bull*; but inſiſted hard upon *Black-Puddings*, being a great lover thereof.

Joſhua Parrara engaged to let him ſhare with him in his *Bottomrye*; upon this he was perſuaded

out of his *Christian Name*, but he still adher'd to *Black Puddings*.

Sir *Gideon Lopez* tempted him with *Forty Pound* Subscription in *Ram*'s *Bubble*; for which he was content to give up the *Four Evangelists*, and he was now compleated a perfect *Jew*, all but *Black-Pudding* and *Circumcision*; for both of which he would have been glad to have had a Dispensation.

But on the 17th of *March*, Mr. *Curll* (unknown to his Wife) came to the Tavern aforesaid. At his entrance into the room he perceived a meagre man with a sallow Countenance, a black forky Beard, and long Vestment. In his right hand he held a large pair of Sheers, and in his left a red hot Searing-Iron. At sight of this, Mr. *Curll*'s heart trembled within him, and fain would he retire; but he was prevented by six *Jews*, who laid hands upon him, and unbuttoning his Breeches threw him upon the Table, a pale pitiful Spectacle.

He now intreated them in the most moving tone of Voice to dispense with that *unmanly* Ceremonial, which if they would consent to, he faithfully promis'd that he would eat a Quarter of *Paschal Lamb* with them the next *Sunday* following.

All these Protestations availed him nothing, for they threatned him that all Contracts and Bargains should be void unless he would submit to bear all the *outward* and *visible* Signs of *Judaism*.

Our Apostate hearing this, stretched himself upon his Back, spread his Legs, and waited for the Operation: but when he saw the High-Priest take up the *Cleft Stick*, he roar'd most unmercifully, and swore several Christian Oaths, for which the *Jews* rebuked him.

The

The Savour of the *Effluvia* that iſſued from him, convinced the old *Levite* and all his Aſſiſtants that he needed no preſent *Purgation*, wherefore without farther *anointing* him he proceeded in his Office; when by an unfortunate jerk upward of the impatient Victim, he loſt five times as much as ever *Jew* did before.

They finding that he was too much circumcis'd, which by the *Levitical Law* is worſe than not being circumcis'd at all, refuſed to ſtand to any of their Contracts: Wherefore they caſt him forth from their Synagogue; and he now remains a moſt piteous, woful and miſerable ſight at the Sign of the *Old Teſtament* and *Dial* in *Fleetſtreet*, his Wife, (poor woman) is at this hour lamenting over him, wringing her hands and tearing her hair; for the barbarous *Jews* ſtill keep, and expoſe at *Jonathan*'s and *Garraway*'s, the memorial of her Loſs, and her huſband's Indignity.

PRAYER. *(To ſave the Stamp.)*

KEEP *us, we beſeech thee, from the Hands of ſuch barbarous and cruel* Jews, *who albeit they abhor the Blood of* Black-Puddings, *yet thirſt they vehemently after the Blood of* White ones. *And that we may avoid ſuch like Calamities, may all good and well-diſpoſed Chriſtians be warn'd by this unhappy Wretch's woful Example to abominate the heinous Sin of* Avarice, *which ſooner or later will draw them into the cruel Clutches of* Satan, Papiſts, Jews, *and* Stock-jobbers. *Amen.*

GOD's

GOD's Revenge AGAINST PUNNING.

Shewing the miſerable Fates of Perſons addicted to this Crying Sin, in Court and Town.

MAnifold have been the Judgments which Heav'n from time to time, for the chaſtiſement of a ſinful people, has inflicted on whole Nations. For when the degeneracy becomes common, 'tis but juſt the puniſhment ſhould be general: Of this kind, in our own unfortunate Country, was that deſtructive Peſtilence, whoſe mortality was ſo fatal, as to ſweep away, if Sir *William Petty* may be believ'd, five millions of Chriſtian Souls, beſides Women and Jews.

Such alſo was that dreadful Conflagration enſuing in this famous metropolis of *London*, which conſumed, according to the Computation of Sir *Samuel Morland*, 100000 Houſes, not to mention Churches and Stables.

'Scarce had this unhappy Nation recover'd theſe funeſt diſaſters, when the abomination of Play-houſes roſe up in this land: From hence hath an inundation of Obſcenity flow'd from the Court and overſpread the Kingdom: Even Infants disfigured walls of holy Temples with exorbitant repreſentations of the Members of Generation; nay, no ſooner had they learnt to ſpell, but they had wickedneſs enough to write the names thereof in large Capitals: an Enormity obſerv'd by Travellers to be found in no Country but *England*.

But when Whoring and Popery were driven hence by the happy *Revolution*; ſtill the Nation ſo greatly offended, that *Socinianiſm*, *Arianiſm* and *Whiſtoniſm* triumph'd in our Streets, and were in a manner become univerſal.

And yet ſtill, after all theſe Viſitations, it has pleaſed Heaven to viſit us with a Contagion more epidemical, and of conſequence more fatal: This was foretold to us, firſt, by that unparallel'd Eclipſe 1714: Secondly, by the dreadful Corruſcation in the Air this preſent year: and Thirdly, by the nine Comets ſeen at once over *Soho-Square*, by Mrs. *Katherine Wadlington* and others; a Contagion that firſt crept in amongſt the firſt Quality, deſcended to their Footmen, and infuſed itſelf into their Ladies: I mean the woful practice of PUNNING. This does occaſion the Corruption of our Language, and therein of the Word of God tranſlated into our Language, which certainly every ſober Chriſtian muſt tremble at.

Now ſuch is the enormity of this Abomination, that our very Nobles not only commit *Punning* over Tea, and in Taverns, but even on the *Lord's Day*, and in the King's Chappel: Therefore to deter men

from

from this evil Practice, I ſhall give ſome true and dreadful Examples of God's Revenge againſt *Punſters*.

The Right Honourable ——— (but it is not ſafe to inſert the name of an eminent Nobleman in this Paper, yet I will venture to ſay that ſuch a one has been *ſeen*; which is all we can ſay, conſidering the largeneſs of his Sleeves:) This young Nobleman was not only a flagitious *Punſter* himſelf, but was acceſſary to the Punning of others, by Conſent, by Provocation, by Connivance, and by Defence of the Evil committed; for which the Lord mercifully ſpared his Neck, but as a mark of Reprobation *wryed his Noſe*.

Another Nobleman of great hopes, no leſs guilty of the ſame Crime, was made the puniſher of himſelf with his own hand, in the loſs of 500 pounds at Box and Dice; whereby this unfortunate young gentleman incur'd the heavy diſpleaſure of his aged Grand-mother.

A third of no leſs illuſtrious Extraction, for the ſame Vice, was permitted to fall into the Arms of a *Dalilah*, who may one day cut off his curious hair and deliver him up to the *Philiſtines*.

Colonel *F*——, an ancient gentleman of grave deportment, gave into this Sin ſo early in his youth, that whenever his tongue endeavours to ſpeak common ſenſe, he heſitates ſo as not to be underſtood.

Thomas Pickle, Gentleman, for the ſame Crime, baniſh'd to *Minorca*.

Muley Hamet, from a healthy and hopeful Officer in the Army, turn'd a miſerable Invalid at *Tilbury*-Fort.

— *Euſtace*, Eſq; for the murder of much of the King's *Engliſh* in *Ireland*, is quite depriv'd of his

Reaſon, and now remains a lively inſtance of Emptineſs and Vivacity.

Poor *Daniel Button*, for the ſame offence, depriv'd of his Wits.

One *Samuel* an *Iriſhman*, for his forward attempt to *Pun*, was ſtunted in his Stature, and hath been viſited all his life after with Bulls and Blunders.

George Simmonds, Shoemaker at *Turnſtile* in *Holborn*, was ſo given to this Cuſtom, and did it with ſo much Succeſs, that his Neighbours gave out he was a Wit. Which Report coming among his Creditors, no-body would truſt him; ſo that he is now a Bankrupt, and his Family in a miſerable Condition.

Divers eminent Clergymen of the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, for having propagated this Vice, became great Drunkards and Tories.

From which Calamities, the Lord in his Mercy defend us all, &c. &c.

A Won-

A Wonderful

PROPHESY

Taken from the Mouth of the Spirit of a Perſon who was barbarouſly ſlain by the

MOHOCKS.

Proving alſo

That the ſaid MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES are the GOG and MAGOG mention'd in the *Revelations.*

And therefore that this vain and tranſitory World will ſhortly be brought to its final Diſſolution.

Breath'd forth in the Year 1712.

Woe! Woe! Woe!

WOE to *London!* Woe to *Weſtminſter!* Woe to *Southwark!* and Woe to the Inhabitants thereof!

I am loth to ſay, Woe to the old and new Churches, thoſe that are built, and thoſe that are not built!

But Woe to the Gates, the Streets, and the Houſes! Woe to the Men, the Women, and the Children! for the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES are already come, the time draweth near, and the end approacheth!

Not to mention the near reſemblance betwixt the Names of MOHOCK and GOG, HAWCUBITE and MAGOG (though I think there is a great deal even in that) I ſhall go on to proceed in my more ſolid arguments, proving to you not only the Things that are, but alſo the Things that are not.

The Things that are, are the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES; the Things that are not, are GOG and MAGOG: and yet both the Things that are, and the Things that are not, are one and the ſame Thing.

How this matter is, or when it is to be fulfilled, neither you nor I know, but I only.

For when the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES came, Satan came alſo among them; and where Satan is, there are GOG and MAGOG alſo.

They have the mark of the Beaſt in their foreheads, and the Beaſt himſelf is in their hearts, their Teeth are ſharp like the Teeth of Lions, their Tails are ſharp like the Tails of Scorpions, and their Hair is as the Hair of Women.

Here the Spirit paus'd a while—and thus again proceeded.

Now liſten to what is to come.

Thoſe that are in ſhall abide in, and thoſe that are out ſhall abide out—— Yet thoſe that are in ſhall be as thoſe that are out, and thoſe that are out ſhall be as thoſe that are in.

Be

Be not dejected——fear not——but believe and tremble.

The Lions of this World are dead, and the Princes of this world are dead alſo, and the next World draweth nigh.

That ancient *Whig*, the Antichriſt of St. *John*, ſhall lead the Van like a young Dragon, but he ſhall be cut piece-meal, and diſpoſſeſs'd.

The Dragon upon *Bow-Church*, and the Graſshopper upon the *Royal-Exchange*, ſhall meet together upon *Stocks-Market*, and ſhake hands like Brethren.

Shake therefore your Heads, O ye People! my Time is ſhort, and yours is not long; lengthen therefore your Repentance, and ſhorten your Iniquities.

Lo! the Comet appeareth in the South! yea, it appeareth exceedingly. Ah poor deluded Chriſtians! Ah blind Brethren! think not that this baleful Dog-Star only ſhaketh his Tail at you in Waggery; no, it ſhaketh it as a Rod. It is not a ſporting Tail, but a fiery Tail, even as the tail of an Harlot; yea ſuch a Tail as may reach, and be told, to all Poſterity.

I am the *Porter* that was barbarouſly ſlain in *Fleetſtreet:* by the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES was I ſlain, when they laid violent hands upon me.

They put their Hook into my mouth, they divided my Noſtrils aſunder, they ſent me, as they thought, to my long home; but now I am return'd again to foretel their Deſtruction.

The time is at hand when the Free-thinkers of *Great Britain* ſhall be converted to *Judaiſm:* and the *Sultan* ſhall receive the Foreſkins of *T——d* and *C——s* in a Box of Gold.

Yet two Days, a Day, and half a Day, yea, upon the twelfth Hour of the fourth Day, thoſe Emblems of GOG and MAGOG at the *Guild-Hall* ſhall fall to the ground, and be broken aſunder. With them ſhall periſh the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES, and the whole World ſhall periſh with them.

Here the Spirit diſappear'd, and immediately thereupon held his peace.

THE

THE COUNTRY-POST.

From Tueſday, Auguſt *the* 12th, *to* Thurſday, Auguſt *the* 14th.

From the Hen-rooſt, Auguſt *the 4th.*

TWO Days ago we were put in a dreadful Conſternation by the advance of a Kite, which threaten'd every minute to *fall upon* us; he made ſeveral *Motions* as if he deſign'd to attack our *Left Wing*, which cover'd our *Infantry*. We were alarm'd at his approach, and upon a general muſter of all our forces, the Kitchin maid came to our Relief; but we were ſoon convinc'd that ſhe had betray'd us, and was in the Intereſt of the Kite aforeſaid; for ſhe twiſted off two of our companions necks, and ſtript them naked: Five of us were alſo clapp'd in a *cloſe-Priſon*, in order to be ſold for Slaves the next Market-day.

P. S. The

P. S. The black *Hen* was laſt night ſafely deliver'd of ſeven young *Ducks*.

From the Garden, Auguſt *the* 3*d*.

The *Boars* have done much miſchief of late in theſe Parts, to ſuch a degree, that not a Turnip or Carrot can lie ſafe in their *Beds*. Yeſterday ſeveral of them were taken, and ſentenced to have a wooden Engine put about their necks, to have their noſes bored, and rings thruſt through them, as a mark of infamy for ſuch Practices.

From the great Pond, Auguſt *the* 1*ſt*.

Yeſterday a large *Sail* of Ducks paſs'd by here, after a ſmall reſiſtance from two little boys who flung ſtones at them; They landed near the Barn-door, where they *forag'd* with very good ſucceſs: While they were upon this Enterprize, an old Turkey-Cock attack'd a maid in a red petticoat, and ſhe retir'd with *great Precipitation*. This afternoon being ſomewhat rainy, they ſet ſail again, and took ſeveral *Frogs*. Juſt now arriv'd the *Parſon*'s *Wife*, and twenty Ducks were brought forth before her in order to be tried, but for what Crime we know not, however two of them were condemn'd; 'twas alſo *obſerv'd* that ſhe carried off a Goſling and three ſucking Pigs.

From the little Fort at the End of the Garden, Auguſt *the* 5*th*.

Laſt night two young Men of this Place made a *Detachment* of their Breeches, in order, as it is thought,

thought, to poſſeſs themſelves of the two *Overtures* of the ſaid Fort; but at their approach they heard great Firing from the Port-holes, they found them already *Bombarded* by the *Rear Guard* of *Sarah* and *Suky*, who fearing theſe young men were come to beat up their *Quarters*, deſerted their *neceſſary* Poſts, which were immediately taken poſſeſſion of, notwithſtanding they were much annoy'd by reaſon of ſeveral Stink-Pots that had been flung there the ſame morning.

From the Barley-Mow near the Barn, Auguſt *the* 3*d*.

It was yeſterday rumour'd, that there was heard a mighty ſqueaking near this place, as of an army of Mice, who were thought to lie in ambuſcade in the ſaid Mow: Upon this the farmer aſſembled together a Council of Neighbours, wherein it was reſolved that the Mow ſhould be removed to prevent the farther Deſtruction of the Forage. This day the affair was put in execution, four hundred and ſeventy nine Mice and three large Rats were killed, and a vaſt number wounded, by Pitch-forks and other inſtruments of Huſbandry. A Mouſe that was cloſe purſued, took ſhelter under *Dolly's* Petticoats, but by the vigilance of *George Simmons*, he was taken, as he was endeavouring to force his way through a deep moraſs, and cruſh'd to death on the ſpot. There was nothing material happen'd the next day, only *Cicily Hart* was *obſerv'd* to make water under the ſaid Mow, as ſhe was going a milking.

From

From the great Yard, Auguſt *the* 2*d.*

It is very credibly reported that there is a Treaty of Marriage on foot between the old red Cock, and the pyed Hen, they having of late appear'd very much in Publick together: He yeſterday made her a Preſent of three *Barley-Corns*, ſo that we look on this affair as concluded. This is the ſame Cock that fought a Duel for her about a month ago.

From the Squire's Houſe.

On *Sunday* laſt there was a noble Entertainment in our great Hall, where were preſent the Parſon and the Farmer: The Parſon eat like a Farmer, and the Farmer like a Parſon: We refer you to the Curious in Calculations to decide which eat moſt.

It is reported that the Miniſter Chriſten'd a Male Child laſt week, but it wants *Confirmation.*

From the Juſtices Meeting, Auguſt *the* 7th.

This day a Jack-Daw, well known in the Pariſh, was ordered cloſe Priſoner to a Cage, for crying *Cuckold* to a Juſtice of the *Quorum*; and the ſame Evening certain Apples, for *hiſſing* in a diſreſpectful manner as they were *Roaſting*, were committed to Lambs Wool. The ſame day the ſaid Juſtices cauſed a Pig to be whipt to death and eat the ſame, being convicted of *Squeaking* on the 10th of *June.*

From

From the Church, Auguſt *the* 8*th*.

Divine Service is continued in our Pariſh as uſual, though we have ſeldom the Company of any of the neighbouring Gentry; by whoſe manner of Living it may be conjectured, that the Advices from this place are not credited by them, or elſe regarded as matters of little Conſequence.

From the Church-Yard, Auguſt *the* 8*th*.

The Miniſter (having obſerved his only Daughter to ſeem too much affected with the Intercourſe of his Bull and the Cows of the Pariſh) has ordered the Ceremony for the future to be perform'd not in his own Court, but in the Church yard; where, at the firſt Solemnity of that kind, the Graveſtones of *John Fry*, *Peter How*, and *Mary d'Urſey*, were ſpurn'd down. This has already occaſion'd great Debates in the Veſtry, the latter being the deceaſed Wife of the *Singing-Clerk* of this Place.

Caſualties this Week.

Several Caſualties have happened this Week, and the Bill of Mortality is very much increaſed. There have died of the *falling Sickneſs* two ſtumbling Horſes, as alſo one of their Riders. *Smother'd* (in Onions) Seven Rabits. *Stifled* (in a Soldier's breeches) two Geeſe. Of a *ſore Throat*, ſeveral Sheep and Calves at the Butchers. Starv'd to death, one baſtard Child nurs'd at the Pariſh Charge. *Stillborn* in Eggs of Turkeys, Geeſe, Ducks, and Hens, Thirty-ſix. *Drown'd*, Nine Puppies. Of *Wind in the*

the Bowels, Five bottles of ſmall-beer. I have not yet ſeen the exact Liſt of the Pariſh-Clerk, ſo that for a more particular Account, we refer you to our next.

We have nothing material as to the *Stocks*, only that *Dick Adams* was ſet in them laſt *Sunday* for Swearing.

A True

A True and Faithful

NARRATIVE

OF

What paſs'd in LONDON *during the general Conſternation of all Ranks and Degrees of Mankind*;

On Tueſday, Wedneſday, Thurſday, *and* Friday *laſt.*

ON *Tueſday* the 13th of *October*, Mr. *Whiſton* held his Lecture near the *Royal Exchange*, to an Audience of fourteen worthy Citizens, his Subſcribers and conſtant Hearers. Beſides theſe, there were five chance Auditors for that night only, who had paid their ſhillings a-piece. I think myſelf oblig'd to be very particular in this Relation, leſt my Veracity ſhould be ſuſpected; which makes me appeal to the Men who were preſent; of which number, I myſelf was one. Their Names are

Henry Watſon, *Haberdaſher.*
George Hancock, *Druggiſt.*
John Lewis, *Dry-Salter.*
William Jones, *Corn-chandler.*

Henry

Henry Theobald, *Watchmaker.*
James Peters, *Draper.*
Thomas Flover, *Silverſmith.*
John Wells, *Brewer.*
Samuel Greg, *Soap-Boyler.*
William Cooley, *Fiſhmonger.*
James Harper, *Hoſier.*
Robert Tucker, *Stationer.*
George Ford, *Ironmonger.*
Daniel Lynch, *Apothecary.*

William Bennet,
David Somers,
Charles Lock,
Leonard Daval,
Henry Croft,
} *Apprentices.*

Mr. *Whiſton* began by acquainting us, that (contrary to his Advertiſement) he thought himſelf in duty and conſcience, oblig'd to change the ſubject matter of his intended diſcourſe.—Here he paus'd, and ſeem'd for a ſhort ſpace as it were loſt in Devotion and mental Prayer; after which, with great earneſtneſs and vehemence he ſpake as follows.

" Friends and Fellow Citizens, all ſpeculative " Science is at an end: the Period of all things " is at hand; on *Fridny* next this world ſhall be " no more. Put not your confidence in me, Bre- " thren, for to-morrow morning five minutes after " five the Truth will be evident; in that inſtant " the Comet ſhall appear, of which I have here- " tofore warn'd you. As ye have heard, believe. " Go hence, and prepare your Wives, your Fa- " milies and Friends, for the univerſal Change."

At this ſolemn and dreadful Prediction, the whole Society appear'd in the utmoſt aſtoniſhment: but it wou'd be unjuſt not to remember that Mr. *Whiſton* him-

himſelf was in ſo calm a temper as to return a ſhilling a piece to the youths who had been diſappointed of their Lecture, which I thought from a man of his integrity, a convincing Proof of his own Faith in the Prediction.

As we thought it a duty, in Charity to warn all men; in two or three hours the News had ſpread through the City. At firſt indeed, our Report met with but little Credit, it being by our greateſt Dealers in Stocks, thought only a Court-Artifice to ſink them, that ſome choice favourites might purchaſe at a lower rate; for the *South-Sea*, that very evening fell five *per Cent.* the *India*, eleven; and all the other Funds in proportion. But at the Court-end of the Town, our Atteſtations were entirely diſbeliev'd or turn'd into ridicule; yet nevertheleſs the News ſpread every where, and was the ſubject matter of all Converſation.

That very night (as I was credibly inform'd) Mr. *Whiſton* was ſent for to a great Lady, who is very curious in the learned Sciences, and addicted to all the ſpeculative Doubts of the moſt able Philoſophers; but he was not now to be found: and ſince at other times, he has been known not to decline that honour, I make no doubt he conceal'd himſelf to attend the great Buſineſs of the Soul: But whether it was the Lady's faith, or inquiſitiveneſs, that occaſion'd her to ſend, is a point I ſhall not preſume to determine. As for his being ſent for to the Secretary's Office by a Meſſenger, it is now known to be a matter notoriouſly falſe, and indeed at firſt it had little credit with me, that ſo zealous and honeſt a man ſhould be *ordered into Cuſtody*, as a *Seditious Preacher*, who is known to be ſo well affected to the *preſent happy Eſtabliſhment*.

'Twas now I reflected with exceeding trouble and ſorrow, that I had diſus'd Family Prayers for above five years, and though it hath been a cuſtom of late intirely neglected by men of any Buſineſs or Station) I determin'd within myſelf no longer to omit ſo reaſonable and religious a duty. I acquainted my Wife with my intentions: But two or three Neighbours having been engaged to ſup with us that night, and many hours being unwarily ſpent at Cards, I was prevail'd upon by her, to put it off till the next day; ſhe reaſoning, that it would be time enough to take off the Servants from their buſineſs (which this practice muſt infallibly occaſion for an hour or two every day) after the *Comet* had made its appearance.

Zachary Bowen, a Quaker, and my next Neighbour, had no ſooner heard of the Prophecy but he made me a viſit. I informed him of every thing I had heard, but found him quite obſtinate in his unbelief; for, ſaid he, be comforted, friend, thy tidings are impoſſibilities, for were theſe things to happen, they muſt have been foreſeen by ſome of our Brethren. This indeed (as in all other ſpiritual caſes with this ſett of people) was his only reaſon againſt believing me; and, as he was fully perſuaded that the Prediction was erroneous, he in a very neighbourly manner admoniſhed me againſt *ſelling my Stock*, at the preſent low price; which, he ſaid, beyond diſpute muſt have a riſe before *Monday*, when this unreaſonable Conſternation ſhould be over.

But on WEDNESDAY morning (I believe to the exact Calculation of Mr. *Whiſton*) the *Comet* appear'd: For at three minutes after five by my own Watch, I ſaw it. He indeed, foretold that it would be ſeen at five minutes after five, but as the beſt Watches may be a minute or two too ſlow, I am apt to think his Calculation juſt to a minute.

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In less than a quarter of an hour, all *Cheapside* was crouded with a vast concourse of people, and notwithstanding it was so early, 'tis thought that through all that part of the Town, there was not Man, Woman or Child, except the sick, or infirm, left in their Beds. From my own Balcony, I am confident, I saw several thousands in the street, and counted at least seventeen who were upon their knees, and seem'd in actual Devotion. Eleven of them indeed appear'd to be old women of about fourscore; the six others, were men in an advanc'd life, but (as I could guess) two of them might be under seventy.

It is highly probable, that an event of this Nature, may be pass'd over by the greater Historians of our times, as conducing very little or nothing to the unravelling and laying open the deep Schemes of Politicians and Mysteries of State; for which reason, I thought it might not be unacceptable to record the Facts, which in the space of three days came to my knowledge, either as an Eye-witness, or from unquestionable Authorities; nor can I think this Narrative will be entirely without its use, as it may enable us to form a more just Idea of our Countrymen in general, particularly in regard to their Faith, Religion, Morals and Politicks.

Before *Wednesday* noon, the belief was universal that the day of Judgment was at hand, insomuch, that a Waterman of my acquaintance told me he counted no less than one hundred and twenty three Clergymen, who had been ferry'd over to *Lambeth* before twelve a-Clock: these, 'tis said, went thither, to Petition, that a *short Prayer* might be *Penn'd*, and *Order'd*, there being none in the service upon that occasion. But as in things of this nature, it is necessary that the *Council* be consulted, their request

was not immediately comply'd with; and this I affirm to be the true and only reaſon that the Churches were not that morning ſo well attended; and is in no ways to be imputed to the fears and conſternation of the Clergy, with which the Free-thinkers have ſince very unjuſtly reproach'd them.

My wife and I went to Church (where we had not been for many years on a week-day) and, with a very large Congregation, were diſappointed of the Service. But (what will be ſcarce credible) by the careleſſneſs of a 'Prentice, in our abſence, we had a Piece of fine *Cambric* carried off by a Shoplifter, ſo little impreſſion was yet made on the minds of thoſe wicked women!

I cannot omit the care of a particular *Director of the Bank*; I hope the worthy and wealthy Knight will forgive me that I endeavour to do him juſtice; for it was unqueſtionably owing to Sir *G---H---*'s ſagacity that all the *Fire-Offices* were requir'd to have a particular eye upon the *Bank of England*. Let it be recorded to his praiſe that in the general hurry, this ſtruck him as his neareſt and tendereſt concern; but the next day in the evening, after having taken due care of all his Books, Bills and Bonds, I was inform'd, his mind was wholly turn'd upon Spiritual matters; yet, ever and anon, he could not help expreſſing his reſentment againſt the *Tories* and *Jacobites*, to whom he imputed that ſudden *Run upon the Bank* which happen'd on this occaſion.

A great man (whom at this time it may not be prudent to name) employ'd all the *Wedneſday* morning, to make up ſuch an account as might appear fair, in caſe he ſhould be call'd upon to produce it on the *Friday*; but was forced to deſiſt, after having for ſeveral hours together attempted it, not being able to bring himſelf to a reſolution to truſt

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the many hundred articles of his ſecret Tranſactions upon paper.

Another ſeem'd to be very melancholy, which his flatterers imputed to his dread of loſing his power in a day or two; but I rather take it, that his chief concern was, the terror of being try'd in a Court that could not be influenc'd, and where a majority of Voices could avail him nothing. It was obſerv'd too, that he had few Viſiters that day; this added ſo much to his mortification, that he read thro' the firſt Chapter of the Book of *Job*, and wept over it bitterly; in ſhort, he ſeem'd a true Penitent in every thing but in Charity to his Neighbour. No buſineſs was that day done in his *Compting-houſe*; 'tis ſaid too, that he was advis'd to reſtitution, but I never heard that he comply'd with it any farther than in giving half a crown a piece to ſeveral craz'd, and ſtarving Creditors, who attended in the outward room.

Three of the *Maids of Honour* ſent to countermand their Birth day cloaths; two of them burnt all their collections of Novels and Romances, and ſent to a Bookſeller's in *Pall mall* to buy each of them a Bible, and *Taylor*'s *Holy Living and Dying*. But I muſt do all of them the juſtice to acknowledge that they ſhew'd a very decent behaviour in the drawing-room, and reſtrain'd themſelves from thoſe innocent freedoms and little levities ſo commonly incident to young Ladies of their profeſſion. So many Birth-day Suits were countermanded the next day, that moſt of the Taylors and Mantua-makers diſcharg'd all their Journeymen and Women. A grave elderly Lady of great erudition and modeſty who viſits theſe young Ladies, ſeem'd to be extreamly ſhock'd, by the apprehenſions that ſhe was to appear naked before the whole world; and no

leſs ſo, that all mankind was to appear naked before her; which might ſo much divert her thoughts, as to incapacitate her to give ready aad apt anſwers to the Interrogatories that might be made her. The Maids of Honour who had both modeſty and curioſity, could not imagine the ſight ſo diſagreeable as was repreſented; nay, one of them went ſo far as to ſay, ſhe perfectly long'd to ſee it; for it could not be ſo indecent, when every body was to be alike; and they had a day or two to prepare themſelves to be ſeen in that condition. Upon this reflection, each of them ordered a Bathing-tub to be got ready that evening, and a Looking-glaſs to be ſet by it. So much are theſe young Ladies both by nature and cuſtom addicted to cleanly appearance.

A Weſt-country Gentleman told me, he got a Church-leaſe fill'd up that morning for the ſame ſum which had been refus'd for three years ſucceſſively. I muſt impute this merely to accident; for I cannot imagine that any Divine could take the advantage of his Tenant, in ſo unhandſome a manner; or that the ſhortneſs of the life was in the leaſt his conſideration; though I have heard the ſame worthy Prelate aſpers'd and malign'd upon this very account.

The *Term* being ſo near, the alarm among the LAWYERS was inexpreſſible, though ſome of them, I was told, were ſo vain as to promiſe themſelves ſome advantage, in making their defence, by being vers'd in the practice of our Earthly courts. It is ſaid too, that ſome of the chief Pleaders were heard to expreſs great ſatisfaction, that there had been but few *State-Tryals* of late years. Several Attornies demanded the *return of Fees* that had been given the Lawyers: but it was anſwered, the Fee was undoubtedly charg'd to their Client, and that they could

could not connive at such injustice, as to suffer it to be sunk in the Attorney's pockets. Our sage and learned *Judges* had great consolation, insomuch as they had not pleaded at the Bar for several years; the *Barristers* rejoyced in that they were not *Attornies*, and the Attornies felt no less satisfaction that they were not *Petti-foggers*, *Scriveners*, and other meaner Officers of the Law.

As to the ARMY, far be it from me to conceal the Truth. Every Soldier's behaviour was as undismayed, and undaunted, as if nothing was to happen: I impute not this to their want of faith, but to their martial disposition; though I cannot help thinking they commonly accompany their commands with more *Oaths* than are requisite, of which there was no remarkable diminution this morning on the Parade in St. *James*'s Park. But possibly it was by choice, and on consideration, that they continued this way of Expression, not to intimidate the common Soldiers, or give occasion to suspect that even the fear of damnation could make any impression upon their superior Officers. A *Duel* was fought the same morning between two Colonels, not occasion'd (as was reported) because the one was put over the other's head; that being a point which might at such a juncture have been accommodated by the mediation of friends; but as this was upon the account of a Lady, 'twas judg'd it could not be put off at this time, above all others, but demanded immediate satisfaction: I am apt to believe that a young Officer who desir'd his Surgeon to defer putting him into a Salivation till *Saturday*, might make this request out of some opinion he had of the truth of the Prophecy; for the apprehensions of any danger in the Operation could not be his motive, the Surgeon himself having assured me that he had be-

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fore undergone three ſevere Operations of the like nature, with great reſignation and fortitude.

There was an Order iſſued, that the *Chaplains* of the ſeveral *Regiments* ſhould attend their duty; but as they were diſpers'd about in ſeveral parts of *England*, it was believ'd, that moſt of them could not be found, or ſo much as heard of, till the great day was over.

Moſt of the conſiderable PHYSICIANS by their outward demeanor ſeem'd to be unbelievers; but at the ſame time, they every where inſinuated, that there might be a *Peſtilential Malignancy* in the *Air*, occaſion'd by the *Comet*, which might be arm'd againſt by proper and timely Medicines. This caution had but little effect; for as the time approach'd, the Chriſtian reſignation of the people encreas'd, and moſt of them (which was never before known) had their Souls more at heart than their Bodies.

If the Reverend CLERGY ſhow'd more concern than others, I charitably impute it to their great *Charge of Souls*; and what confirm'd me in this opinion was, that the *Degrees* of *Apprehenſion* and *Terror* could be diſtinguiſh'd to be greater or leſs, according to their *Ranks* and *Degrees* in the *Church*.

The like might be obſerv'd in all ſorts of Miniſters, though not of the Church of *England*; the higher their Rank, the more was their fear.

I ſpeak not of the COURT, for fear of offence; and I forbear inſerting the *Names* of particular perſons, to avoid the imputation of Slander, ſo that the Reader will allow the Narrative muſt be deficient, and is therefore deſir'd to accept hereof rather as a Sketch, than a regular circumſtantial Hiſtory.

I was not inform'd of any perſons who ſhew'd the leaſt joy, except three Malefactors who were to be executed the *Monday* following, and one old man,

a conſtant Church-goer, who being at the point of death, expreſt ſome ſatisfaction at the News.

On *Thurſday* morning there was little or nothing tranſacted in *Change-Alley*; there were a multitude of Sellers, but ſo few Buyers, that one cannot affirm the Stocks bore any certain price except among the *Jews*; who this day, reap'd great profit by their infidelity. There were many who call'd themſelves *Chriſtians*, who offer'd to buy *for time*, but as theſe were people of *great Diſtinction*, I chuſe not to mention them, becauſe in effect it would ſeem to accuſe them both of Avarice, and Infidelity.

The *Run* upon the *Bank* is too well known to need a particular relation; for it never can be forgotten that no one perſon whatever (except the *Directors* themſelves, and ſome of their particular Friends and Aſſociates) could convert a *Bill* all that day into *Specie*; all hands being employ'd to ſerve *them*.

In the ſeveral Churches of the City and Suburbs, there were ſeven thouſand two hundred and forty five, who publickly and ſolemnly declar'd before the Congregation, that they took to Wife their ſeveral *kept Miſtreſſes*, which was allow'd as valid Marriage, the Prieſts not having time to pronounce the Ceremony in form.

At St. *Bride*'s Church in *Fleetſtreet*, Mr. *Woolſton* (who writ againſt the Miracles of our Saviour) in the utmoſt terrors of Conſcience, made a publick recantation. Dr. *Mandevil* (who had been groundleſsly reported formerly to have done the ſame) did it now in good earneſt at St. *James*'s Gate; as did alſo at the *Temple* Church ſeveral Gentlemen, who frequent *Coffee-houſes* near the Bar. So great was the faith and fear of two of them, that they dropt dead on the ſpot; but I will not record their Names,

Names, leſt I ſhould be thought invidiouſly to lay an Odium on their Families and Poſterity.

Moſt of the *Players* who had very little faith before, were now deſirous of having as much as they cou'd, and therefore embrac'd the *Roman Catholick Religion*; the ſame thing was obſerv'd of ſome *Bawds*, and *Ladies of Pleaſure*.

An *Iriſh* Gentleman out of pure friendſhip came to make me a viſit, and advis'd me to *hire a Boat* for the enſuing day, and told me, that unleſs I gave earneſt for one immediately, he fear'd it might be too late; for his Countrymen had ſecured almoſt every Boat upon the River, as judging, that in the *general Conflagration*, to be upon the *Water* would be the *ſafeſt Place*.

There were *two Lords*, and *three Commoners*, who, out of ſcruple of Conſcience, very haſtily threw up their Penſions, as imagining a Penſion was only an annual *retaining Bribe*. All the other great Penſioners, I was told, had their ſcruples quieted by a *Clergyman* or two of diſtinction, whom they happily conſulted.

It was remarkable that ſeveral of our very richeſt *Tradeſmen* of the City, in common Charity, gave away Shillings and Six-pences to the Beggars, who ply'd about the Church-doors; and at a particular Church in the City, a wealthy *Church-warden* with his own hands diſtributed fifty twelve-penny loaves to the poor by way of reſtitution for the many great and coſtly Feaſts which he had eaten of at their expence.

Three great Ladies, a *Valet de Chambre*, two Lords, a Cuſtom-houſe Officer, five half-pay Captains, and a Baronet, (all noted *Gameſters*) came publickly into a Church at *Weſtminſter*, and depoſited a very conſiderable Sum of Money in the Miniſter's

niſter's hands; the Parties whom they had defrauded, being either out of town, or not to be found. But ſo great is the hardneſs of heart of this fraternity, that among either the noble, or vulgar Gameſters, (though the Profeſſion is ſo general) I did not hear of any other reſtitution of this ſort. At the ſame time I muſt obſerve that (in compariſon of theſe) through all parts of the town, the Juſtice and Penitence of the *Highway-men, Houſe-breakers*, and common *Pick-pockets*, was very remarkable.

The *Directors* of our *Publick Companies* were in ſuch dreadful apprehenſions, that one would have thought a *Parliamentary Enquiry* was at hand; yet ſo great was their preſence of mind, that all the *Thurſday* morning was taken up in *private Tranſfers*, which by malicious people was thought to be done with deſign to conceal their effects.

I forbear mentioning the private Confeſſions of particular *Ladies* to their *Huſbands*; for as their Children were born in Wedlock, and of conſequence are legitimate, it would be an invidious taſk to record them as baſtards; and particularly after their ſeveral huſbands have ſo charitably forgiven them.

The evening and night through the whole town, were ſpent in Devotions both publick and private; the Churches for this one day, were ſo crowded by the Nobility and Gentry, that thouſands of common people were ſeen praying in the publick ſtreets. In ſhort, one would have thought the whole town had been really and ſeriouſly religious. But what was very remarkable, all the different Perſuaſions kept by themſelves, for as each thought the other would be damned, not one would join in Prayer with the other.

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At length FRIDAY came, and the people cover'd all the ſtreets; expecting, watching and praying. But as the day wore away, their fears firſt began to abate, then leſſen'd every hour, at night they were almoſt extinct, till the total darkneſs, that hitherto us'd to terrify, now comforted every *Free-thinker* and *Atheiſt*. Great numbers went together to the *Taverns*, beſpoke *Suppers*, and broke up whole *Hogſheads* for joy. The ſubject of all wit and converſation was to ridicule the Prophecy, and railly each other. All the Quality and Gentry were *perfectly aſham'd*, nay, ſome utterly diſown'd that they had manifeſted any Signs of Religion.

But the next day, even the common people, as well as their betters, appear'd in their uſual ſtate of indifference. They drank, they whor'd, they ſwore, they ly'd they cheated, they plunder'd, they gam'd, they quarrel'd, they murder'd. In ſhort, the world went on in the old channel.

I need not give any inſtances of what will ſo eaſily be credited, but I cannot omit relating, that Mr. *Woolſton* advertis'd, in that very *Saturday*'s *Evening Poſt*, a new *Treatiſe* againſt the *Miracles* of our Saviour; and that the few, who had given up their Penſions the day before, ſolicited to have them continued; which, as they had not been thrown up upon any miniſterial point, I am inform'd was readily granted.

FINIS.

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